

THE
NATIONAL
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

EDITED BY

EDWARD I. SEARS, A. M.

VOL. VIII. No. XVI. MARCH, 1864.

"Pulchrum est bene facere reipublicæ, etiam bene dicere haud absurdum est."

NEW YORK:

EDWARD I. SEARS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
No. 42 BIBLE HOUSE.

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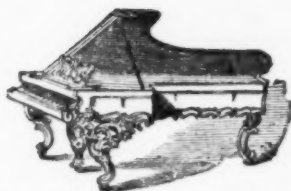
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1864.

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OFFICE
OF THE
MERCANTILE MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.,
No. 35 WALL STREET.

New York, January 14th, 1864.

The following Statement of the affairs of the Company on the 31st December, 1863, is submitted in accordance with the provisions of the Charter:

Premiums not marked off December 31st, 1862.....	\$ 212,118 80
Do. on Policies issued from December 31st, 1862, to December 31st, 1863.....	1,141,884 79
Total Premiums.....	\$1,354,003 59
Premiums marked off as earned December 31st, 1863.....	\$1,163,741 64
Less Returns of Premium.....	85,970 60

Net Earned Premiums.....\$1,077,771 04

Paid during the said period:

Marine and Inland Losses (including losses by risk of war and estimate of unadjusted losses),.....	\$729,061 46
Re-Insurance, expenses and bad debts, less returns on investments.....	139,902 19
Interest paid to Stockholders for July dividend, together with interest on Stock, payable in January, 1864, and on outstanding Scrip, payable in February, 1864.....	76,502 60
	<hr/> 945,466 25
Earnings to be divided.....	\$132,304 79

The Company had on the 31st December, 1863, the following Assets:

United States, State, City and other Securities.....	\$327,480 00
Loans on Stocks and other Securities.....	131,190 00
Bond and Mortgage.....	4,000 00
Cash on hand and in Bank, including Gold Coin at market value...	99,162 73
Cash in hands of Foreign Bankers.....	81,112 70
Bills Receivable and uncollected Premiums.....	625,927 12
Salvages, and Sundry Claims due the Company and Scrip.....	156,089 28
Interest accrued and not collected.....	8,345 72

Total Assets.....\$1,431,307 55

The Board of Trustees have resolved to pay an interest of *Six per cent.* on the outstanding certificates of Profits to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Monday, the 8th of February next.

They have also declared a dividend of *Five per cent.* to the Stockholders, payable in cash, on and after Monday, the 8th of February next.

The Trustees have also declared a dividend of *Twelve per cent.* on the net earned premiums, entitled thereto, for the year ending 31st December, 1863, to be issued in Scrip on and after Monday, the 4th of April next.

TRUSTEES:

Joseph Walker,	Aaron L. Reid,	Cornelius Grinnell,	Henry R. Kunhardt,
James Freeland,	Ellwood Walter,	E. E. Morgan,	John S. Williams,
Samuel Willets,	D. Colden Murray,	Hier. A. Schieleher,	William Wilson, Jr.,
Robert L. Taylor,	E. Haydock White,	William Boyd,	Charles Olmsted,
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NINETEENTH ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE
NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,
Nos. 112 and 114 BROADWAY.

Amount of Assets January 1, 1863.....	2,486,316 07
Amount of Premiums, Endowments, Annuities and Policy Fees received during 1863.....	\$1,016,460 23
Amount of Interest received and accrued.....	186,851 73
Amount of prepayments by Agents.....	8,879 24—1,162,191 19
Total.....	\$3,748,437 26

DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid Losses by Death.....	\$295,850 00
Paid for Redemption of Dividends, Interest on Dividends, Annuities, and Surrendered and Cancelled Policies.....	104,246 81
Premiums and Interest due on Southern Policies, and balances due from Southern Agents and others—charged to Profit and Loss..	236,126 04
Premium Notes cancelled on same and others.....	232,341 82
Paid Salaries, Rent, Printing and Office Expenses.....	44,808 15
Paid Commissions and Agency Expenses.....	151,816 28
Paid Advertising and Physician's Fees.....	21,843 98
Paid Taxes, Internal Revenue Stamps and Law Expenses.....	7,266 23—1,094,899 34

ASSETS.

Total.....	\$2,653,537 92
Cash on hand and in Bank.....	\$101,136 50
Invested in United States Stocks, cost.....	794,510 43
(Market value, \$827,782.)	
Invested in New York City Bank Stocks, cost.....	52,561 50
(Market value, \$72,742.)	
Invested in other Stocks, cost.....	54,892 50
(Market value, \$72,742.)	
Loans on demand, secured by U. S. and other Stocks.....	96,400 00
(Market value, \$132,279 50.)	
Real Estate (112 and 114 Broadway).....	117,205 69
Bonds and Mortgages, bearing 7 per cent. interest.....	879,430 00
Premium Notes on existing Policies, drawing interest.....	825,477 50
Quarterly and Semi-Annual Premiums due subsequent to Jan. 1, '64,	112,147 51
Interest accrued to Jan. 1, 1864.....	54,407 37
Rents accrued to Jan. 1, 1864.....	1,693 05
Premiums on Policies in hands of Agents, and in course of transmission,	61,465 48
Amount of all other property belonging to the Company.....	2,200 39—2,653,537 92

The Trustees have declared a Scrip Dividend of THIRTY-FIVE PER CENT. upon all participating Life Policies now in force, which were issued twelve months prior to January 1, 1864, and a payment in cash, on and after the first Monday in March next, of the Fourth instalment of 20 per cent. upon dividends heretofore declared from 1850 to 1860 inclusive, to those holding certificates, upon presentation at the Home Office. Those having credits will be allowed the same upon their notes at the settlement of next premium.

By order of the Board.

WILLIAM H. BEERS, Actuary.

Balance Sheet of the Company, Jan. 1st, 1864.

Assets as above.....	\$2,653,537 92
Disposed of as follows:	
Amount of Adjusted Losses, due subsequent to Jan. 1, 1864.....	\$12,200 00
Amount of Reported Losses awaiting proofs, &c.....	56,000 00
Reserved for sundry Liabilities due to Agents and others.....	9,171 70
Amount reserved for Re-insurance of all Existing Policies (valuations at 4 per cent. interest.).....	1,735,126 98
Special reserve for any increase of mortality beyond the tables,	
Extra Risks and other contingencies.....	131,756 30
Dividend Interest remaining unpaid.....	7,825 04
Dividends declared prior to 1850 unpaid.....	6,417 00
Present value of Dividends, 1850 to 1860 inclusive (valuation at 4 per cent. interest.).....	287,627 18
Do. do. 1861.....	71,295 09
Do. do. 1862.....	68,686 09
Do. do. 1863.....	79,285 00
Do. do. 1864.....	134,288 00
Undivided Surplus.....	23,810 63—\$2,653,537 92

MORRIS FRANKLIN, Pres't.

ISAAC C. KENDALL, Vice Pres't.

WILLIAM H. BEERS, Actuary.

T. M. BANTA, Cashier.

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PART FIRST. HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL INTRODUCTORY VIEWS. Chapter 1. Theories of the Soul's Origin. Chap. 2. History of Death. Chap. 3. Grounds of the belief in a Future Life. Chap. 4. Theories of the Soul's Destination.

PART SECOND. ETHNIC THOUGHTS CONCERNING A FUTURE LIFE. Chapter 1. Barbarian Notions of a Future Life. Chap. 2. Druidic Doctrine of a Future Life. Chap. 3. Scandinavian Doctrine of a Future Life. Chap. 4. Etruscan Doctrine of a Future Life. Chap. 5. Egyptian Doctrine of a Future Life. Chap. 6. Brahmanic and Buddhist Doctrine of a Future Life. Chap. 7. Persian Doctrine of a Future Life. Chap. 8. Hebrew Doctrine of a Future Life. Chap. 9. Rabbinical Doctrine of a Future Life. Chap. 10. Greek and Roman Doctrine of a Future Life. Chap. 11. Mohammedan Doctrine of a Future Life. Chap. 12. Explanatory Survey of the Field and its Myths.

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A full Index to these five parts closes the body of the work. Then follows an Appendix, of 238 pages, describing the

LITERATURE OF THE DOCTRINE OF A FUTURE LIFE. This is a Catalogue of Works relating to the Nature, Origin, and Destiny of the Soul, the Titles classified and arranged Chronologically, with Notes and Indexes of Authors and Subjects. It has been prepared by EZRA ARBON, Associate Librarian of Harvard University, and contains an account of over five thousand and three hundred distinct publications. The wonderful richness and value of such a Bibliography, for the purposes of the Theologian or of the general scholar, are obvious without a comment.

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OFFICE OF THE
COLUMBIAN (MARINE) INSURANCE COMPANY,
 CORNER OF WALL AND NASSAU STS.

NEW YORK, *January 29th, 1864.*

STATEMENT of the affairs of the Company for the sixth fiscal year ending December 31st, 1863 :

Premiums on unexpired risks, December 31st, 1862,	\$249,998 17
Premiums received from that date to December 31st, 1863.....	3,002,258 59
Total Amount of Premiums.....	\$3,252,256 76
Premiums marked off, as earned during the year (less Return Premiums), and Interest received on Investments.....	\$2,362,842 02
Losses paid during the year.....	\$1,021,150 50
Re-insurances, Expenses, State and Government Taxes.....	204,628 19
Excess of Earned Premiums over Losses, &c.....	\$1,137,063 33
Add Undivided Balance of December 31, 1862..	117 68
	1,137,181 01
Reserve for Estimate Claims unadjusted and other Contingencies.	441,206 49

In accordance with the provisions of the Charter of the Company, the Board of Directors have resolved to apply the profits of the year as follows :

Profits to be divided.....	\$695,974 52
Cash Dividend to Dealers holding Certificates of Return, on Premiums earned during the year and paid, payable on and after February 10, 1864...	269,614 80
	426,359 72
Deduct Dividend already paid to Stockholders, being accrued interest (free of Government Tax) on Cash Capital.....	57,895 20
	\$368,464 52
Deduct Interest on Scrip issue of 1862, payable (free of Government Tax) on and after March 10, 1864, being 6 PER CENT. on amount of such issue.....	1,747 20
	\$366,717 32
Of this residue THIRTY PER CENT. will be paid in Cash to Stockholders, on and after March 10, 1864, (free of Government Tax,) as follows : ON OLD STOCK, 12 PER CENT., and ON NEW STOCK, 10 PER CENT.....	110,000 00
	\$256,717 32
There will also be a SCRIP DIVIDEND payable (free of Government Tax) on and after June 1, 1864, on the Cash Capital, as follows : ON OLD STOCK, 7 PER CENT., and ON NEW STOCK, 5 PER CENT., making the total Dividend for the year, paid to Stockholders, equal to 26 PER CENT.	
Payable, in Cash, on and after March 10, 1864, (free of Government Tax,) to Makers of Security Notes, being 4 PER CENT. on amount of such notes.....	1,313 50
	\$255,403 82

Payable in Scrip, (free of Government Tax,) on and after June 1, 1864, to Dealers on Earned Premiums on Risks terminating without loss, (estimated at \$1,700,000,) 15 PER CENT.....	\$255,000 00
Undivided Balance.....	\$403 82

THE COMPANY HAVE THE FOLLOWING ASSETS :

United States, New York City, and other Stocks.....	\$330,375 00
Accrued Interest, Gold at market value, Salvages and other Securities.....	714,992 61
Cash in Banks and Loans on demand.....	651,517 81
Bills Receivable and Premium Notes.....	1,413,670 94
Scrip of Insurance Companies, Balances due from Agents, and Sundry Claims due the Company.....	30,374 44
Total amount of Assets.....	\$3,140,930 80

TO THE PRESIDENT AND BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE COLUMBIAN INSURANCE CO.:

We hereby certify that we have compared the above Statement with the Balance Sheet of the Company, and the Balance Sheet with its Books, and found them to conform.

We have also examined the Cash Bank Balance, Securities, Bills Receivable, and other Assets, and found them to conform accurately with the above Statement made by the Company.

EDWARD ROWE,
JOSEPH MORRISON,
ALBERT G. LEE,
DAN'L W. TELLER, } Committee.

January 29, 1864.

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THE
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MARCH, 1864.

- ART. I.—1. *Vishnu Purana*. Translated by H. H. WILSON, Esq. London. 1843.
2. *Histoire de l'Inde ancienne et moderne*. Par LACROIX DE MARLES. 6 vols. Paris. 1828.
3. *Theatre of the Hindus*. By H. H. WILSON, Esq.
4. *Pococke's India in Greece*. London. 1852.
5. *Introduction à l'histoire du Bouddhisme indien*. Par E. BURNOUF. Paris. 1844.
6. *Annals of Rajahstan*. By Col. JAMES TOD. London. 1861.
7. *Works of Sir William Jones*.

WARREN HASTINGS, while he plundered India, and insulted her princes and people, to gratify the insatiable cupidity of his employers, was at the same time the first to open to European research the rich treasures locked up in her antiquities. Before his time, the nations of the West had regarded India only as a mysterious El Dorado; they had heard of the gorgeous court and immense riches of the Great Mogul, and had pressed forward in the track of Vasco de Gama to glean the golden harvest of the East. But the language, the manners, the laws, the literature and religion of the Hindu people were very imperfectly known. By means of the Asiatic Society, projected by Hastings, and instituted under the auspices of Lord Cornwallis, a fruitful field was opened to the literary inquirer. That eminent scholar, Sir William Jones, who was

the first President of the Society, was also the first and most successful explorer in this new sphere of research; and a number of able scholars, such as Wilford, Wilkins, Colebroke, Tod, and Wilson, have prosecuted with much ability the work so favorably begun.

The early publications of the Asiatic Society created an extraordinary sensation among the learned. The scholars of Europe were surprised at the copiousness of the Sanscrit language, its startling analogy with the Greek, the antiquity of the Hindu annals, and the manifest connection developed as existing between India and the nations of the West at a period anterior to the beginning of classical history.* And though the results have not entirely corresponded to the first ardent anticipations, enough has been produced to excite our deepest interest. Indeed, it may well be a subject of wonder, even in the age in which Champollion has found the key to the buried treasures of Egypt, and Layard unseparated the story of Nineveh from the mounds of Nimrod, that we should now also have first become acquainted with the details of a history more ancient than that of the Pharaohs, an architecture as gigantic as that of Luxor and Karnac, a *living* religion which may have been the parent of Egyptian, Tyrian, Greek, and Tuscan superstition, a literature which flourished before Homer sung, and continued to flourish long after the Augustan Age had ended.

The study of the antiquities of Hindustan has not only unfolded to our view a new world of ideas, but seems capable of affording us the connecting link necessary to bind in one harmonious whole the scattered fragments of classical antiquity. In fact, under the influence of this new light from the Orient, the legendary lore of the ancient world assumes a novel aspect, the darkness of fable seems in a measure to yield, and the cloud to be lifted that envelopes the early dawn of History.† And if, even as yet, the truth eludes our grasp and we

* There is a similar analogy between the Sanscrit and several of the languages of the East. Speaking of those still cultivated and spoken in Hindustan, M. Lacroix de Marles observes: "Quatre langues, étrangères au sanscrit, sont parlées dans le Dékan méridional: ce sont le *telingua*, le *canara*, le *tanoul* et le *malayalla*. Quelque diverses qu'elles soient entre elles, elles ont cependant assez de rapports pour qu'on puisse leur assigner un fonds commun, et regarder les petites nations qui les parlent comme ayant formé originairement un même peuple, les *Dravidas* (du nom de ces langues et du Dékan méridional)."—*Hist. de l'Inde ancienne et moderne*, vol. i., 195.

† It is agreed upon all hands that the ancient Hindus purposely abstained from writing the history of their own country. "L'Inde n'a pas écrit son histoire. Exclusivement préoccupée du point de vue de la métaphysique religieuse, elle a toujours trop méprisé la vie réelle de l'humanité pour en garder un souvenir exact. Cette histoire est un monument dont la construction est réservée

appear only to have entered upon a wider field of conjecture and speculation, certainly our views are enlarged and our aspirations for knowledge have received a new impetus, while at the same time we are brought into intimate contact with a strangely interesting people.

The history and the religious system of the Hindus are so intimately blended, the former so peculiarly subordinated to the latter, that it is often difficult, and sometimes impossible, to distinguish fact from fiction, the substratum of truth from the superstructure of fancy. The difficulty is enhanced by the prevalence of an idealistic or Pantheistic Philosophy: the acute Brahmin sometimes regards the material world as an illusion, sometimes as the mutable manifestation of the Divinity, and not unfrequently blends external realities with the fanciful notions of his extraordinary Theogony. Yet, amid the confusion, we can discern the grand outlines of Hindu history, as well as much of the tradition of the primeval world in a better state of preservation than among any other people, with the single exception of the children of Israel. We can also trace some of the early migrations of the nations, and connect, to some extent, the period of the Noachidae with the period of the Hellenes. The Sanscrit language may not prove to have been the parent of the Greek and other Western tongues, as was at one time supposed, but in the hands of able scholars, it has been an Ariadne's clue to thread the labyrinthine course of popular and national movements in the early times.

The Hindus yield neither to the Egyptians nor to the Chaldeans in their claims to an extravagant antiquity. Indeed, the fabulous thousands of years, invented by the two latter in default of a proper idea of creation and of the relations of time and eternity, are thrown into the shade by the untold millions in which the Brahmins revel. It must be confessed, however, that even in some of the wildest fancies of the former there is a germ of truth easily recognized by those acquainted with the Mosaic and Christian dispensations. Passing over these inadequate attempts to explain what, in the absence of revelation, seems inexplicable, it is agreed that the great landmarks of Hindu history are indicated by the *avatars* or incarnations of Vishnu. The notion of an incarnation of the Divinity is common to all theological and mythological systems; but in none of them has it assumed such startling proportions as in those of Hindustan. Not once

alone, but time and again, has the second person of the Hindu Triad assumed human shape; and that not only to save a guilty world from the mysterious primordial stain, but to rescue a drowning earth from the deluge of waters, to snatch the Sacred Books from threatened destruction, to vindicate the cause of the priesthood against the hostile assaults of the rajahs, to overthrow tyrants, and to reform religion. The hero is not deified after his death, as among the Greeks; but the Divinity has been incarnate in the hero from his birth. Ten principal *avatars* are recorded; for there are many minor ones. The last of them is yet to come, being entirely analogous to the Apocalyptic manifestation of a warrior riding on a white steed, that is to close the drama of terrestrial existence. The first three commemorate the various phases and incidents of the grand cataclysm that overwhelmed and renovated the earth. The remaining six are historical. Though the evidences which these afford us of the revolutions of the Hindu Peninsula are rather meagre, yet with the additional aid of the analysis of language and our fragmentary acquaintance with the other ancient nations, the results are much more than conjectural.

Hindustan would seem to have been mainly peopled by two great races, afterwards subdivided into numerous tribes and ramifications. The Nara Sing, or Man-Lion Avatar, justly considered by Sir William Jones to refer to the impiety and punishment of Nimrod and the dispersion from Babel, designates the cause and the period of the settlement in India of the Sourya-vausa or Solar Race, of Hamite origin, and descendants of Cush, who entered from Arabia and along the shores of the Persian Ocean. They spread themselves over the central and southern parts of the country, and possessed it for many ages before the arrival of the Chandra-vausa or Lunar Race, the real Hindus, who gave name to the peninsula in after times. These were an Arian or Shemitic people from Central Asia. They entered from the northwest, apparently about 2234 B. C., the era of the accession of Belus to the throne of the Assyro-Babylonian monarchy, and probably in consequence of the conquests of that chief. That an Arian or Median line of princes ruled over the Assyrian or Great Iranian Empire prior to the accession of the Belid Dynasty is asserted by Berosus, and seems to be supported by the traditions of the Persians. The fifth *avatar* represents Vishnu as Bahmun, or a Dwarf humbling the pride of the magnificent Bali. It is not unreasonable to suppose that the successful usurpation of Belus led to the secession of various Arian tribes and their colonization in India as the Indu or

Lunar Race, under the lead of Pururavas. To the hostile feelings incident to these movements, more than one writer has attributed the attempts of the Assyrian monarchs to reduce these so-called rebels, culminating in the grand invasion and conquest, but subsequent defeat of the illustrious Semiramis, to whose legend the Hindus are no strangers. Their annals distinctly mention the encounters of Sama Rama with Virasena Stavrapathi (King of the Lower World), the Staurobates of Diodorus and the Greeks.

At some indefinite period after the advent of the Chandravaua or Indu race, the contest arose between the regal and the sacerdotal power, in which the latter, under the lead of Parasu Rama, a prince of the Solar Line, and the sixth grand *avatar* of Vishnu, aided by the Hindu or Indu strangers, achieved a signal and lasting triumph. Most of the princes of the Solar Line were cut off in the conflict; but their race survived, and ruled over all Hindustan for many ages, though of course in entire subjection to the priesthood. From this victory of the sacerdotal class we may commence to date that peculiar system of caste yet existing in India.

Two tremendous civil wars, in which all the princes of Hindustan engaged, form the most remarkable epochs in the annals of the nation. The events of the Ramayuna and the Mahabharat—the facts on which they are founded—like the story of Ilion, float indistinct in the misty horizon which forms the ill-defined division line between truth and fable in the history of nations. The Solar Line of Princes, descended from Ichswaca (probably Ham), the son of Menu Vairaswata (the Scriptural Noah), had reigned for fifty-five generations at Ayodia or Oude, and its princely branches had spread over all Hindustan. Dasaratha, the imperial head of the Dynasty, had a son born to him, to whom he gave the name of Rama, and who, according to Hindu Theology, was the seventh *avatar* of Vishnu. Rama, when he grew to man's estate, soon gave indication of the greatness which he was to attain. He bent the enormous bow of King Ganaka, which no other could bend, and thereby gained for his bride the beautiful Sita, the daughter of that monarch, who had been eagerly sought by many suitors. Meanwhile his stepmother intrigued with her husband, Dasaratha, to procure the exile of Rama, as she desired to place the imperial crown on the brow of her own son, Bharata. The prince and his bride retired to a solitary forest, where they devoted themselves to a rigorous course of penance, in accordance with the mystical system of the Brahmins, to obtain a more intimate union with the Soul of the Universe, and a more complete power over the elementary

world. At Dasaratha's death, Bharata refused the proffered crown, which he considered the birthright of his brother, and went in search of the exiled Rama. That prince announced his intention of remaining to fulfil his stated term of penance, and Bharata administered the government of the kingdom in his absence. Meanwhile the fair Sita, separated for a brief time from her husband in the forest, was stolen by the gigantic tyrant Ravan, king of Lanca or Ceylon. Rama, informed of the ravishment of his bride, like another Menelaus, immediately raised a numerous army to punish the ravisher. Assisted by his general, Hanuman, in command of a promiscuous force of angels, men and monkeys, or satyrs, he invaded the Deccan, constructed a bridge of rocks across the straits to Ceylon, which is yet known by his name, and after tremendous contests with Ravan around his capital, stormed the city, slew the tyrant, and recovered his bride. The fair one proved her fidelity by the ordeal of fire, and Rama, returning in triumph to Oude, was received with great rejoicings, but soon resigned his crown to his brother Lacshman, and ascended to his native heaven. Such is the outline of a story which, like the War of Ilion, originated in the abduction of a lady, and, like it, constitutes an era among the Hindus such as the great Argive expedition constituted among the Hellenes. It is considered to have transpired about eighteen centuries before the Christian era, and forms the subject of the "Ramayuna," the first great epic poem of Hindustan.

About 500 years after the time of Rama (1350 B.C., or, according to some, 1113 B.C.) occurred the Mahabharat or Great War of the Princes of the Lunar Race for the imperial throne of India. Pandu, the son of Vichitravirya, had been excluded from the succession on some suspicion of illegitimacy, and his younger brother ——— promoted in his stead. In course of time, the five sons of Pandu commonly styled the Pandava brothers, the chief of whom were Yudisthira and Arjuna, asserted their rightful title to the throne. Their rivals, Duryodhan, of Hastinapur, and his hundred brethren, who took the designation of Kurus from one of their ancestors, prepared to maintain their possession by force of arms. All the princes of Hindustan took part in the quarrel. Prominent among them was Krishna, of Guzerat, an *avatar* of Vishnu, and the friend and brother in arms of Arjuna. After numerous complications and remarkable episodes, the rival armies came to battle on the plains of Panniput, near Agra. A tremendous contest ensued of eighteen days' duration. The greater part of both armies perished;

Duryodhan and his hundred brethren were slain; the Pandavas triumphed; but grieved at the terrific slaughter, most of their chiefs abandoned India, and crossed the Himalayas, where they were lost to history. These remarkable events have had their poet as well as the exploits of Rama: on the groundwork indicated Vyaso has constructed the second great Hindu Epic, under the title of the *Mahabharat* or Great War.

Several circumstances indicate the presence of a religious element in the controversy of the Mahabharat; but it was not until some centuries later that the religious revolution occurred which produced such important results in succeeding generations, and the consequences of which are visible to the present day. The year 1013 B. C., according to the most discreet writers, witnessed the beginning of the first Buddhist Reformation. It is yet doubted, indeed, whether Buddhism be the more ancient religion whence Brahminism sprung, or the bold effort of an able and ambitious reformer to reduce the tenets and practice of the Brahminical priesthood to their pristine purity. The latter is the more common and the more probable opinion, and the period of this reformation is by some assigned to the twelfth or thirteenth century before the Christian era. We will not probably err much in selecting 1013 B. C. or 1030 B. C. as the time. How far the influence of Buddhism extended on this, its first propagation, cannot well be determined. Opposed in its native land, it spread into China and Tartary, and may have found its way through the deserts of Scythia under the legendary Odin (identified by Col. Tod with Buddha), as well as to the highlands of Greece, where its mystic ceremonial and abstruse dogmas might have been veiled in the innermost shrines of Eleusis and Dodona. The author of this revolution was Gautama, the ninth *avatar* of Vishnu, whose name is yet cherished over a great part of the Oriental world.

Princes of the Solar Line continued to rule in many parts; but the principal thrones were occupied by sovereigns of the Lunar Race, until about 650 B.C., when both were swept away by the invasion of the Snake or Dragon Race from Scythic Asia, coeval with the irruption of the same people into Media, during the reign of Cyaxares. They held possession of a considerable part of Hindustan for 300 years, and established the Jain faith and worship, understood to be in most respects analogous to Buddhism. The second and most important establishment of this latter system was inaugurated by Sakya Muni during the period of the Scythic domination, about 500 B.C., whilst Darius Hystaspes sat upon the throne

of Persia. It is rather remarkable that the second Buddhistic and the second Zoroastrian systems should have been contemporaneous in their foundation. The Buddhistic Propaganda, however, did not reach its full efficiency until two centuries later, when Asoka, the imperial ruler of Hindustan, becoming a convert to its doctrines, dispatched its enthusiastic missionaries to Ceylon, Farther India, China, Tartary, and other adjacent regions. The extraordinary success of their efforts is attested by the fact that, ever afterwards and even to the present day, the votaries of Buddha have constituted more than a third part of the human race, and form the most numerous religious denomination in the world. Buddhism was bitterly persecuted by the Brahmins, and is said to have entirely disappeared from the land of its birth; but its prevalence in the countries above mentioned has more than compensated for the loss.

Cyrus did not advance far, if at all, beyond the Indus. The Indian possessions of Darius Hystaspes comprised only the Punjab and some districts along the frontier. Alexander was compelled to halt on the very threshold of his El Dorado. The unexpected display of military strength made by Chandra Gupta (Sandrocottus), the newly elected and enterprising monarch of India, no less than the ambitious projects of Antigonus and Demetrius, deterred Seleucus Nicator from the prosecution of his schemes of Indian conquest. The Greco-Bactrian, and subsequently the Parthian monarchs, made extensive inroads into the Hindu territories. But by the year 56 B.C., Viceramaditya, the illustrious King of Avantu, had purged his country of her invaders, and began a new era for Hindustan. From this period till the time of Salomdhi, who is regarded as the last native monarch of all Hindustan, about A.D. 720, is a time of comparative obscurity. During the reign of Salomdhi commenced that series of obstinate and oft-repeated invasions, which, though repulsed at first and for a time interrupted, eventuated in the final subjection of the richest country in the world by the fanatical hordes of Tartary and Arabia, and the triumphant establishment of Islam where the altars of Brahma had hitherto ruled supreme. Here, as elsewhere, the conquerors sought to compel the people by force to embrace the tenets of the Arabian impostor; here, as elsewhere, they directed their energies to destroy all vestige of the ancient religion, literature and civilization. But the descendants of Mahmud of Gazni, and of Timur have passed away; and the ancient religion, literature, and civilization of the Hindus yet remain. A soulless commercial corporation from an obscure island in the Western Ocean has supplanted

the Mogul and the Afghan, as these formerly supplanted the children of Rama and Arjuna. The former have left but insignificant monuments of their existence; the latter have become deeply interesting to the civilized world.

If the vast and varied peninsula of Hindustan were no otherwise remarkable than as the seat of powerful and prosperous states, as the theatre of important events that yield not in their magnitude to those of any age or country, as the native land of the sciences of Arithmetic and Algebra, as well as of some of the most wonderful religious systems ever invented by man, it would be most worthy of the attention of the scholar, the historian, and the humanitarian. But it is principally in its external relations, in its alleged connection with the ancient classical nations, and the influence of its language and religion upon them, that India has become interesting, and to the investigation of these supposed relations much of the inquiries of Orientalists have been directed.

At an early period of his researches, Sir William Jones was struck with the numerous analogies which he discovered between the Hindu Mythology and that of the nations bordering upon the Mediterranean. He found not only a similarity of legends, in which the natural conformation of the human mind might oftentimes cause widely different nations to coincide, but frequently even an identity of names. In his learned treatise "*On the Gods of India, Greece, and Italy*," he elaborates several of these analogies, and establishes beyond a doubt the intimate connection of the religious elements of those countries and their derivation from a common origin. In Iswara and Isi he discovers the prototypes of Osiris and Isis; in Ganesa and Indra Dynpetir those of Janus and Jupiter—names for which the Romans were at a loss to account: the story of Krishna is repeated in that of Apollo, and the warlike Minerva finds her counterpart in Kali Durga. Sir William Jones does not determine the occasion of these coincidences, nor whether they are referable to any other cause than that common heritage of falsehood and perversity derived to all the nations from the rebellious builders of Babel. He observes:

* We cannot justly conclude, by arguments preceding the proof of facts, that one idolatrous people must have borrowed their deities, rites and tenets from another; since gods of all shapes and dimensions may be framed by the boundless powers of imagination, or by the frauds and follies of men, in countries never connected; but, when features of resemblance, too strong to have been accidental, are observable in different systems of polytheism, without fancy or prejudice to color them and improve the likeness, we can scarce help believing, that some connection

has immemorially subsisted between the several nations who have adopted them."⁶

Again he says :

"Since Egypt appears to have been the grand source of knowledge for the western, and India for the more eastern parts of the globe, it may seem a material question, whether the Egyptians communicated their Mythology and Philosophy to the Hindus, or conversely; but what the learned of Memphis wrote or said concerning India, no mortal knows; and what the learned of Benares have asserted, if anything, concerning Egypt, can give us little satisfaction."

After the time of Sir William Jones, the Sanscrit language was more diligently studied and compared with the Greek. The result was remarkable. The radical syllables of the greater part of the idiom of Homer and Herodotus were found in the sacred language of Hindustan. The mythological and legendary stories of Hellas were compared with those of the Puranas; enthusiastic Orientalists readily traced their mutual resemblance; and even the less credulous, while naturally hesitating to accept such inferences and conclusions as would revolutionize all our preconceived opinions, were constrained to admit the cogency of their reasonings and the strong evidences adduced from the analogies of language. Wilford and Wilkins were among the foremost to invest the ancient Hindus with the prerogative of having colonized their language, religion, and surplus population, under various modifications, among the nations of the West. Mr. Wilson has demonstrated the fallacy of many of their assumptions, and exposed the impositions of the crafty Brahmins, who succeeded even in deceiving Sir William Jones. In one of the works before us—that of Pococke, to which he gives the peculiar title of *India in Greece*—the author has made an able, ingenious, and, as yet, the boldest attempt to trace the origin of the population, manners and religion of Greece entirely to the Hindus. On each familiar promontory and highland of that classic land, on each mountain and river—whose names were a mystery to the Hellenes themselves in the time of their

* Similar opinions have been put forward by the most eminent critics of Continental Europe. Referring to the earlier Arian migrations from the East, M. Lacroix de Marles observes:—"On a conjecturé également, mais sans plus de certitude, que c'était cette lutte violente au sein de la famille arienne qui était rappelée dans le plus immense des poèmes indiens, le *Mahābhārata*. A ce compte, les *Koravas*, fils du soleil, représenteraient le peuple zend, chez qui le culte du soleil était spécialement en honneur; et les *Pandavas*, fils de la lune, soutenus par le divin *Krishna*, seraient les *Argas* de l'Inde, qui adoraient plus spécialement *Indra*, dieu lunaire. Mais on sent qu'il n'y a dans tout cela que de pures hypothèses, qui ne sont pas susceptibles d'une vérification positive."—*Hist. de l'Inde*, &c., vol. v., p. 79.

greatest enlightenment—he finds the indelible impress of the Sanscrit tongue and the vestiges of a Hindu colonization. In the mysteries, the religious strifes, the obscure myths of the Hellenic people, he discovers the lineaments of the Buddhist superstition. Much that has been abandoned as inexplicable, much that has been rejected as the mere invention of the poet's brain, he forces by his theory from the domain of fable into that of fact. With him Cadmus is the great Gautama; Achilles a Rajput warrior; the Amphictyonic Council a synod of the Buddhists. He recognizes the truth of the Argonautic expedition and of the conquests of Bacchus; and finds in the Sanscrit the proofs alike of the existence of the Amazons and the actual establishment of a Lydian colony, bearing with them the traditions of the East, in Etruria.

Though his theory is startling, and the author commits the fatal mistake of proving too much—attempting even to show that the relative position of the transplanted tribes was the same in their new home as in their native India—we must allow much weight to the interpretation of geographical and proper names, which the Sanscrit language supplies, and which was lost in the subsequent modifications of the Greek. In regard to the importance to be attached to this evidence of language, his argument is certainly conclusive. He instances the fact, that the presence of the Romans in Britain, of the Saracens in Spain, and of the Indians in those parts of America whence they have now disappeared forever, might be shown—and this perhaps may be the only means of proof in after times—by the indelible traces of their respective dialects impressed on the great geographical features of those countries. The gentle poetess of Norwich has elegantly and truthfully written, in regard to the American Indians—

“ Their name is on your rivers,
Their baptism on your shore,
Your everlasting mountains
Speak their dialect of yore ;”

and the sentiment is as true of Greece as it is of America.

We do not choose to follow Mr. Pococke through his ingenious train of investigation, nor to weigh the correctness of his derivations. Many of these are undoubtedly well-founded; some are extremely fanciful and visionary. Let us take, for instance, his explanation of the term *Autochthones* (*Αυτοχθόνες*),—a designation applied to themselves by the Athenians. This has been commonly understood to signify, as the Athenians themselves understood it, that they were sprung from the earth on which they dwelt. Ignorant of their real origin, or choosing rather to claim an indefinite

antiquity, those proud republicans fabled themselves the children of the soil of their own Attica, and not indebted to any other nation for their existence. In fact, the word may be considered as entirely equivalent to that of *Aborigines*, in use among the Italians. But Mr. Pococke is not satisfied with this interpretation. He finds one more in accordance with his theory by regarding *Autochthones* as a corruption of *Attak-thones*, and thus restores to the self-considered earth-born denizens of Attica their true and proper appellation of *Lords of the Attok*. We need scarcely remark that the Attok is a river of India, and that the inference sought to be drawn is that the Athenians were in reality a tribe from the banks of that stream. This is but one of several instances scattered throughout the book, and may serve to show the unstable basis of much of the theory. Similarity of sound or expression does not argue identity of meaning. Mr. Pococke likewise develops, with much learning and ability, what he conceives to be the unmistakeable evidences of Buddhism in Greece. He seeks thereby to explain that vexed subject—the Grecian mysteries, and from the strange religious system of the Oriental world derives, through this channel, the corruptions of Christianity. We were not a little surprised, indeed, to find the Pope of Rome proved, not figuratively alone, but actually and in fact, a Grand Lama of Buddhism—the rival of the mysterious potentate of Lahsa. Notwithstanding such blemishes as these, Mr. Pococke's work abounds in suggestions well deserving of the consideration of scholars, and will amply repay the thoughtful student of history for its perusal.

Colonel Tod, whose magnificent volumes, published under the auspices of the East India Company, are principally devoted to the history of the seven native Hindu States or Heptarchy of Rajahstan, contents himself with calling attention to some remarkable analogies, the principal of which is that between the Hellenic Heracleidae and the Pandavas of Hindustan. These last are said to have left India on the close of the Mahabharat or Great War, which was, according to him, about 1101, B. C.; this was also the period of the return of the Heracleidae to the Peloponnesus. Yudisthira, the *Heri-cula-es*, or chief of the tribe of Heri, was the leader of the Pandavas; Eurysthenes was the first king of the Heracleidae after their settlement, and an almost similar name (Eurystheus) was born by that Argive king connected in Grecian Mythology with the twelve labors of the "Son of Jove." A Pandu Chief, Baldeva—"God of Strength"—might also have been identified with the Grecian Hercules; or rather might have

been one of those "strong men of old," whose separate qualities and characters the later Greeks combined in their one ideal Hercules. And why might not the Heracleidae and the Pandavas have been identical?* "Alexander," remarks Colonel Tod, "with a mere handful from far-off Corinth, planted his victorious banners at the head-waters of the Indus; why might not Yudisthira have led his followers from the Indus to Greece?" When we consider that the distance from Cashmere to the Mediterranean does not much exceed that from Cashmere to Ceylon, which Hindu armies have often traversed; when we consider, too, that the period was one of migration, change, and revolution; the supposition is in no wise improbable.

The conspicuous place which India holds in the traditions of the Greeks, manifestly points to relations broken up and almost forgotten, when the great Assyro-Babylonian and Persian empires rose up between the East and the West. Nor is it to be supposed that the relations, for which modern Orientalists contend, are to be referred merely to the period of the Dispersion from the plains of Shinar, or to the time of that progressive tide of emigration of the whole human race from a primitive Arian stock, which some writers have indirectly substituted for the Mosaic Dispersion. These are universally acknowledged. More recent connections are intimated.

What we have been accustomed to call the pre-historic ages, it is now satisfactorily ascertained, were neither rude nor uneventful, but eminently marked by cultivation, refinement, commercial, political, and intellectual activity. Fragmentary though their evidences be, the monumental ruins of Egypt and Assyria prove that the long period from Nimrod to Pul, from Semiramis to Sardanapalus, was not a blank. There were great movements during that time among the Asiatic nations, and there is reason to believe that the priests and warriors of Hindustan then played a prominent part in the affairs of the world. Some of the results of these movements and of the Hindu element and influence in them, our modern Orientalists have discovered not only in Greece and Asia Minor, but on the shores of the Red Sea, in Egypt, Abyssinia, and Syria, and in the vast forests of Sarmatia and Scandinavia. The legendary Odin of the North has been

* Dans les mythes grecs, says M. F. Baudry, des conquêtes de Bacchus et d'Hercule, mythes qui s'étendaient dans des régions plus lointaines à mesure qu'avancèrent les connaissances géographiques des Grecs, on a depuis longtemps reconnu une confusion de légendes grecques et indiennes, qui prit naissance lors de l'expédition d'Alexandre. Dans Bacchus on retrouve le culte orgiaque de Çiva, et dans Hercule les exploits de Vishnu-Krishna.—*Encyclopédie Moderne*, Art. Inde.

identified with Buddha or one of his votaries who propagated his religion; his holy city of Asgard is the Tartarian Kashgar, noted in the annals of Buddhism. The dwellers by the fountains of the Nile are supposed to have brought with them their designation of Abu-sin from their original residence on the Indus, one of the names of which is Sin. The priests of the Pyramids and of Luxor must have maintained intimate relations with those who invented the story of Osiris and Isis; and a strong suspicion of the existence of Hinduism in Greece is afforded by the clearly Asiatic origin of the Pelopid and Perseid families in the Peloponnesus, by the mystery that hangs over the account of the Thessalian Centaurs and even the first appearance of the Hellenes themselves, by the Oriental character of the Orphic mysteries and of the political institutions of Minos (or Menu), by the yet unexplained voyage of the Argonauts, as well as by the military expeditions of Bacchus and Sesostris, distorted as they have been by ignorance and national vanity.

It is certainly a curious speculation which would thus deduce not only the Hellenic heroes, but even the warriors of the Nile and the followers of Scandinavian Odin from the children of Rama and Yudisthira. Much has been done in the volumes before us to elucidate the theory. Unfortunately of a great part of that which might throw some light on the subject—the history of the nations occupying the plains of Shinar and the great table-land of Iran—all record is lost. Successive inundations of barbarian hordes and ruthless conquerors have swept away the valuable archives of Nineveh and Babylon. And it is questionable whether our knowledge of these early times will ever be more than a mere approximation to certainty. Circumstances have been evolved which tend to prove an important connection between such events as the Bacchus migration, the establishment in India of the worship of Shiva, the accession of the Fifth or Arab Dynasty of Berosus to the throne of Babylon, the settlement of Colchis, and the first appearance of the Hellenes in Thessaly. For it will be remarked that these events were nearly contemporaneous. The ingenious scholar may yet trace the self-exiled heroes of the Mahabharat assisting in the promotion of the Sixth Dynasty of Berosus to the imperial throne of Assyria, 1273 B. C., and employed in the subsequent wars of Ninus II. and Semiramis II. in Asia Minor. He may find the royal Pandu Yudisthira become the slave and footstool of the beautiful Omphale; his brother Arjuna reproduced in Argon, the founder of the Heracleid monarchs of Lydia. He may find in the return of the Heracleidæ to the Peloponnesus the renewal

of a contest begun a century before in Asia. He may conclusively trace to its origin in the Indo-Gangetic Peninsula a great part of that mass of legendary history that characterizes the period of the mythic times and which was localized in their own country by the Hellenes. As yet the whole subject has been so far developed as to excite, but not to satisfy, our curiosity. But whatever opinion we may entertain with regard to these assumed migrations from Hindustan, the external influence of Hindu ideas and of the theological and philosophical systems of the Brahminical priesthood, is unquestionable. The old Zend language of Iran, the sacred dialect of Zoroaster, constitutes the connecting link between the Sanscrit and the Greek, as the old religions that flourished on that great table-land manifested the transition state from Buddhism and Brahminism to the sensual polytheism of Hellas.

We have referred to the astonishment caused by the discovery of the copiousness, beauty, and grandeur of the Sanscrit language, in which qualities it does not yield even to the Greek. Further developments have not diminished our admiration. That the people who are now, with reason, presumed to have been the inventors of mathematical, astronomical, and physical science, of the game of chess as well as of the zodiac, the forerunners of the Greeks and Egyptians in their philosophical systems, and of Solon and Lycurgus in legislation, must have been a highly gifted, intellectual, and cultivated race, will be easily recognized; but few were prepared to find among them that highly polished literature which they are now known to possess. The fact of the existence of such a literature in the far East, at a date anterior even to the dawn of classical cultivation on the shores of the Mediterranean, may well seem startling. It is true, as Mr. Henry Hayman Wilson says in his *Introduction to the Vishnu Purana*, that neither the *Ramayana* nor the *Mahabharat*, nor even the *Vedas* and *Puranas*, as they now exist, are older than the fourth century of the Christian Era. They have all been frequently revised and interpolated. Foreign matters, legends of other countries, and circumstances originally concerning personages very different from those with whom they are now connected, have been inserted in these books and localized in India. The proud Brahmins have not always been, nor are they now, insensible to foreign influence, whatever pretensions they may make to the contrary; they have not disdained to borrow from the West. Yet, that these works, in their essential parts are of unquestionable antiquity, and of a date apparently more than a thousand years before Christ, is asserted by Sir William Jones, and assented

to by the ablest Oriental scholars. Thus, long before the Egean heard entranced "the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle," or Sappho's fate rendered Leucadia's steep memorable to lovers, Valmika sung the deeds of Rama, and Vyasa told the tragic story of the Indu Line. The Muses played in the bowers of Vraja and the groves of Vrindavan, before they appeared in the vale of Tempe or the glades of Helicon; and they sung as sweetly by the Yamuná as by Ilyssus.

The history of a nation's literature is to the enlightened mind the most interesting portion of its annals. Its political greatness, its preëminence in arms, will pass away; but in its literature we have a never-failing evidence of its power. Cities sacked, towers levelled with the dust, may show the conqueror's path in blood; but without the peaceful student to chronicle his deeds, his very name is forgotten. *Virere fortes ante Agamemnona multi, sed caruere sacra rate.* Hindustan had her chiefs and heroes before Agamemnon; but they had their poets and historians. Long before that splendid assemblage of the Hellenic powers against Troy, the shores of Lauca shook beneath the tremendous contest of Ravan and Rama, and all the princes of India flocked to take part in the great war of the Lunar Race for the imperial throne; and Valmika and Vyasa sung their several stories ages before the birth of Homer. The poems of the Ramayana and the Mahabharat hold a position among the Hindus analogous to that of the Iliad among the Hellenic populations; and the modern rajah takes no less delight in the recitation of the exploits of his ancestors, than did the liberty-loving Greek in the "tale of Troy divine."

We have already very briefly sketched the respective subjects of these two great epics. That the themes are as grand as any within the range of Greek or Roman literature, will not be denied; that their treatment and execution are not inferior to those models which have delighted our world for 2,000 years, is fearlessly maintained by such a judge as Sir William Jones. We might produce numerous passages of striking beauty and sublimity from both poems—specimens of animated narration and fine description, equal to Homer and Virgil. We might also instance passages quite repugnant to our tastes and habits of thought. But it is not our purpose to enter at length into the merits of Valmika and Vyasa; the limits of our article forbid it. We would only observe the injustice of weighing by our immemorial standards of taste, what may be deemed the extravagances of oriental imagination. We may as well hope to find the Iceland moss beneath the sultry skies of Zanguebar, as to meet Hellenic cor-

rectness where Nature herself dictates a tropical luxuriance. Accustomed as we are to the polished and subdued effusions of the Grecian muse, whose influence has moulded the taste of Europe, we can also respect the bold exuberance of fancy that characterizes the literature of Hindustan; just as the traveller, who has gazed with delight on the exquisite proportions of the Parthenon, is not thereby prevented from admiring the gigantic structures of Elephanta and Ellora.

The wonderful machinery of the Hindu theology affords to Valmika and Vyasa a grander scope for invention than was allowed by the Greek mythology. In comparison with the Brahminical system, the lineaments of the Olympic Pantheon sink into puny insignificance. Should we be disposed to consider the former as extravagant, we must remember that the latter is, in fact, no less ridiculous; and that to peruse any literature properly, we must enter with a liberal spirit into the manners and modes of thought of the nation to which it appertains.

Valmika was the Homer of Hindustan, the Father of Hindu poetry. At what period he flourished, it is not easy to ascertain; but it may be presumed that it was before the Mahabharat, and probably about 1450 B.C. Vyasa—if the name be really a proper one, and not a generic title; for it means a *narrator*—though regarded as contemporary with Valmika and deriving his inspiration from him, must, of course, have lived at a considerably later period. In the poem, he is represented as the common grandsire of the rivals of the Mahabharat, and as relating their tragic story himself. This might seem to confirm the idea of the generic character of his name, and that the true appellation of the author, as well as the time in which he lived, is unknown. The scope of his work is more comprehensive than that of Valmika; philosophy and science enter into it equally with the legitimate Epic. Both the Ramayuna and the Mahabharat, like the Iliad among the Greeks, afforded an almost inexhaustible fund of materials to subsequent writers, as appears from the fact that both lyric and dramatic authors have sought in them the subjects of some of their best efforts. Rama and Krishna are often reproduced in song and story; and the azure god of Methura is an especial favorite in their amatory narratives.

The Hindus are an eminently poetical people. The minstrel of the Scottish Highlands, the wandering bard of the Egean, and the royal troubadour of France, have all had, and have now, their counterparts among them. Every chief has his Poet Laureate, and the people have their rhapsodists, who sing to them of the glory of their ancestors. Colonel Tod

mentions one of the princes of Rajahstan, who neglected all the affairs of his government to give himself up entirely to singing the praises of Chrishna and Radha. Our specimens of the efforts of the Hindu Muse are yet too fragmentary to enable us to sketch their progress in literature with any tolerable degree of accuracy. The Rig-Veda and some of the Puranas have appeared both in a Sanscrit and English form from the London press. Parts of the Ramayuna and Mahabharat have also been translated into English. But, with these exceptions, the most important publications we have yet had from Hindustan, are the Gitagovinda of Jayadeva, translated in the fourth volume of Sir William Jones's works, and the *Theatre of the Hindus*, by H. H. Wilson, Esq. Jayadeva has been styled by his translator the Pindar and "the sublime lyric poet" of Hindustan. His "Gitagovinda, or The Loves of Chrishna and Radha," is a mystical poem in the style of the Song of Solomon, one of those bold efforts of imagination in which the Eastern nations delight, and in which all the sensuousness of the human heart is evoked to adorn the mysterious intercourse of the soul with the Divinity. In its peculiar sphere we presume that the Gitagovinda is unrivalled in any language. In its warmth of fancy, in its beauty of description, in its exquisite appreciation of external nature, and in that most respectful deportment of the hero to the heroine, so peculiar to Hindu ideas, it will not easily find a parallel. The readers of the *Theatre of the Hindus* have no doubt seen with equal pleasure and surprise that the Drama has reached among this Oriental people a state of perfection which it never attained in Greece or Rome, and which is scarcely surpassed by the civilized nations of modern times. Calidasa, the chief dramatic poet of India, lived before the Christian era, and flourished, it seems, at the court of the famous Vicramaditya. He possesses all the feeling and delicacy of Calderon, whom, among European dramatists, he most resembles. His exquisite play of *Sacountala*, or the *Fatal Ring*, has been read with delight by those who are familiar with Shakespeare and Massinger; and the Hindu poet has not lost by comparison with those of England.

An examination of the theological and philosophical writings of the Hindus would greatly transcend our limits. The doctrines of Plato and Pythagoras, Pantheism, Idealism, Fatalism, all the tenets that have at various periods agitated European minds, were propagated in Hindustan before they were broached in the West. In these especially is the acuteness of the Brahmins visible; into these their subtle minds

have penetrated as far as it seems possible for man to penetrate without the aid of revelation.

That eminent and enlightened scholar, Sir William Jones, whose name we have so often mentioned in the course of our article, remarked, that the mind, fatigued with the continued repetition of Grecian images, gladly hailed the accession of the new materials developed in the literature of Hindustan. His own works are a proof of his remark and an instance of its application. These materials have not yet been made fully available; our scholars have not given them the attention and importance which they merit; but a cursory examination will satisfy the critical inquirer, that Hindustan, which has proved such a tempting scene of operations for the adventurer, offers a field no less ample to the historian, the poet, and the philosopher.

ART. II.—1. *D. Junii Juvenalis Sexdecim Satiræ ad codices Parisienses Recensitæ cum Interpretatione Latina, &c., &c.*
N. E. LEMAITRE. Parisiis.

2. *Decii Junii Juvenalis et A. Persii Flacci Satiræ notis novissimis illustravit Josephus Juvencius cum appendice de Diis Heroibus Poeticis ad poetarum Intelligentiam Necessaria, &c.*

3. *The Satires of D. Junius Juvenalis. Translated into English Verse.* By WILLIAM GIFFORD, Esq., late Editor of the "Quarterly Review." With a Dissertation, &c. London. 1836.

4. *Juvenal.* Translated by CHARLES BADHAM, D.D., F.R.S., &c. New Edition, with Appendix, containing imitations of the Third and Tenth Satires, by Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, &c. &c. New York.

It would appear that a disposition towards satire marked the first literary efforts of the ancient Romans. In the rude and early period of Roman power, when every social feature exhibited an unadorned plainness, and when polish was a thing unknown, we may well suppose what was the character of the amusements and the style of address in vogue at the relaxations of a people so uninformed and overhearing. They had not yet acquired that pastoral softness which, as afterwards exhibited by Virgil's gentle shepherds, corre-

sponds with our own idea of rural manners; nor are we to suppose that an ancient Roman village, with its assembled inhabitants seeking amusement when the day's business was over, bore any very strong resemblance to that picture which our imagination calls up when Goldsmith's "Auburn" is mentioned. In many minor points, of course, there must have been a likeness; but in a society where Christianity was wanting, where its restraints were not felt, and where no redeeming influence ever contributed to check the arrogant egotism of the nation, or the coarseness and wantonness of the individual man, ere yet an advanced civilization taught them to check, in some measure, their primitive rudeness—in such a society there must have been a type and an aspect different from any with which we are acquainted. We are told that the pastimes of the ancient Romans were marked by coarse jokes, wantonness, buffooneries, and personal animadversions, launched under the pretext of pleasantry. When, after the lapse of time, the recurrence of these amusements suggested the idea of improvement in their form, then appeared the Fescennine* and Saturnine verses, which, though showing a step in advance, were still far from being what would seem to us commendable. Horace expresses a not very exalted opinion of them, inasmuch as they were neither elevated in sentiment nor marked by much ability. The names, Fescennine, from Fescennia, a city of Etruria, and Saturnine, it is to be presumed from Saturn, do not prepare us, by their suggestion of antiquity, for much that is elegant or well digested. In truth they were nothing more than extempore pleasantries, in which the witticisms were more original than admirable, and more pointed than neat. They were accompanied by gestures, dances, and grimaces, in which liveliness and aptness supplied the want of other qualities. But those performances had a merit in this, that they were unsophisticated, and that they were earnest. They showed by their vigor that whence they proceeded more was forthcoming—they marked the beginning of something.

They took strong hold of the people, and in a more or less improved form constituted the only popular scenic amusement for over a hundred years. In them the first rude efforts of Roman intellect took a shape; and in them we discover the early combination of satire and the drama. The licence of

* These verses were often afterwards used in a jocular or friendly manner. Pollio, the poet and historian, was often addressed in this manner by Augustus; and when the latter complained that he never received a reply, made this answer—that it was better not to write against one who could proscribe, the words *write* and *proscribe*, in the original, forming a pun.

those verses after a time made the need of improvement evident, and another and better poem was introduced, from which coarse epithets were excluded, and to which the aid of music was applied. This was called satire, and those who appeared in it, being more regular and professional than those who first hit upon these shows as an amusement, were called *histriones*, from the Tuscan word *hister*, which means an actor. Here, under the name of satire, which combined two ideas, the dramatic seems to have taken the lead.

A few remarks as to the meaning of the word satire may here be necessary. Some will have it that the composition known as satire is so called from the satyrs of the woods, because it conveyed a drollery like theirs; but the change of spelling, in the first place, is not to be accepted; and, again, there is reason for adopting a different etymology. It is much more probable that it derived its name from *satura*, an adjective denoting fulness and variety, and which, by connection with various substantives, became an idiom to mark many Roman usages or objects. For example, a certain dish containing many kinds of meat prepared together was called *satura*; and from this and other examples it is inferred, by analogy, that a literary composition containing many and various subjects, treated very much at will, must have derived its name in a similar way. This, then, was the idea to which they sought to give expression in applying the name—fulness and variety of subjects; and these subjects, it must be remembered, were represented theatrically.

Our modern idea of satire is quite different. The word to our minds suggests bitterness or sarcasm, and is not necessarily connected with scenic representation. The name of satire given by the Romans did not characterize the quality of bitterness, which among us has become its leading peculiarity. But we must inquire how it was that satire and the drama became divorced.

The first person who saw the superiority of the Greek representations was Livius Andronicus, and in imitating them he changed the literature of his country. His productions received so much public approval that the old satires were entirely neglected, or else added to the new representations in the manner of after-pieces, in which shape they were called *exodia*. After Livius came Ennius, who having observed how much the old satires used to delight the people, and since their place was now filled by the pure drama, conceived the idea of producing the satire as we now understand it—that is, a literary effusion, of an invective character, and having no necessary connection with the drama. He consi-

dered that the sharpness and force of which the old satires were the medium, were too good to be lost; and the fact of the dramatic portion of the satire having become elevated was no reason why the other portion should be suffered to decline. His subsequent fame as a writer of satire in this new sense gave proof of the correctness of his judgment. After Ennius came Pacuvius, and then Lucilius. The latter imparted to the satire so much power and grace that he cast his predecessors into the shade. Horace calls him the *first* writer of satire, meaning that he was the first who wrote it in its improved and polished style. Quintilian says: "Satire is all our own, and in it Lucilius first obtained distinguished praise." Juvenal calls him "*magnus auruncæ alumnus.*" But a greater was to come. Horace, who bore the above testimony to the eminence of Lucilius, was, at the moment of writing it, exhibiting proof that he could transcend Lucilius as much as the latter surpassed those who preceded him. And Juvenal, who does homage to the power both of Lucilius and Horace, has left to mankind a set of satires which if they do not place him highest, certainly, as a favorite, leave him second to none.

Before instituting any inquiry as to Juvenal's peculiar force or comparing him with any of his predecessors, it will be proper to give one more rapid glance backwards at the progress of satire from its first uncouth and rustic ebullitions to the polished and elevated form which it assumed in the hands of its latest writers. The conveyance of invective, in connection with wit, was, as we have seen, the first and earliest object of Roman satire; and, though the wit may have been blunt and the invective sharp, still it exactly corresponded with our present idea of satire. But when it began to divest itself of its primitive scurrility, and especially after Ennius exhibited it in a form distinct from the drama, it no longer showed the same tendency. From a desire to avoid coarse personality, a more wide and philosophic turn was observable. Roman satire took for its object as much the inculcation of virtue as the condemnation of vice. This became its leading character; and though Lucilius and Horace dealt some heavy blows, still if satire had stopped with them, it would now chiefly impress us as a succession of moral lessons, sometimes tinged with an acrimonious playfulness. But mankind desires something more pungent than that. Nothing is so attractive to the multitude as personality; and men never like philosophy so well as when it cuts the individual offender like a sword. The love of satire, as we now understand the term, is inherent in the human breast. Sharp satire conveyed in any shape

and under any name is what tells best. Even those who are wounded by its shafts often forget the bitterness of the blow in the dexterity of the assailant. Aristophanes hurled his sharpest sarcasms at the heads of the Athenians, and, in return, they covered him with laurel. This writer was held in much esteem by St. John Chrysostom; and St. Jerome used to lighten his labor of translating the Scriptures by conning over the amusing pages of Plautus.

Look at the satires of our own time and in our own tongue! What an impression they have made! How often are they read? How often are they quoted? Who does not appreciate the power of Addison, of Sterne, and of Swift? Who is not pleased with the satirical sketches of Dickens, which only fail of being portraits through the well-pleased blindness of the appreciators of humor, who do not see their own resemblance. Of this sort of satire, that which we appreciate best and which is so variously illustrated by different English writers, Juvenal may be esteemed the parent. Considered in this light he deserves much of our attention and excites our most legitimate curiosity. Living ourselves at a time when freedom of speech and of the press is either well established or gaining ground, we look back and behold a man who existed at a period when tyrants were frequent and glimpses of freedom most uncertain; and who out of the strength of an honest nature and a scorn for the servility which nearly every great writer before him had exhibited, took the lash into his hand and laid it upon the shoulders of the vicious generation by whom he was surrounded. Juvenal's great characteristic is his intense earnestness and the almost personal malevolence with which he pursues the various wretches whose vices laid them open to his attack. The pleader who has a cause to promote, the orator who has a false principle to overthrow, the champion who has a duel to fight, show not more oneness of purpose than he; and to that degree does he appear studious of his object that his splendid diction and the graces of his style, his ingenious reasoning, his apt comparisons and his eloquent conclusions seem to flow as copious and unstudied as his anger, to which they appear subservient, but from which they borrow a greater power.

It is a matter of innate appreciation, which should be preferred to the other—Horace or Juvenal. They were men of different mould, style and temperament. It is not exactly which is better, one has to determine; but which, each person can appreciate better. Horace was an easy-going courtier and a brilliant poet; full of good-nature and of lyrical effusion, and not less facetious than he was philo-

sophical. We may suppose that under favor of the court, which he diligently cultivated, whatever he wrote was conceived in hope and presented to an audience whose favor was already assured. Juvenal, on the contrary, seems to have written without patronage; to have touched on subjects which were not without possible danger to the writer, and to have written, not so much because it was expected of him, or that his genius prompted, but that the times required it; and there were so many scribblers that his indignation left him no excuse for silence. Horace praised the advantage and happiness of frugality; commended moderation in all things; esteemed retirement and counselled a mild and prudent interpretation of the acts and character of others. Juvenal for the most part, restricted himself to a smaller compass and struck with greater effect. He looked not so much to general principles of morality as to the irritating degeneracy which he witnessed around him. Horace wrote with an easy and equable ingenuity, surprising by its beauty and silencing by its power, sometimes deluding the reader by its infantile simplicity, sometimes startling him with deep reaches of thought and the unanswerable inferences which in his simplest moments he has in contemplation. Juvenal exhibits a clear-headed indignation against the objects that he attacks; syllogisms that do not stagger because they come forth in wrath; and venom which is never lost through unconsidered passion or never untimely spilt in haste. Horace is more the poet, Juvenal the declaimer. Horace considered the men around him as an epitome of mankind, and busied himself, though good-humoredly, with their inconsistencies and shortcomings, which seemed to him a quota of the errors of the world. Juvenal looked upon the crowd that met his observation in a more familiar light, that is to say, as his countrymen, and he detests them the more for being his countrymen, since he is obliged to consider them the most depraved of mankind. Horace is as Dacier calls him, a very Proteus, leading one along through unsuspected paths to places pleasant to be visited and to which access seemed impossible. Juvenal moves swiftly upon a straight road whose end you see; but his motions are full of a dignified and overmastering wrath, and his sparkling eyes warn you to look for something more alarming than you have yet witnessed. Horace chided men in general; Juvenal those of his country. Horace upset Stoics and Epicureans, extremists and fools generally. Juvenal attacked the depravity of Rome.

In some of their pieces their principles are the same, though the manner of treatment different. For instance, each has a

satire on "True and False Nobility," wherein merit is proclaimed to belong to the man and not to have come from his ancestors. In both the truth is proved in an unanswerable manner; but while the method of Horace may show a finer intellect, the illustrations of Juvenal are more forcible and tell sooner on the convictions. This estimate of these two great writers may be put to the test by asking the opinion of those who have been educated in the ancient classics, but who from want of reading have lost their clear conceptions of them. When questioned as to their impressions of Horace, they will smile, repeat some quotations, say he was a fine poet, and for the rest, they know he is entitled to a more definite praise, which they are willing to concede without being now able to remember those qualities which deserve it. But mention Juvenal, and they are delighted. They can repeat lines from every satire. They have certainly forgotten much, but they know his scope—they agree with his views, and will tell you what makes him great.

A further illustration of the difference between Horace and Juvenal may be shown in this, that the imitations of the former, though tried by the same or as excellent writers, are not so successful as those of the latter. Doctor Johnson's "London" and "Vanity of Human Wishes," which are imitations respectively of the Third and Tenth Satires, are as capable of winning the applause of those who read English, as the great prototypes are, of those who read Latin. The quality, whatever it may be, which proves so captivating in the original has been infused to a considerable extent into the imitation. And the "Hoarse Fitzgerald" of Lord Byron, is as likely to remain upon the memory as the "Hoarse Codrus" of Juvenal. But though imitations of Horace have been made by the best writers, among others by the noble poet just mentioned, and by Thomas Moore, who knows anything of them?—how poor they seem compared with the originals! Horace might have been a man of more varied qualities and finer gifts than Juvenal, but his works have not this great merit possessed by the others—that they lose scarcely any of their interest even at second hand.

There is much obscurity as to the private history of Juvenal. He himself speaks of Aquinum as his residence—probably it was his birth-place also. It was an old town of the Volsci, was the birth-place of Thomas Aquinas, and is now known as Aquino. It is in ancient Campania, which nearly corresponds with the present Terra di Lavoro. That he was born in a lowly condition may be regarded as certain from the manner in which he is addressed by Martial:

*
 "Dum tu forsitan inquietus erras
 Clamosa Juvenalis in Subura
 Aut collem dominæ teris Dianæ;
 Dum per limina te potentiorum
 Sudatrix toga ventitat," &c.

This mention of Juvenal's name in connection with the Subura, the meanest quarter of Rome, as also the allusion to his deferential visits to the houses of the great, bear evidence to his humble condition: and we may understand that the bitterness with which Juvenal describes the indignities offered by the rich to the poor, is the result of personal experience.

As to the difficulty which particularly attends the fixing the date of some of his satires, as well as his own age at the time of their commencement, it may be as well to state briefly all that is known of the matter, and to separate what is certain from what is doubtful in order to find some reasonable theory.

The most noteworthy fact of which we are informed concerning his private history, is this—that he was banished to Egypt for an attack on a person named Paris—some say at the age of forty, some say of eighty years. By which of four emperors was he banished? becomes the first question. And at which of those two periods of life? becomes the second. He was banished either by Domitian or one of his three immediate successors. He could not have been banished by Domitian for an attack on Paris the pantomime, and be at the same time eighty years old—because Paris died A.D. 83, and by reference to some of Juvenal's other satires, we find him still writing in A.D. 120. This would add thirty-seven years to the eighty which Juvenal had already lived; consequently the supposition on which that deduction is based, cannot be admitted. He must then either have been banished much younger or banished by some other emperor than Domitian. But we cannot, from the character of Nerva, Trajan or Adrian, suppose that he could have been exiled by any one of them, for any expression which can be found in his writings. The only conclusion then at which we can arrive is that his exile was decreed by Domitian for the above mentioned cause, at a much earlier period of his life than eighty years. He lived probably in all about eighty years; and allowing forty years as embracing the extreme limits of the time spent in the composition of his satires, we infer that he was about forty years old when he wrote those strictures upon the pantomime which drew down Domitian's anger. It would further appear reasonable to think that the Seventh Satire, in

which those verses occur, was the first written;* because there is scarcely a satire in the collection for which that suspicious monster would not have punished him, on account of their free and independent style; and this conjecture is the more likely as this very Seventh Satire which proved offensive contained in the opening lines a compliment to the reigning emperor as then promising to be a patron of letters:† yet this compliment did not save the writer. Of the others, if we omit those which bear direct evidence of having been written after the death of the tyrant, there is in those that remain, no laudation of the reigning monarch, an omission which would not be much relished by one like Domitian, who was well flattered by the literary men whom for a short time he patronized. Those satires which bear evidence of having been written after the death of Domitian are:—The First, which by the allusion to the trial of Marius Priscus, must have been written after A.D. 100, which would bring us to the third year of Trajan: the Second, in which he calls Domitian “*tragico pollutus, adulter, concubitu*”—terms which he could scarcely apply to the man who punished him for sneering at his jester: the Fourth, wherein he makes direct mention of the assassination of Domitian: the Sixth, in which mention is made of goblets showing the Emperor’s effigy with the inscription, “*Dacicus et Germanicus*,” which inscription would apply either to Domitian or Trajan, but which Juvenal must have meant to apply to Trajan, for if he had the former in his mind he would probably have brought forward this undeserved title in so sarcastic a way as to show its inappropriateness; whereas it would seem rather to be an indirect compliment—besides he mentions a comet which, according to Lipsius, appeared in the time of Trajan: the Thirteenth, which was written in the 3d year of Adrian, because Calvinus, to whom it was addressed, and who was born in the fifth year of Nero, was then sixty years old, which would bring down this satire to the time above mentioned: the Sixteenth, in which he mentions a consul Junius—there was a consul of this name in the reign of Adrian, which would seem to bring the last and unfinished work of our poet also to Adrian’s

* Most critics are of opinion that it is the passage which commences as follows, that caused the banishment of the author:

“*Accipe nunc artes, ne quid tibi conferat iste,
Quem colis, et Musarum et Apollinis ade relicta.
Ipse facit versus, atque uni credit Homero
Propter mille annos.*”

† The first line contains a sufficient compliment in itself:—

“*Et spes et ratio studiorum in Cesare tantum.*”

reign. The best supported theory would then seem to be that Juvenal was probably born in the reign of Claudius, and that he died in the reign of Adrian; that before the age of forty, previous to which he seems to have been an advocate and declaimer, he wrote nothing with which we are acquainted; that then appeared the satire now called the Seventh, for which he was exiled to Egypt, whence soon returning after Domitian's death, he wrote or published all the rest.

Taking all this for granted—considering the eighty years of our author's life as arranged between these limits, we may now recall to memory the startling political changes which he must have witnessed, as well as the social condition to which his pages bear testimony. No less than ten emperors reigned during that eventful period. Of these, Nero, Vitellius and Domitian were preëminent for their vices, and if our poet in his indignant exclamations has omitted mention of the second, it must be owing to the shortness of his reign. Amongst the rest, even those who would be entitled to eulogy at the hands of even the most scrupulous writer, received no compliments from Juvenal, since his business was not to select that which he might commend, but to record his censure upon the all-surpassing corruption which he foresaw was to ruin his country. The concluding years of this long period bring us in close view of the culminating point of Roman greatness, since, to Adrian succeeded the Antonines, whose figures mark the starting point of the admirable though not unexceptionable work of Gibbon. Turning to the pages of the latter for the luminous exposition of cause and effect in connection with the slow but steadily approaching doom of imperial Rome—and at the same time making frequent reference for more intimate information, to the satires of the poet whose genius we are commenting on—the inquiring mind will be led to make a moral upon governments and a homily upon empires.

The first great characteristic which, as set forth by Gibbon, distinguishes the imperial from the republican system, is the policy recommended by Augustus of making no more conquests, but of simply guarding what had been already acquired—that is to say, of keeping within the following boundaries, the Atlantic Ocean on the West, the Rhine and Danube on the North, the Euphrates on the East, and the deserts of Arabia and Africa on the South. Rome had nearly attained her growth, and her utmost exertions would be required in trying to keep the strength she had. This recommendation was followed by all the emperors whose reigns were witnessed by Juvenal, excepting only those four who personally or by their lieutenants added Britain and Dacia to the empire.

Trajan, the conqueror of the latter country, inflamed by military ambition, even made an incursion farther east; but the territory thus acquired was relinquished by his successor, and the empire soon assumed the boundaries indicated in the previous sentence. Here then we have the utmost limits of Roman power, and within those limits, embracing so many modern states, the extreme measurements were, from east to west more than three thousand miles, and from north to south, more than two thousand miles, giving an area slightly less than that contained within the States and Territories of the United States. Consulting still the same authority, we find that in the reign of Adrian this territory was defended by an aggregate force of about three hundred and seventy-five thousand men, which being a peace establishment, was amply sufficient for the maintenance even of so vast a dominion.

When one reflects on the gradual and well-knit progress of Roman power; the perfection of force and skill displayed in the conquering march of the Roman armies; the inevitable failures of the barbarous states who in spurning at subjection rushed to their own doom; and the consolidation of power which followed every brilliant achievement in the field, it is at first difficult to conceive why the boundaries which existed in the time of Adrian could not have been preserved and the decadence of Rome deferred to a far distant day. But turn from Rome the empire to Rome the city, and the mystery is explained. Take up Juvenal, and with no other light than what radiates from his angry pages, take a close survey of the moral condition of the capital of the world, and you will cease to feel surprise that her dominion was doomed and that her power should pass away. Rome the empire could be nothing without Rome the city. Wanting this, it would have no centre of union, no source of law, no prestige, no directing influence and no name. Having this, it had all the elements of unity—as long as they were untainted or well directed. But when the centre of union became convulsed; when the source of law became a hotbed of lawlessness; when the prestige was lost; when the directing influence grew into a sort of insanity, and the name was nothing better than a symbol of slavery at home and cruelty abroad—then those hardy barbarians, so often subdued by Roman discipline—as they gazed with inextinguishable hate over the barriers erected against their attacks, and saw the ancient soldierly vigilance relaxed through the enervating corruption which had been diffused within—rushed in, and in their own rude way, accomplished a memorable work of justice.

The details of Roman life furnished by our satirist are no

less interesting to the curious inquirer into ancient customs, than they are revolting to the moralist from the darkness of their coloring. It is living, panting Rome which can be seen, almost heard, in his pages. Nowhere else can a more lifelike, and at the same time a more repulsive picture be found. The pride and gluttony of the rich and the mean sycophancy of the poor; the knavery of men and the profligacy of women; the opposite vices of avarice and gaming existing together and each outstripping ordinary bounds; the daily growth of political and private dishonesty; the rise to the surface of men of known corruption, men who had used all the public facilities for knavery to the most profitable advantage—these and a thousand other disgraceful features are the objects which he brands with a no gentle hand. A good idea of the condition of Rome may be gathered from these few words—terrible words for any writer to utter of his country—*Omne vitium in præcipiti sætit*—*Every kind of vice has for some time been at its highest development.*

If posterity can ever be supposed to profit by the warnings of the past—a thing which it is too self-assured to do—Juvenal is a writer who is worth gold. But when men read satire, they approach it with a self-love that looks only for laughter and remains blind to its extended application. Capito cheats the Cilicians, and after having been accused of extortion and condemned to lose his equestrian rank, regains it through influence, and punishes the advocate who pleaded against him. Marius Priscus strips the Province of Africa to an immense extent, and when accused by Pliny, is sentenced to pay a pitiful fine of about thirty thousand dollars, which however goes not back to Africa, but into the public treasury. Dolabella robs the Macedonians; Verres makes Sicily his prey—and when we read of these acts we look upon the names as merely ancient names, and do not reflect that there may be a Capito, a Marius Priscus, a Dolabella or a Verres among ourselves.

Besides the attractions which satire possesses from its style and spirit, it has, when treating of a remote period, this additional advantage over other species of composition—that its local allusions are more frequent and more descriptive, and therefore more capable of gratifying the minute curiosity of the student of antiquity. If Juvenal's object had been to furnish us with a picture of the every-day life of the inhabitants of Rome, his allusions of this kind could scarcely be more numerous or more varied. He introduces us suddenly into the crowded streets, where, amongst the multitude that pass on foot, or the stream of rich citizens who are carried in

litters on the shoulders of their slaves, or the throng of dependents who jostle each other round some great man's door, a particular face or dress is perceived, which gives rise to reminiscences which are likely to make one afterwards remember its owner. He carries us to the baths, where if any visitor should come with a too great retinue or an undue affectation of wealth, he is sure to brand him with such pitiful assumption. He takes us into the circus, where we see the chariot-drivers in their colors of green, russet, blue, and white, and where we hear the *fragor* as the winning color comes to the goal. He brings us to the Forum, where, round the statue of Apollo, the lawyers are constantly pleading, and where also some individual of more than ordinary lungs and impudence is marked for disapprobation; to the temples, where the votaries are fastening their written supplications to the knees of the gods; to the taverns, with their inscriptions over the doors without, and their promiscuous assemblages within, where, amongst "sailors, thieves and cut-throats, runaways, coffin makers and drunken priests of Cybele," a general of the empire may be seen an equal amongst them; to the amphitheatre, where noblemen, hiding their degradation in a thin disguise, contend with the common gladiators, and sometimes, amidst the hootings of the populace, fly for their lives around the arena; to the theatres, where, amidst the actors on the stage, persons of the highest birth do not scruple to appear in character, and for the amusement of the rabble, accept all the indignity which their allotted parts may bring to them. Nothing that he does not point out to us, nothing of which he does not give his opinion. He shows the gay young noble careering in his chariot along the Flaminian Road when he should be commanding a cohort on the Danube or Rhine; the consul, forgetful of his dignity, currying his horses in the stable, before the statue of the filthy Goddess Ippona; the rich man reclining at a board furnished with all the delicacies which the various quarters of the world can supply, and also actually provided with a poorer provender for the dependents who, for lack of better company, are invited to the mansion. He tells us of the condition of lawyers, poets, historians, schoolmasters. He speaks of dresses, of dishes, of arms, of ornaments. He mentions the games, the festivals, the processions; the mad orgies which every day he witnessed. He throws light upon the condition of all classes, from the highest to the lowest. He passes from Cæsar's palace through many a curious winding till he rests in the miserable cabin where the poor man cooks his meal of potherbs. Some places, indeed, he visits where modern criticism refuses to

follow his footsteps. But though Juvenal never hesitates to thrust his daring lamp over the most skulking iniquity, his eye never betrays a morbid fire at the spectacles disclosed, but ever retains its scornful glare. In matters of religion, he sometimes professes a pious belief in the power of sacrifices to the gods; sometimes sneers at the uncouth and strange deities which were crowded on Olympus. He sometimes speaks of Jews, of whom he gives a repulsive picture; but nowhere of Christians, if we except the allusion, at the end of the First Satire, to the fiery punishment inflicted on them by Nero.

To illustrate the power which Juvenal must have exerted with the public of his time, and the degree of personality which he thought proper to use, we will, as a first example, refer to one of his reasons for writing satire: "When I see our patricians surpassed in luxury by a man under whose professional hand my youthful beard was clipped; when I see Crispinus, that slave of a slave, from Canopus, shifting upon his shoulders his splendid Tyrian cloak, and ventilating upon his sweating fingers his summer ring—for he cannot in this weather endure his more ponderous gem—I find it difficult not to write satire."

The person first alluded to is supposed to be a certain Cinnamus, a barber, against whom Martial levelled the following couple of epigrammatic shafts:

"O *Cinnamus*, why shouldst thou *Cinna* be named?

'Tis a barbarous twisting of words, my dear sir;

For if *Furius* ever thou couldst be proclaimed,

By a like transformation thy name should be *Fur*.*

Thou who once wert a barber, and now art a knight,

And hast since travelled much for enjoyment and ease,

By what means shall thy dull round of time be made light,

Or thy lack of employment be tortured to please?

Thou art neither a teacher, a cynic, nor stoic;

Nor canst thou attempt, while on Sicily's shore,

To make sale of thy voice in some action heroic—

A barber, a barber thou art, and no more."

In presenting some extracts from Juvenal it cannot be expected that we should represent each of his numerous translators. There are no less than eight distinct English versions of our author. Of these there are only two at present within our reach—but of some of the others we have a good conception. To speak first of Dryden, who comes under the last remark, he of course appears as Dryden ought to appear; you recognize the power, the poetic skill which should belong to him—but his fault would seem to be that he has injudiciously

* Thief.

modernized some of Juvenal's allusions and terms of thought. Holyday's version is chiefly valuable for this—that to a satisfactory translation, he added notes which had some value. Gifford and Badham are before us. It was in 1802 that Mr. Gifford's Juvenal first appeared. Nearly thirty years later came forth the translation of Mr. Badham, a professor of medicine in the University of Glasgow. The *Quarterly Review*, of which Gifford was then editor, treated Dr. Badham's production with some severity, to which the latter gentleman, in his second edition, was not slow to reply. He says, that since an opinion with regard to his critic's translation was then wrung from him, he scruples not to say that he "thinks very moderately of his success"—and further on, when scouting the insinuation that he had copied from Gifford's book, he adds this further opinion of it, that it was to him "rather the buoy which tells of a shipwreck, than the brilliant Pharos, the revolving light, which invites to the security of the harbor." All that we shall say on the merits of the case is this, that literary men are the same mere men as the rest of humanity.

In presenting a specimen from each of the versions mentioned, we will not say which ought to be preferred, but merely remark that both are very good, and present nearly the same true appreciation of the original. One remarkable difference however exists in this, that Badham's satires are usually once and a half as long as Gifford's, which would seem to argue that one looked more to literal faithfulness, the other more to presenting the true spirit—although Gifford's friends claim that he, as much as it was desirable, attained both objects. Badham thus opens in the First, where Juvenal inveighs against the scribblers of his time:

"That Thesaid still! What! have they no remorse?
Shall Codrus, with diurnal ravings hoarse,
Shall, whining elegies against my will,
And wretched dramas persecute me still,
Unpunished Telephus my days consume?
And marginless Orestes be my doom,
Where o'er the sheets, vast back th' extending scrawl
Is not yet finished, though it fills it all?
Must all this be, and must I still resigned,
Still only hear nor once repay in kind?

None better knows the house he calls his own
Than Vulcan's cave long since to me was known,
What winds and wherefore missioned sweep the sky,
What ghosts are scourged by Æacus and why;
Who launched the galley that in days of old
Bore off that furtive prize, the fleece of gold;
How Monychus the mountain ash can tear
And hurl the monstrous missile through the air.
These be the themes, the everlasting strains,
That echoed all day long mid Fronto's planes,

That his vast corridors and halls endure
Till columns split and walls are insecure.

And yet ourselves once snatched the hand away
From prone descending rod as well as they,
And counselled Sylla before all the school
That to sleep soundly, he must cease to rule.
Enough! enough! the clemency were vain
From paper doomed to perish, to abstain."

Now, with the exception of the arrangement of the first five lines, this passage is faithful as well as spirited. The rendering of "*manum subduximus ferulæ*" is particularly well managed. Indeed, Dr. Badham's poetry is racy enough, much better than his prose. The prose writing of many men of science, and of some artists too, is not the very smoothest to the ear or clearest to the mind; and Dr. Badham appears in this respect to be slightly like them, as is shown by the style of his preface. Further on, still from the same translator, the following may be selected:

"When eunuchs marry; when our Mævias dare
The Tuscan boar with bust and shoulders bare;
When senators are poor to him compared
Whose razor flayed my rudiments of beard;
When a born slave, a fellow from the Nile,
Whom e'en Canopus had accounted vile,
Crispinus, cumbered with his purple vest,
Waves his hot hand with lightest rings oppressed,
And sweats beneath the weight of summer gold!—
What! from the pen of satire still withhold!—
Show me the man that starts not when he sees
Fat Matho plunged in cushions at his ease,
Nor curses traitors when there passes by
Some purse-proud vagabond, some cut-throat spy,
That rises to distinction when he drains
The last best blood that flowed in Roman veins."

Thus he continues in the same sustained and vigorous manner to the end of the satire.*

* The original of the lines just quoted is, however, so vastly superior to any English translation that could be given, that the classical student will be glad to refresh his memory by perusing it even in the form of a foot-note:

"Unum tener uxorem ducat spado; Mævia Tuscum
Figat aprum, et nuda teneat venabula mamma;
Patricios omnes opibus quum provocet unus,
Quo tondente, gravis juveni mihi barba sonabat;
Quum pars Niliacæ plebis, quum verna Canopi
Crispinus, Tzrias humero revocante lacernas,
Ventilet æstivum digitis sudantibus aurum
Nec sufferre queat majoris pondera gemmæ;
Difficile est satiram non scribere: nam quis iniquus
Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus, ut teneat se,
Causidici nova quum veniat lectica Mathonis,
Plena ipso? post hunc magni delator amici,
Et cito rapturus de nobilitate comesa,
Quod superest, quem Massa timet, quem munere palpat
Carus, et a trepido Thymele submissa Latino?"

Now we will give from Gifford, some lines from the Second, wherein Juvenal expresses his abhorrence for hypocrites :

" Oh! I could flee, inflamed with just disdain,
To the bleak regions of the frozen main,
When from their lips the cant of virtue falls,
Who talk like Curi, live like Bacchanals.
Devoid of knowledge as of worth, they thrust
In every nook some philosophic bust,
For he among them, counts himself most wise
Who most old sages of the sculptor buys ;
Sets most true Zenos, most Cleanthe's heads
To guard the volumes which he—never reads.

Trust not to outward show—in every street
Obscenity in formal garb we meet.
And dost thou, hypocrite, our lusts arraign,
Thou of Socratic pathics the mere drain ?
Nature thy rough and shaggy limbs designed
To mark a stern inexorable mind :
Gravely demure, in wisdom's awful chair
His beetling eyebrows longer than his hair,
In silent state the affected stoic sits,
And drops his maxims on the crowd by fits !
You, Peribonius, whose emaciate air
And tottering gait, his rank disease declare,
With patience I can view : he braves disgrace,
Nor skulks behind a sanctimonious face :
Him may his folly or his fate excuse—
But whip me those who Verres' name abuse,
And soiled with all the vices of the times,
Thunder damnation on their neighbors' crimes.
'Why should I shrink at Sextus? Can I be,
Whate'er my infamy, more base than he ?'
Varillus cries : The man who treads aright
May mock the halt, the swarthy Moor, the white ;
This we allow, but patience self must fail
To hear the Gracchi at sedition rail.
Who would not mingle earth, and sea, and sky
Should Milo, murder ; Verres, theft decry ?
Clodius, adultery ? Catiline accuse
Cethegus, Lentulus of factious views ?
And Sylla's pupils, while they ape the deed,
Against his tables of proscription plead ?"^{*}

This Second Satire, though not much read, contains some of Juvenal's best lines, and some of the finest specimens of his style. It is just as well that it is not read, for it contains evidences of criminality for which our own times, abandoned as they are, afford no parallel. But though Juvenal does not scruple to name things which among us would be considered

^{*} The three last lines of the first stanza give but a faint idea of the original, the most important words being not translated at all ; and the same remark will apply to several other lines in the same passage. The words of Juvenal are the following :

———— " Nam perfectissimus horum est
Si quis Aristotelem similem vel Pittacon eruit
Et jubet archetypos pluteum servare Cleanthas."

best passed over, yet he is no sensation writer; he is really inflamed with a love of morality, as the solemn conclusion of this very satire bears witness.

The Third Satire, which has come down to us with a freshness that promises to remain forever—the most admired perhaps of the whole collection—expresses the indignant complaints of Umbricius, an honest man, who becoming disgusted with everything in Rome, packed up his goods in a wagon and moved off, never to return. Juvenal accompanies him as far as the “moist Capenian Gate,” now Gate of St. Sebastian, which opened on the road to Capua. Here Umbricius stood a moment to pour into the sympathetic ear of his friend, his accusation against Rome. After having given the attending circumstances, Gifford thus continues with the complaint of Umbricius:

“Umbricius here his sullen silence broke
And turned on Rome indignant as he spoke.
Since virtue droops, he cried, without regard,
And honest toil scarce hopes a poor reward;
Since every morrow sees my means decay,
And still makes less the little of to-day;
I hasten there, where all his labors past,
The flying artist found repose at last.
While something yet of life and strength remains,
While yet my step no bending staff sustains;
While few grey hairs upon my head are seen,
And my old age is vigorous still and green—
Here then I bid my much-loved home farewell,
Ah! mine no more! there let Asturius dwell
And Catulus; knaves who in truth's despite,
Can white to black transform and black to white,
Build temples, furnish funerals, auctions hold,
Farm rivers, ports, and scour the drains for gold.
Once they were trumpeters, and up and down
Followed the fencers; known to every clown
By their puffed cheeks; now they themselves give shows,
And with a nod, of life and death dispose
To win the rabble; then as avarice wakes,
Rise from the bloody scene, to—farm the jakes.”

This was a very pretty state of things; and Asturius (or Artorius) and Catulus are nice specimens of successful men—thanks to the satirist who lets us see them so plainly.

Now let Badham give that part where he expresses his hatred for the Greeks who were swarming into the city:

“From that vile race at length behold me free,
Dear to the great, detestable to me!
Scruples away! what, is it come to this?
Is Rome at last a Greek metropolis?
Yet of the filth derived from foreign mart
The feculence of Greece but forms a part.
Full into Tiber's stream 'tis many a day
Since foul Orontes forced its fatal way;

Hence Syrian speech and Syrian manners come,
And Syrian music and the barbarous drum.

Into each house the wily strangers crawl
Obsequious now—soon to be lords of all.
Prompt to discern and swift to seize the time,
Your Greek stands forth in impudence sublime.
Torrents of words that might Iseus drown
Rush forth at once and bear you helpless down.
Hope not to scan that prodigy of parts,
The deep in science, the adept in arts;
Geometer, logician, man of taste,
Versed in all lore, with all acquirements graced;
Medicine and magic swell the ample list
From augur grave to light funambulist;
Bid an esurient Greek do what you choose,
Th' absurd, th' impossible, he'll not refuse.

Laugh, and his sides shake twice as long as yours;
Weep, and what agony his soul endures!
He'll sweat in simple complaisance to you,
And when you're cold, he clings to his surtout.
Oh, yield the palm, he must outrun thee far
Who makes another's mood his ruling star;
Is all he wills to be by night or day,
Nor fears one honest feature shall betray."

Without going into the description of the sufferings of the poor, the conflagrations with their attendant miseries, among which are mentioned the burning of the garret of poor Codrus the poet, whose only goods were,—a statue of Chiron, a two-eared jug; and over them, on a shelf, six earthen pitchers—a box of Greek books and a bed which was not long enough for his wife—without going into this, or bringing forward the footpads who haunted the dark streets at night and attacked innocent passers by, we will refer the reader to Dr. Johnson's "London," which is a paraphrase of Juvenal's "Rome," and where the resemblance will be found rather amusing. Having first mentioned the purpose of his supposed friend Thales to quit London for "Cambria's solitary shore," he accompanies him to Greenwich, and while waiting for the wherry he listens to the complaints of the willing exile, which he transmits for our benefit.

"At length awaking with contemptuous frown,
Indignant Thales eyes the neighboring town.
Since worth, he cries, in these degenerate days
Wants ev'n the cheap reward of empty praise;
In those cursed walls devote to vice and gain
Since unrewarded science toils in vain;
Since hope but soothes to double my distress
And every moment leaves my little less," &c., &c.

Though the temptation is great, we cannot give any more from this admirable paraphrase; neither can we extract from the "Vanity of Human Wishes," since there are other portions

of our author which it will be necessary to bring forward before closing this article, already so long. In presenting those parts we will furnish the translation ourselves, not that we do as well thereby, but merely for the sake of avoiding that dignified sameness of measure which seems to be the rule in dealing with the old poets, and substituting something which has a more bounding and satirical sound. Passing over the Fourth, wherein a council of state is held by Domitian to decide whether a certain large fish shall be cooked whole or not—for the reason that the satire, like the aforesaid fish, would be spoiled by cutting, and should remain untouched—we will take some portions of the Fifth, not that this satire is comparable with many others, but that it is so curious in its details. It is addressed to a mean parasite who took every insult from the rich for what he could get at their table:

"If you're yet not ashamed, if you still feel inclined
To take chance for your bread at another man's table,
If you think you can bear with an equable mind
What Sarmenius and Galba, both vile, were not able
To suffer from Cæsar—you've reached that degree
Of contempt, that your oath has no value with me.
The demands of a stomach are easy to pay—
One would think—but suppose the supplies can't be found,
Is no vacancy left by a bridge or a quay
Where a beggar might spread his small rug on the ground?
Is a supper that's seasoned with insult more sweet
Than a decent dog's dinner outside in the street?
First remember, when asked by your patron to dine
That the feast goes to cancel past service—no matter
How rare it may happen—your lord keeps the line
Of his conduct unaltered—you're paid in a platter.
Two months we'll suppose have passed o'er and for fear
The spare couch should continue much longer unpressed,
He commands his neglected poor friend to appear;
And the friend comes with joy—'tis the utmost and best
Of your wishes—ambition with you has its seat
In the stomach and valiantly lives on fat meat."

The banquet begins; and the freedmen and the parasites are supplied with a poor but intoxicating wine, by which being soon excited, they throw jars at one another for the amusement of their patron. *His* wine is different:

"But the wine that he drinks was sealed up at the time
That our Consuls wore beards, and its juice was expressed
In the war of the slaves—you must think it is prime,
And if not, all I say is that bad is the best,
One drop of that wine he'd not grant the desire
Of his very best friend though his heart was on fire.
And next day he'll not drink of the same—he shall better
Be pleased with the Alban or Setine, whose years
Can't be told by the mouth of the jar, not a letter
Through age and long rust any longer appears—
Such wine did Helvidius and Pætus delight
On the birth-day of Brutus to quaff till midnight."

A tribute is here incidentally paid to two noble patriots, Helvidius and Pætus, one put to death, the other banished by Nero for republican sentiments. Following the description of the wines, comes that of the cups. The cup used by the master is beautifully crusted with amber or with pearls; the flagon placed for the guest is a four-cornered article, the invention of a noted cobbler of Beneventum. Even the water which they drink is not the same:

"When he burns from high food and strong wine, what perversion
Of cunning is used his first sense to restore;
He drinks of warm water made cool by immersion
And colder than snow of the North Asian shore;
Common *water's* for you—you should therefore not pine
If great Virro allots to your share, common *wine*."

The slave who waits on the guest is a Moor or Getulian; while the master is attended by a beautiful boy from Asia, who was purchased for more money than was ever possessed by old King Ancus, or fighting Tullus. It may be added that it is part of the business of the slaves to watch the master's drinking cups, lest the guests may pick off the ornaments and carry them away in their pockets. Of the bread, as of the wine; there are two kinds:

"The bread that they grudgingly give *you* is such
As your grinders can't break or your palate endure,
While the bread that *he* uses is soft to the touch
And too tender and white for the taste of the poor.
If you put your irreverent hand near the mould—
And I scarcely suppose you can have so much daring—
Some one of the servants will surely cry, 'Hold,
Master client, you reach for your bread without caring
To think of its color—such doting won't do;
This is bread number *one*; yours is bread number *two*.'"

The master gets for himself a fine lobster with asparagus; the client gets "a shrunk little crab and the half of an egg;" the master has the best oil; the client has oil that smells bad; the master feeds on a mullet from Corsica and a lamprey from Charybdis; the client takes, instead of this, a snake-like eel, or a pike caught in the Tiber, which was nurtured by the filth of the Cloaca and used to swim under the very Subura. Among other dainties mentioned as being solely for the master's use are an enlarged goose's liver—what is now called *paté de foie gras*—a whole boar and a capon as big as a goose. Apples and mushrooms are also brought in, there being two qualities of them, one for the host, the other for the guest. Martial in one of his epigrams remonstrates with such another person as the Virro of Juvenal in words so like those employed by the latter on the present occasion, that one almost looks the suggestion of the other. But let us hasten on to other

matters. In the Sixth Satire, from which we shall give nothing, if for no other reason than want of space, there is a description of the temple and priests of Isis, a Goddess viewed by Juvenal with detestation. In Moore's *Epicurean* there is a very rose-colored and fantastic delineation of the ceremonies of the same Goddess—but while the pagan scarcely less than the Christian writer appears bitterly conscious of the impious imposture of those practices, the one affords us more satisfaction in holding them up broadly to our derision, than the other in surrounding them with the halo even of a poetic genius like his. Another reason for Juvenal's dislike to the Goddess Isis, besides the natural opposition which he would give to deceit, lay in the fact that she was foreign, and of all foreign things, that she was Egyptian. Now, as Gibbon remarks, the pagans in matters of religion extended a wide indulgence to each other, and mutually borrowed their gods. Yet there were sometimes exceptions to this liberality, as was the case in regard to Isis a little previous to Juvenal's time. Though she had once, especially with the women, been a great favorite, she was now fallen into deserved disrepute, by reason of the coarse lewdness of which she was the prompter. The story of Mundus and Paulina, taken from the pages of Josephus, where in the dry manner of the chronicler it is coldly related, is quite enough even at this distant day to heat the blood with anger, and to make one wish that he could have applied the torch to the bidding-place of such a divinity, or have cast stones at her ministers. It is in short a record of one of the worst of crimes perpetrated in one of these temples through superstitious agencies, for money, by the aid of the priests. But it did not go unpunished: and we can afford to applaud the memory even of a Tiberius when we find that by his order the temple was pulled down, the priests crucified and the statue of the Goddess flung into the Tiber. With these memories as an additional stimulus to his wrath, what wonder that our satirist has no feeling for the Goddess Isis but one of abhorrence.

The Seventh Satire, or according to our hypothesis, the first, is interesting not only for the point involved as to the question of time but for the importance of the matter treated—the condition of literature and literary men—and the question of the just or unjust animating influence of the writer. Gibbon calls it “a morose satire which in every line betrays his own disappointment and envy.” Now if this Satire was written under Domitian, as seems almost beyond doubt, the lines which, according to Gibbon, our satirist feels himself “obliged” to write—

— "O Juvenes, circumspicit et stimulat vos
Materiam sibi Ducis indulgentia quærit ;"

these lines are a proof that the willingness existed to give credit where it was due. Domitian for a while sought out and rewarded literary men, who in return paid him in flattery, as can be seen in their writings. But that this was all the encouragement they received at this time, we are willing to take on Juvenal's word, and we consider him excellent authority. Gibbon, at the beginning of his history, tries to elevate everything in order that the "fall" which is approaching may be the greater. There is no more moroseness shown in this Satire of Juvenal than in any other: on the contrary, he bestows on the emperor the above lines of laudation—stinted indeed, but from him a great deal. If some will regret that his page should ever have reflected the praise of a tyrant, let them take pride that in the same Satire, though he has already expressed his satisfaction at the favor of the prince towards literary men, he utters his protest against dispensing that favor through the hands of the court buffoon. He shows moroseness, perhaps, in decrying one or two justly distinguished men, seemingly because while they were rewarded he himself was neglected. But if he detracts from those who were well-used, he takes care to elevate those who were equally deserving and were not noticed at all. If he sneers at Quintilian, he pays homage to Statius. But let us see how he touches on all these matters—

"It is easy for Lucan to write for mere fame,
In his statue-filled garden sublimely reclining:
Serranus and Bassus might write for the same,
If their thoughts did not constantly turn on mere dining.
When Statius hath promised to read his great piece
And has mentioned the day—there's a rush from all ranks,
Men love so to hear of that city of Greece
Which two brothers contested—and Statius has thanks;
Has thanks for his genius and splendor of diction,
Has thanks overflowing and boundless applause—
But while thus applauded he feels the affliction
Of hunger, unless he would further his cause
By transferring to Paris the emperor's mime,
His Agave before 'tis performed the first time."

The passage relating to Quintilian reads thus :

"Quintilian hath profits which others have not—
Let us pass such examples which prove nor disprove:
For luck gives no standard of man's common lot,
Luck exists without rule: it can move and remove.
Luck is wise and well nurtured and high-minded too;
Luck lays claim to all merit: is handsome; is keen;
Puts the senator's mark on his bright leather shoe
And no better debater or pleader e'er seen.

Luck admits no obstruction and yields to no dread
And can sing a good song with a cold in the head.

A rich rhetorician is rare here below,
And Quintilian amongst them is like a white crow."*

This indeed does not sound like the language of jealousy ; it is but part of the legitimate argument of one honestly making out his case. Juvenal's idea of the dignity of a poet and the importance to him of a condition above want is finely set forth in the leading portion of this Satire :

" Your excellent poet, your man of fine thought,
Who can travel bright paths, to the vulgar unknown,
All whose subjects are new, whose productions are wrought
With a stamp and a genius entirely his own—
Such a one as I well can conceive but scarce find ;
What goes to produce him ? a life without care,
A heart unembittered, a proud and high mind
Not distracted with troubles ; which seeks the free air,
Never tempted to change, never tempted to droop,
Which alone at the founts of Aonia need stoop.
No pauper can ere be a poet—the strife
For the needs of the body takes all of his time ;
And the fancy enthralled by the mean wants of life,
First will sober, then sicken, then wane from its prime.
When the stomach wants bread, 'tis not easy to sing,
Nor can mis'ry be tuneful or hunger inspired,
If beneath the Pierian cave you should bring
A starved poet, not e'en in that place he'd be fired.
When Horace says 'Ohe !' he's full of good cheer,
And alone to the full is the power of fine writing.
Apollo and Bacchus won't dwell where the fear
Of distress ever lives where existence is fighting
With famine—two things will be found not to chime :
That's the search after food and the search after rhyme."

The curiosities of this, as well as of all the other Satires, are elucidated in the works whose names stand at the head of this article. But let us, without comment, and merely while passing on to the end, give an extract from the Eighth Satire, which will speak for itself :

* No translation can do justice to the exquisite humor of this passage, and accordingly we transcribe the original :

" Unde igitur tot
Quintilianus habet saltus ? exempla novorum
Factorum transi : felix, et pulcher, et acer ;
Felix, et sapiens, et nobilis, et generosus,
Appositam nigræ lunam subtexit alutæ :
Felix, orator quoque maximus, et jaculator ;
Et, si perfrixit, cantat bene. Distat enim, quæ
Sidera te excipiant modo primos incipientem
Edere vagitus, et adhuc a matre rubentem.
Si Fortuna volet, fies de rhetore consul :
Si volet hæc eadem, fies de consule rhetor."

Sat. VII, v. 188-93.

"Pray, talk not to me of your father's great deeds,
 Since you forge secret wills in the temples they built;
 Pray, show not their statues, their chariots and steeds,
 Since the scenes of *their* glory are scenes of *your* guilt.
 Presume not to mention your lineage or name,
 While we know that your custom is knightly to prowl,
 With no business in hand that will add to your fame,
 Your head closely veiled in a santonie cowl.
 How gaily does fat Lateranus career
 Past the bones of his fathers—nor shame does he feel,
 Though a consul, to be to himself charioteer:
 And his own very hands put the drag to the wheel.
 To his credit indeed he but goes in the night,
 But the moon and the stars *they* can witness the sight.
 His term once expired then his tastes shall appear,
 In the broad open daylight his whip he shall take,
 He shall meet ev'ry friend without shame, without fear,
 And an eager salute he shall hasten to make;
 He shall throw down the barley and shake out the hay
 To his horses, worn out from the toils of the day.
 When an offering he makes at the altar of Jove,
 Both of sheep and a steer, as our Numa decrees,
 His thoughts with the sacrifice mount not above,
 Even here 'tis the stable that only can please;
 Where Epona, Goddess of Grooms, keeps her hall,
 And her picture is daubed o'er the hot-smelling stall."

After having described this and other such meannesses of the nobles, after having exposed their degeneracy as it deserved, he asks:

"Was not Catiline noble? what lineage more high
 Than that claimed by Cethegus? Yet cursed be their name
 Who in midnight convention could wickedly try
 To hand over their country to slaughter and flame!
 With a hatred as strange as their projects were base,
 As if Gauls or Senones, they plotted Rome's fall:
 The tunic of torture were well in their case—
 Ah! our consul is watching and crushes them all.
 He! the upstart of Arpinum, mean of descent,
 And of merely municipal right, proved the shield
 Of the terrified Romans, and carefully went
 To the task of their rescue—'tis seldom the field
 Gives more fame to the soldier than peace gave to him—
 Octavius' glory compared waxes dim.
 This took home from Leucadia not honor so bright,
 Nor in Philippi's carnage attained to such might:
 From a savior our consul Rome's parent became,
 And she called him her father who earned well the name."*

* This is another passage which has failed the best translators; nor need the intelligent Latinist be told the reason after he has read it once more and compared it with the best version within his reach:

"Quid, Catilina, tuis natalibus atque Cethegi
 Inveniet quisquam sublimius? arma tamen vos
 Nocturna, et flammam domibus templisque parastis,
 Ut Braccatorum pueri Senonumque minores,
 Ausi, quod liceat tunica punire molesta:
 Sed vigilat consul, vexillaque vestra coercet."

But let us pass on to the Tenth, that fine declamation, that noble moral essay, that splendid poem, in which our poet mounts to his highest point, and puts forth his greatest strength—in which, though departing from his usual strain and adopting a tone somewhat more grave and general, he yet incidentally, or by episode, affords what he never fails to exhibit in his pieces, those severe illustrations of the decadence of Rome, which form his chief value. Take for example the fall of Sejanus, which he brings forward professedly to furnish an illustration of the emptiness and vanity of ambition—but which shows not only this, but also the caprice, the cowardice, the meanness of the Roman populace :

“ Some perish by hate which their power has excited,
Some perish through envy their titles have made,
And the statue of him in whom late they delighted,
The mob with a halter pull down and degrade.
The ear of his pride by the ax is laid low,
And the horses, as guiltless, shall feel of their ire ;
Loud, loud blow the bellows ; the flame’s in a glow,
And Sejanus, Sejanus is flung in the fire.
The Colossus is melted, and empty that place
From which jealousy banned it and rude hands have hurled,
Pots, platters and pans shall be made of that face
Which this morning was second in all the whole world.

‘ Run, hang out the laurel ; lead up the white steer ;
For behold the proud culprit is dragged with a hook.’
‘ What a visage was his ! what an eye to cause fear—
Oh ! I never approved of the man or his look.
But what charge was against him ? what witnesses came ?
By what proof did he suffer ? ’ ‘ This way it took place—
A long letter came signed with the Emperor’s name,
And ’— ‘ All right—tell no further—’tis all a clear case.’
This is e’er the base practice pursued by the throng ;
’Tis a fool that would value their smile or their frown ;
Men who ask nothing, heed nothing, seek right nor wrong,
But impulsively trample the man who is down.
Now, if Fortune had favored the Tuscan’s design,
If the easy old prince had come under his power,
This very same rabble would think it quite fine,
And would hail him Augustus this very same hour.
Since the time they’ve no longer a country to sell,
When power, honors and charges are held in their spite,
They have narrowed their wishes, and narrowed them well,
And full stomachs and pageants form all their delight.”

Hic novus Arpinas, ignobilis, et modo Romæ
Municipalis eques, galeatum ponit ubique
Præsidium attonitis, et in omni gente laborat.
Tantum igitur muros intra toga contulit illi
Nominis et tituli, quantum non Leucade quantum
Thessaliæ campis Octavius abstulit udo
Cædibus assiduis gladio : sed Roma parentem,
Roma patrem patriæ Ciceronem libera dixit.”

Sat. VIII., 231-44.

Perhaps the most pregnant passage in Juvenal. Yes, truly—

“ Qui dabat olim
Imperium, fasces, legiones. omnia—nunc se
Continet, atque duas tantum res anxius optat
Panem et Circenses.”

“Formerly the people had everything in their gift; now they give nothing, but on the contrary say—‘All we ask is food and the games of the circus.’” To a people thus debased, the degree of degradation could not stop there. There must come tyrants—more Neros, more Caligulas, more Domitians. Meanness was but a transition to something worse, and Juvenal’s Satires prepare a reflecting mind for the horrible turmoil which history had then in store for Rome.

Tempted to give many more extracts, but forced unwillingly to pass by the shining truths which they convey, we will confine ourselves to one or two passages more. Hannibal is thus made to serve as a moral for mankind :

“ Weigh Hannibal’s ashes—how light do they seem,
The hero whom Africa once could not bound!
Whom the far Moorish ocean, the Nile’s tepid stream,
And uncouth Ethiopia did fail to surround!
Spain first he o’erran and subdued to his sway,
The vast Pyrenees could not limit his pride,
The Alps, with their snows, lay direct in his way,
But with cold potent acids he clove through their side.
Now Italy’s gained, but still ‘On!’ is his word,
There is nothing achieved until Rome be disgraced,
Her gates must be hewed by my conquering sword,
In the midst of her streets shall my standard be placed.
’Twas a thing to remember to see him ride by,
On his African beast—this great man with one eye.

Say, Glory, what doom did thy vot’ry o’ertake?
At the gate of the stranger subdued he sits down,
Till it please the Bythinian tyrant to wake—
A client, he trades on his former renown.
How paltry the end of so great a career!
Not swords, darts or stones gave the death-dealing blow—
But this hero of slaughter, this causer of fear,
Red Cannæ’s proud chief—by a ring was laid low.
Go, madman! rush over the Alps, that thy name
Be a subject for boys when they learn to declaim.”

After having furnished so many examples of Juvenal’s sarcastic power, and the manner in which this power is brought to bear upon the vices of his country, we cannot forbear to give one beautiful and celebrated passage, exhibiting a degree of pathos not to be expected from him, but which comes not less pure and unmixed than it is unlooked for. Speaking of the miseries of old age, which he dwells on at great length, he thus continues :

"But worse than the failure of limbs or of sight
 Is that stupor of mind which o'craws him like sleep,
 He knows not the friend whom he supped with last night,
 And the names of his own very slaves he can't keep.
 The children he reared are shut out from his heart,
 When his goods are bequeathed he leaves them no part,
 But to Phiale all he transmits as a dower,
 Since the breath of her mouth never ceased to have power.

His mind *may not* totter, that's granted—but yet
 There's a pain he shall suffer, a grief he can't flee,
 His wife's pile of death with his tears shall be wet,
 The urns of his kindred he's fated to see.
 'Tis the pain of long livers to robe in new mourning,
 To see ev'ry friend stricken down by their side,
 With the dawn of fresh years to see sorrow returning,
 Their grief still renewed and their tears never dried."

More might be said in praise of Juvenal; more specimens given of his style and manner of thought—all of which would illustrate more and more the condition of Rome at his time, and convince the reader, if that were necessary, of the loftiness of his motives and the value of his Satires. But perhaps the space which we have occupied will attain that end as well as if we had continued further. Several Satires remain of which we have said nothing, though they would furnish materials for an article in themselves. To the last we will only allude. It is maintained by some that this Satire is falsely ascribed to our author; but, as Holyday remarks, there is one sentence in it too characteristic to afford room for doubt on the subject. Besides, it breaks suddenly off; and though this is no proof of its proceeding from the hand of Juvenal, yet—it may be a fanciful notion, but it has some temptation—as in commencing his work, he suddenly broke silence, as if bursting with an anger that could no longer be restrained, so after having continued through a variety of subjects with unexampled force and beauty, it is agreeable with our notion of his character to think that he as suddenly flung his pen away, as if his disgust were still too overpowering for his feelings, notwithstanding the effective manner in which he had expressed it.

In writing this imperfect essay on the works of Juvenal, and the light which they throw on the vices of his time, all that we can expect to effect is to call attention to warnings which may be listened to at the present day with as much profit as they were when first written. Doing this even in the smallest degree, we may say that we have written to some purpose.

- ART. III.—1. *The Empire of Brazil, its Resources and Destiny.* By HENRY JAMES FARQUAR, A.M. Edinburgh. 1853.
2. *Narrative of Services in the Liberation of Chili, Peru and Brazil from the Spanish and Portuguese Dominions.* By THOMAS EARL OF DUNDONALD, G.C.B. London. 1859.
3. *Voyage Pittoresque dans le Brésil.* Paris. 1853.
4. *Monarchy vs. Republic; or, Has not Constitutional Monarchy in Brazil more tended to Prosperity than Republicanism in the South American States? A Political Tract for the Times.* Bristol. 1859.
5. *Historia Brazilica.* Par M. A. DE CAZAL. Rio-de-Janeiro. 1837.
6. *Relatorio apresentado à Assembléa General Legislativa na Terceira Sessão da Decima Legislatura.* Pelo Ministro e Secretario de Estado dos Negocios de Guerra. Rio-de-Janeiro. 1861.
7. *Brazil and the Brazilians, &c.* By Rev. D. P. KIDDER and Rev. J. C. FLETCHER. Philadelphia and London. 1857.

THE Portuguese and Spaniards are more like each other in their habits, manners, laws, and general ethnological characteristics, than any other two nations in Europe. Their languages are so nearly similar that one familiar with Spanish can read a Portuguese work with little or no difficulty. There is indeed sufficient reason for this; the two peoples belong mainly to the one race, and the Portuguese language is but a dialect of the Spanish, or rather, as the Portuguese are proud to claim, the Spanish is but a dialect of the Portuguese; their language being "the eldest daughter of the Latin." But here the similarity ceases. The Portuguese have more stability of character, and are more persevering and enterprising than their Spanish neighbors and kinsmen. The former have so much the advantage in these respects that none who have studied their history have any doubt that, were the numerical preponderance on their side, not to mention the territorial preponderance, they would long since have established themselves as the rulers of the whole Peninsula; in other words, Spain and Portugal would have been united and consolidated as a Portuguese empire.

But it is on this continent the difference between the two peoples has been most strikingly exhibited. While the descendants of the Spaniards have been almost constantly engaged in feuds with each other—while each republic has been either distracted with civil war, or engaged in hostilities with

whatever sister State happened to be near it, the descendants of the Portuguese, who form the chief part of the population of Brazil, have maintained peace with but little interruption for the last sixty years. No sooner did they find themselves independent of the mother country than they began to exhibit a spirit of progress, which they have steadily persevered in to the present day. In order to see with what success they have done so, it would be almost sufficient to glance at their magnificent empire on the map, and compare it with the nine or ten petty Spanish republics which surround it. Next to the immense empires of Russia and China it is the largest in the world. Large as the American Union is, including the States now in rebellion, Brazil is 68,249 square miles larger. It is nearly as large as the whole of Europe, from the White Sea to the Mediterranean; it would make fourteen empires as large as that of France, and more than seventeen kingdoms like that of Great Britain and Ireland; and yet no country that we have mentioned possesses a more fertile soil, or yields all the necessities of life in greater abundance, or with less labor to the husbandman.

Now that a new empire is to be established on this continent under European influence, it is of more importance than ever that we should make ourselves acquainted with Brazil and her institutions. It is not, however, on account of her form of government that we should thus make ourselves familiar with her character; nor do we think that it is because Brazil is governed by an Emperor and not by a President that she is so honorably distinguished from all the other States of South America, with perhaps the sole exception of Chili; although it would appear that the Brazilians are so constituted as to enjoy more happiness, if not more real freedom, under a monarchical government than under the auspices of a Republic. At the same time, this is no reflection either on their intelligence, or on republicanism; for even the government of the United States is scarcely more democratic, or more completely controlled by the popular will, than the government of Brazil. Indeed, the chief difference between the two systems is, that in Brazil the head of the State is called an Emperor and continues such for life, except he be dethroned by the people; whereas in the United States the head of the State is called a President, but continues such only for four years, except he forces his services on the people, or can induce them to accept them for four years more.

True, our President has no civil list; nor has he a nobility; but whether, if he is ill-inclined, he may not have as bad as

either, or both, or at least do the country as much harm even in four years, is another question. Be this as it may, certain it is that he has quite as much power as the Emperor of Brazil, who has fewer prerogatives than perhaps any other monarch, not excepting the sovereign of England. The legislative power of Brazil is composed of two chambers: the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies. The fifty-seven senators are elected for life by the provinces which they represent, not appointed by the Emperor, as in most European nations, including England. The Chamber of Deputies is composed of five hundred and forty-eight members. The executive power is vested in six ministers, who have control of the departments of the interior, foreign affairs, public justice, war, marine and finances.

The manner in which those various functionaries are elected is somewhat peculiar. Every male citizen of full age may vote for members of the Chamber of Deputies, but in order to do so legally he must have an income of one hundred milreis (about \$50 of our currency). Over this branch of the legislature the Emperor has no control; he cannot influence the election of the members more than any other citizen of equal wealth. The senators are nominated by provincial electors, who present three candidates for each district to the Emperor for every one required; the latter may take his choice of these, but cannot go beyond them. Thus, even the members of the aristocratic branch depend more on popular suffrage than on the will of the sovereign. It is true that there are four titles of nobility; those of Marquis, Count, Viscount and Baron, but none of them are hereditary; although they may be retained by sons and grandsons, if they, too, prove by their public services that they are worthy of them. Another important provision in the constitution of Brazil is that each of the twenty provinces of the empire is entitled to a legislative assembly of its own; the Emperor having the power of appointing a President for each province, without being restricted to that in which his services are required.

The Chamber of Deputies, like the British House of Commons, has the initiative in all measures involving taxation, as well as in increasing the army and altering the succession to the crown. To the Senate, upon the other hand, belongs the exclusive privilege of taking cognizance of offences committed by members of the imperial family, counsellors of state, senators and deputies during the session; it has also the important privilege of convoking the General Assembly in case the Emperor fails to do so himself within two months after the period fixed by law. The executive power is vested in the Em-

peror, assisted by his ministers and secretaries of state; but it is they and not he who are responsible to the country for any abuse of power, or any infringement on the rights of the people as guaranteed by law. Nor is it any justification to them to be able to show that they have acted in accordance with the orders of the Emperor, for the constitution holds that they, being his advisers, should advise him against whatever they think wrong, and that if he insists, they must resign, making the country aware of the cause of their having done so. Like our President, the Emperor of Brazil may veto any bill brought before him; but in the case of the latter, as well as that of the former, the veto is merely suspensive and may be overruled by a two-thirds vote.

In municipal government the Brazilians have as ample privileges as any other people. Every town and village with the surrounding district has a municipal council, composed of from six to twelve members, according to the population. These are elected directly by the citizens and allowed a small salary. This council meets four times a year, and its sessions may continue as long as its services are required. It has not only the power of imposing fines, but also that of enforcing its decrees, by a penalty of thirty days' imprisonment. But the judiciary system of the Brazilians is that of which they have most reason to be proud. In some of its features it is undoubtedly superior to ours. Every Brazilian is entitled to trial by jury in civil as well as in criminal cases. Each province is divided into comarcas, and again subdivided into municipalities. There is a judge, called *Juíz de Direito*, in each comarca, who presides twice or three times a year at the sessions of the grand jury. Each municipality has its municipal judge, who decides in civil cases and prepares the process for the criminal court. The decisions of the municipal judge may be set aside by the *Juíz de Direito*. These, although the lowest grades of judges, and elected by the people, can be obtained only by those who can produce their diplomas as Doctors of Law; that is, none but graduates of the law colleges are admissible as candidates. There are four Courts of Appeal in the provinces, each composed of fourteen judges; there is a Supreme Court besides at Rio, which is composed of seventeen judges, all of whom must attain their position by seniority. But before a Brazilian enters any of these courts, he must show that he has first made an attempt to have his case settled by one of the local justices of the peace, of which there are four in each parish, who are elected for four years. But before appearing before even the Justice of the Peace a creditor has a right to insert an advertisement in the papers

published where his debtor resides, warning him that if he does not pay within a certain specified period that his conduct in relation to the whole matter will be exposed. This it seems has the greatest effect, there being very few who would not prefer to pay any sum which they might be forced to pay in a court of justice rather than allow the creditor to give a full account of circumstances connected with the debt, which are often of such a nature that the debtor would not make them known to his nearest friends. Whether this fact be approved of or not—it reminds us that in no country in the world is the liberty of the press more amply provided for than in Brazil; and it may be added, that in no country does the government make fewer attempts to restrain that liberty within undue bounds.

It is not, however, without severe trials that Brazil attained the position she now occupies. She too tried republican government, but utterly failed; she also experienced the evils of civil war. It would, however, lead us too far, on the present occasion, to discuss the causes of these facts; suffice it to say, that the bad examples of the Spanish American republics had the greatest influence in discouraging the Brazilians in their several attempts to establish a republic,* and most historians of South America concur in the opinion that it was the descendants of the Spaniards who, actuated by their morbid love of excitement and plunder, that fomented every one of the insurrections which, before the establishment of the empire, seemed to predict for Brazil the fate of all the Spanish American states. What this fate is, but few in this country understand. And in order to comprehend the progress Brazil has made within the last quarter of a century, it is necessary to be able to form an opinion more or less accurate of the condition of the various other states by which she is surrounded: all recent travellers are unanimous in representing this as truly deplorable. Thus, one of those whose works we have placed at the head of this article contrasts the present of the Spanish republics with the past, as follows: 'Even the inferior cities of these provinces were populous, flourishing, and, for

* Guizot has written nothing in which there is more truth, or which better deserves to be remembered than that "There are times when selfishness dominates in individuals, whether from ignorance, from brutality, or from corruption. Then society, abandoned to the contests of personal wills and unable to raise itself by their free concurrence to a common and universal will, passionately longs for a sovereign to whom all individuals may be forced to submit; this is what has been seen in the *disorderly youth of nations*, when society desires to form and regulate itself without knowing how to do so, by the free concord of individual wills. There are times when royalty alone can hold together a society which selfishness incessantly tends to destroy, because it represents more clearly and more powerfully than any other form the sovereignty of right and is able to exert this power upon events."—*History of Civilization in Europe*.

that age, civilized. Now that the whole country has received the boon of freedom the mind loses itself in considering to what lower pitch of human degradation these people will descend. Civilization is retrograding; men are becoming more ignorant than their fathers; read less, know less, have less regard for truth and justice. At present it seems that Providence has abandoned it. Land is receding from cultivation, cities are falling into ruins, and men degenerate into animals, evincing the influence of unbounded liberty and universal suffrage.* But how different are the accounts which all give of Brazil. 'Discovered by chance,' observes Southey in the preface of his History, 'and long left to chance, it is by individual industry and enterprise, and by the operations of the common laws of nature and society that this empire has risen and flourished, extensive as it is, and mighty as it must one day become; for its first colonists were ignoble men, carrying on an obscure warfare, the consequences of which have been greater and will be more durable than those produced by the conquests of Alexander.' The official statistics alone would show that the country is in a flourishing condition. Thus, for example, let us take the estimates for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1861, and compare them with the expenditure for the same year:

Custom Houses.....	Reis, 25,515,800,000	
Taxes upon Shipping.....	286,600,000	
Export Duties.....	5,634,500,000	
Post Office.....	346,000,000	
Mint and other establishments.....	253,300,000	
Taxes upon transfer of Real Property..	1,697,900,000	
Stamps.....	803,300,000	
Tax on Slave-labor.....	279,050,000	
Miscellaneous.....	6,929,550,000	
Total.....	41,751,000,000	or \$21,000,000
<i>Expenditure for Same Year.</i>		
Home Department.....	Reis 3,561,213,000	
Justice.....	2,178,281,172	
Foreign.....	3,588,434,000	
Marine.....	3,000,860,000	
War.....	5,026,420,000	
Financial.....	11,804,602,000	
Total.....	29,159,810,172	or \$16,000,000
Surplus.....		\$5,000,000

In speaking, however briefly, of statistics we should not forget the population; but the immense extent of Brazil and the difficulty of reaching distant parts of the empire, present almost insuperable difficulties to the taking of a correct

* *The West Indies and the Spanish Main*, p. 52.

census. Nor is this the only obstruction of which the census commissioners complain in their Report for 1860. They also complain that the people in the cities and towns, as well as in the country, often conceal the number of their sons for fear of the conscription for the army and navy. It seems they make similar misrepresentations in order to avoid the payment of taxes, and the contribution of labor for the repairs of public works. Notwithstanding the deductions made in this way, the official reports of the census for 1854 give a population of 7,000,000.

For the same reasons it is found almost impossible to classify the different races, but the following, drawn from the most reliable official data, may be regarded as approximating pretty closely to the truth:—

White population.....	2,678,000
Free mixed population, mulattoes, cafuses, and other varieties.....	1,000,000
Civilized aborigines.....	800,000
Mixed slave population.....	600,000
African, or black slaves.....	2,600,000

The effective strength of the regular army varies from twenty to thirty thousand men, the number being fixed every year, by the Legislative Assembly, according to the requisition of the Minister of War. The infantry are chiefly recruited from the northern provinces, and the cavalry almost exclusively from the southern, the latter furnishing the best horsemen. Besides the regular army, there is a national guard, whose effective strength, including infantry, cavalry and artillery, amounts to 110,000. One-third of this force may be immediately called into active service in time of war, and placed on the same footing with soldiers of the line; one-third more may be called in three months, or sooner if their services are required; then the last third; and if any more are wanting a conscription may be made. The navy of Brazil is by no means inconsiderable. In 1860, before the breaking out of the present rebellion against the Union, it was much larger than the American navy, as may be seen from the following extract taken from the Report of the Minister of Marine for that year:

First class Frigates, of which three are Steamers..	7
Corvettes, of which nine are Steamers.....	19
Brigs.....	8
Schooners and Brig-schooners.....	20
Small Steamers.....	10
Small Vessels armed, or Gun-boats.....	8
Transports.....	9
	—
	81

These vessels are manned by about eight thousand sailors, more than two-thirds of whom belong to the aborigines, who have a peculiar aptitude for a maritime life. They are taken chiefly from those residing near the sea coast, which, be it remembered, extends to over fourteen hundred leagues. Both on sea and land the aborigines are excellent soldiers, but they have little taste for a regular military life, which requires them to observe habits of strict obedience and severe discipline on pain of being confined, fined, or both. A considerable proportion of them, however, are found in the national guard as well as in the line. As they detest the Spaniards as the most cruel and implacable enemies of their race, they render excellent service in time of war; although in a state of liberty, none unacquainted with their habits and dispositions would suppose that they could be induced to fight at all. This is well explained by Mr. Wallace, a recent English traveller, who visited numerous tribes on the upper tributaries of the Amazon, and who also accounts quite plausibly, if not satisfactorily, for the wonderful stories told by the earlier Spanish and Portuguese explorers of a race of Amazons, said to inhabit the banks of the great river which derives its name from that circumstance. 'The use of ornaments and trinkets of various kinds,' observes Mr. Wallace, 'is almost confined to the men, who have their hair carefully parted and combed on each side, and tied in a queue behind. In the young men it hangs in long locks down their cheeks, and with the comb, which is invariably carried stuck on the top of the head, gives to them a most feminine appearance; this is increased by large necklaces, bracelets, and beads, and the careful extirpation of every symptom of beard. Taking these circumstances into consideration, I am strongly of opinion that the story of the Amazons has arisen from these feminine-looking warriors encountered by the early voyagers. I am inclined to this belief from the effect they first produced on myself, when it was only by close examination that I found they were men; and were the front parts of their bodies and their breasts covered with shields, such as they always use, I am convinced that any person seeing them for the first time would conclude they were women. We have only therefore to suppose that tribes, having similar customs to those now existing on the river Nanpes, inhabited the regions where the Amazons are reported to have been seen, and we have a rational explanation of what has so much puzzled all geographers.'

From the statistics given above it will be seen that the number of slaves is nearly as large as that of the white population. This is the worst feature in the condition of Brazil, al-

though it is not so bad as it appears at first sight. It is agreed among all travellers that nowhere else are slaves so well treated as they are in Brazil, although the reverse of this was the case in former times. Before the severance of the colony from the mother country, negroes were imported in such large numbers, and were consequently so cheap, that it was deemed cheaper to break down a slave by getting as much work as possible out of him than to take such care of him as would be necessary to preserve his health. It is easy to understand that incredible numbers were destroyed in this way. But no sooner was the slave trade put a stop to, than the proprietors began to see that it was their interest to treat their slaves better than they had hitherto done. This, indeed, is not a very honorable motive; we cannot give a people much credit for gentleness and humanity, if such they may be called at all, exercised only for purposes of gain. But it is otherwise with the course pursued by the government, for the protection of the slaves. A law was passed in 1841, and is still in existence, by which a slave can at any time appear before a magistrate, have his price fixed, and pay for his freedom in instalments. A large number thus liberate themselves annually, because they are always allowed a certain portion of their time to earn on their own account.

But this is not the only privilege to which the negro is entitled in Brazil. If qualified by intelligence and talent, he is admissible to any office however high; and accordingly negroes are to be found occupying offices of trust and emolument in every department, public and private, civil and military. They are also respected in social life in proportion as they are industrious, honest and intelligent. At the same time the Whites rarely if ever contract any very close relations with them. In this respect they are regarded pretty much as they are among ourselves; no matter how much wealth they may have accumulated, none but the lowest class of white women are willing to intermarry with them. The statesmen of the empire, almost without exception, freely admit that the sooner the country is rid of slavery the more prosperous it will be. Accordingly they are doing all in their power to induce as many of the European laboring class as they can to immigrate to the country. Since 1850 a sum equal to five millions of our money has been voted by the General Assembly for this purpose. Any able-bodied men willing to emigrate to Brazil are entitled not only to have their passage paid from any country in Europe, but also to be furnished with about fifteen acres of land. It is estimated that owing to these inducements not less than 300,000

Germans and Irish immigrated to that country during the "Know-Nothing" excitement of 1857; and it is the boast of the Brazilians that nobody having a livelihood to gain, especially if he belonged to the laboring or farming class, ever spent a month in any of the principal provinces of Brazil who could be induced to exchange it for any other country, scarcely excepting even that of his birth. Nor can it be denied that there is good ground for making even so strong a claim in favor of a country which yields throughout nearly its whole extent most of the necessities of life almost spontaneously. We have agreeable evidence of this on every side. Thus, for example, Dr. Spix, of Berlin, one of the authors whose works stand at the head of this article, gives his impressions of a visit to Brazil as follows:—

"Scarcely were we beyond the streets and the noise of the town, when we stopped as if enchanted in the midst of a strange and luxuriant vegetation. Our eyes were attracted sometimes by gaily colored birds or splendid butterflies, sometimes by the singular forms of the insects and the nests of wasps and termites hanging from the trees, sometimes by the beautiful plants scattered in the narrow valley and on the gently sloping hills. Surrounded by lofty, airy cassias, broad-leaved, white-stemmed crecropsas, thick-crowned myrtles, large-flowered bregnonias, climbing tufts of the mellifluous paullinias, far-spreading tendrils of the passion-flower, and of the richly flowering hatched coronilla, above which rise the waving summits of Macauba palms, we fancied ourselves transported into the garden of the Hesperides. Passing over several streams, which were turned to good account, and hills covered with young coppice woods, we at length reached the terrace of the eminence along which the spring water for the city is conducted. A delightful prospect over the bay, the verdant island floating in it, the harbor with its crowd of masts and various flags, and the city stretched out at the foot of the most pleasant hills, the house and steeple dazzling in the sun, was spread before our eyes. We dwelt long on the magical view of a great European city, raising here amidst the profusion of tropical vegetation. We then pursued the road along the winding of the aqueduct. The channel is chiefly built of blocks of granite, but the vaulted covering, within which the naturalist finds many of the most singular phalangia, is of brick. Between the woody hills there are diversified romantic prospects into the valleys below. Sometimes you traverse open spots where a stronger light is reflected from the flowery ground, or from the shining leaves of the neighboring high trees; sometimes you enter a cool shady bower. Here a thick wreath of paulinia, securidece, mikanos, passion-flowers, adorned with an incredible number of flowers, climb through the crowns of the celtis; the flowy rhexias and melastomas, bauhinias, delicate mimaras, shining myrtles; there bushy nightshades, sebastinias eupatorias, crotons, aciphilas, and innumerable other plants, form an impenetrable thicket, amidst which grow immense stems of the silk cotton tree (*bombax*), of silver-leaved cecropia thorny Brazil wood tree, of the lecythis, with its singular fruit resembling a pitcher, slender stems of the cabbage-palm and many others in part still unnamed, sovereigns of the wood. The majestic sight, the repose and silence of these woods interrupted only by the buzz of the gay humming-birds fluttering from flower to flower, and by the singular notes

of unknown birds and insects, peculiarly affect the mind of the man of sensibility, who feels himself, as it were, regenerated in the prospect of this glorious country."^{*}

But the useful abounds as much as the beautiful in Brazil ; such as coffee, sugar, rice, molasses, cocoa, sarsaparilla, tapioca, clove-bark, tobacco, cotton, &c., &c. Even tea is cultivated to a considerable extent. 'A few years ago,' says Mr. Fletcher, 'a governor of the province of St. Paulo sent some tea from his plantation, to his relatives, in Rio de Janeiro. This was prepared very carefully, each separate leaf having been rolled by the slaves between the thumb and forefinger, till it looked like small shot. It was thus invested with a foreign appearance, packed in small Chinese tea-caddies, and shipped at Santos for the capital. When the caddies arrived, they were seized at the custom-house, as an attempt to defraud the revenue. It was, on the other hand, insisted that the caddies contained *chá national*, or home-made tea, although by some neglect it did not appear on the manifest. The parties to whom the tea had been sent, offered to have it submitted to inspection. The caddies were opened, and the custom-house officials screamed with triumph, adding to their former suspicions the evidence of their senses—for the sight, the taste, the smell of the nicely-prepared tea, proclaimed emphatically that it was *chá de India*, and that this was an attempt to defraud his majesty's customs. It was not until letters were sent to Santos, and in reply that the certificate of that provincial custom-house had been received, that the collectors of Rio were satisfied that there was no fraud, and that the province of St. Paulo could produce as good tea as that brought into the Cape of Good Hope.'† Southey, in his excellent History of Brazil, says that the tea plant is indigenous to Brazil. But whether this is the case or not, certain it is that Brazilian tea is sold in all parts of Europe and America, as the Chinese article ; and it is equally certain that it requires a good judge to distinguish one from the other. As for Brazilian coffee, it constitutes two-thirds of the coffee consumed throughout the world.

All kinds of domestic animals, found in Europe or North America, abound in Brazil. Nowhere else are horses, cows and sheep found in such large numbers in proportion to the population. Thousands run wild in the woods, because the inhabitants are so well supplied without them, that they do not think it worth while to hunt them down. Numerous species of

* *Travels in Brazil undertaken by command of His Majesty, the King of Bavaria*, vol. i., pp. 207—9.

† *Brazil and the Brazilians*, p. 142.

dogs run wild in a similar manner, and prey on the domestic animals. We may remark in passing, that even in circumstances of this kind, the dog exhibits the nobleness and fidelity of his nature, as may be seen from the following remarks, which we translate from the narrative of a recent French traveller, and which also give an idea of the manner in which all the domestic animals, as well as sheep, have multiplied in the rich and boundless pastures of Brazil: 'In the neighborhood of Rio Grande are to be found some of those dogs called *ovetheros*. There, as in most other parts of Brazil, the sheep have no shepherds, nor is it the habit to enclose them in sheepfolds; but in the captaincy of Rio Grande, they are exposed to more dangers than perhaps anywhere else—on the one side from the wild dogs, which devour the ewes, and on the other, from the caracas, which tear the eyes out of the lambs. In order to furnish a protection to the flock, a young pup, of a vigorous breed, is taken from his mother before his eyes are open, and taught to suckle the ewe; a little house is constructed for him, in the middle of the flock; he becomes accustomed and attached to the sheep, assumes the duty of their protector, and courageously repulses the enemies that come to attack them.*'

As for wild animals, they are found in innumerable varieties. The crocodile, the tiger, and different species of serpents, are to be found side by side, on the banks of the Amazon and La Plata; but these are diminishing in numbers, as well as becoming more and more timid in proportion as the population is increasing.

The most valuable gems, as well as the precious metals, constitute a considerable proportion of the resources of Brazil. The celebrated gold mine of St. John del Rey has produced 50,340 pounds of gold since 1834. This is the report of the English company who have a lease of it; but it is thought, with some reason, that the whole amount is not given: even this amount is worth more than eleven millions of dollars.

The diamond mines have been but little worked in recent years, compared to what they used to be: although, on an average, they contribute at least \$2,500,000 annually to the imperial revenue. According to the most reliable authorities, they would furnish four times that amount, if they were worked as vigorously as they would be were they in the hands of private companies, instead of those of the government, which has always more public works in progress than

* *Encyclopédie Moderne. Art. Brésil.*

it can find sufficient laborers for, in a country where a tract the size of New York State, may be limited to a population of not more than a thousand whites. The greatest obstacle to the working of all Brazilian mines is the want of good roads. Many excellent roads have been built in different parts of the empire, since 1850; but it will require at least half a century to afford equal facilities for travel to thosenowenjoyed in the United States. It is worthy of remark, that the part of the country in which the diamonds are found, is entirely different from all the rest, being in general barren and desolate; but upon the other hand, it is remarkably similar to the Golconda regions in India, where the largest and best diamonds in the world are found. 'In entering the comarca of Serra de Frio,' says Southey, 'a remarkable difference is soon perceived. The soil, which had before been a red, fertile mould, becomes scanty, and covered with small stones. The trees have no longer the same luxuriant growth; and the mountains, which rise in the distance, instead of the dark verdure with which they are clothed in other parts of the captaincy, are bare and blank. On the summit of these uninviting fells the air is cold, and the winds violent, whence the comarca derives its name; and the surface of the earth is full of embedded stones. Here, the forbidden district of the diamonds is in sight, and its appearance is such as might form a fit description, in eastern romance, for the land where the costliest and proudest ornaments of wealth are found. Innumerable peaks are seen, some of prodigious height; mountains of lace-work, and perpendicular elevation; others, of more perishable materials, and in a state of dissolution, like the Alps of Savoy, with brushwood growing among the grass, and a sort of grey moss which clothes the surface wherever it is not newly scarred or covered with recent wreck, form a scene of Alpine grandeur and desolation, and of more than Alpine beauty; for the waters are beautifully clear, and they fall in sheets, in threads, and in cataracts, and work their way sometimes by subterranean channels to the four great rivers that carry off the waters of the district.*'

The established religion is the Roman Catholic, but all other sects are not only tolerated, but protected in the exercise of their faith. Dissenters are also eligible for all political and civil offices, with the sole exception of that of deputy. With this exception, all have the fullest liberty. They may build as many churches as they like, and preach any religious doctrine they think proper. The only restriction upon

* *History of Brazil*, p. 142.

them, in this respect, is, that there exists a law which forbids them from having steeples or bells. This law they would seem to have borrowed from a similar British enactment of the olden time, which prevented the Catholics, under heavy pains and penalties, from erecting steeples on their houses of worship, or ringing bells in public. There are large numbers of Carmelites, Christian Brothers, Franciscans and Benedictines, who are in general very learned men, and who exercise their talents in teaching both the sciences and the languages. The Emperor is practically recognized as the head of the Church; he is allowed that privilege for convenience sake, by the Pope. Accordingly, no bishop can confer orders without a special license from the sovereign, who also nominates the bishops themselves, the legislature providing for their support. Nowhere else is the Catholic religion maintained with greater splendor, although no tithes are allowed its clergy, as in almost all other South American States. In the city of Rio de Janeiro, and its suburbs, there are fifty-eight churches, several of which rival some of the finest cathedrals in Europe, in architectural beauty and magnificence.

Foreign countries in general, our own among the number, do not give the Brazilians much credit for intelligence. There is a vague impression widely prevailing in this country, that Brazil is in a very benighted condition. Not a few will be incredulous as to the fact that there are free schools established in all parts of the empire. In every parish there are a male and a female teacher for boys and girls respectively, who receive their salaries from the provincial treasury. In every town of any extent, there is a free Lyceum in which the higher branches of education are taught; and there are colleges in the cities which are also supported by the State. The students attending these, however, are charged a small annual fee, when it is known that they are able to pay; if they are not able, they may pursue the whole course, so as to prepare themselves for any of the learned professions, without a penny. Some of the best European scholars are professors in the colleges of Bahia, Rio de Janeiro, Olinda, and St. Paulo; and all the expenses of these institutions, including the salaries of their professors, are drawn from the imperial treasury. In addition to the public institutions to which all are admissible, there are many private educational establishments, which are well sustained by those of the wealthier classes who are mindful of the adage, "Evil communications corrupt good manners." Nor are the Brazilians deficient in libraries. The principal library of Rio de

Janeiro contains more than 100,000 volumes, which, we believe, is as large a number as any of our libraries can boast, if, indeed, we have a single one that could show so many volumes worthy of the name. But it may be asked, If Brazil possesses such facilities for education and culture, why has she not authors and scholars of eminence? This is a fair question: but so Brazil has. We will mention a few instances: The works of Sylva Lisboa and Coutinho, on political economy, have been translated into French, Spanish, and Italian. The best comedies in the Portuguese language are those of Silva, a Brazilian. In the same language there is no more distinguished historian than Rocha Pita, who is also a Brazilian. Much as we Americans have accomplished, we have yet no work that has any pretensions to the character of an epic poem. Even Mr. Longfellow has attempted nothing of this kind; but there are two Brazilian epics, recognized as such by some of the most distinguished critics of Germany, England, and France, namely the *Caranam* of Durão and the *Uruguay* of Gama. Neither is indeed worthy of comparison with the *Divina Commedia*, the *Gerusalemme*, or *Paradise Lost*; but it is not the less true that each is a remarkable performance. Brazil has two lyric poets of no mean rank—Gongaga, whose collection is well known in Europe, if not in this country, under the title of *Narilío de Docéo*, and Souza Caldas, whose translations of the psalms are admired by the best critics. Among the other names which are more or less distinguished in the various departments of Brazilian literature, are Gregorio de Mattos, Avarenga Claudio, Gusmão, Mendes, Barbosa, Porto-Alegre, Domingos Magathães, &c. And in order to show that the Brazilians are not unknown in the scientific world, it would be almost sufficient to mention the scientific works and discoveries of Arnoda, Camara, and Frei Leandro. But in a future article we may take occasion to make Brazilian literature speak for itself, by giving specimens from several of those works to which we have now been able only to allude. There are other topics we have glanced at to which it will also be necessary to return, as the present article is intended merely as an outline to which additions are to be made from time to time, until our readers are induced to make themselves sufficiently acquainted with a country which, however different it is from our own both politically and socially, undoubtedly possesses many of the elements of national greatness, and to whose destiny we cannot pretend to be indifferent.

- ART. IV.—1. *Catilinæ Conjuratio ex fontibus narrata.* H. WOLF.
Paris. 1803.
2. *Histoire de la Conjuration de Catilina.* Par M. BELLET.
Paris.
3. *Etudes sur l'Histoire romaine.* Par M. MERIMÉE.

LATIN poets have written of a golden age, when coveting after neighbors' goods was a vice unknown to the industrious and sinless inhabitants of a peaceful world. But this dew of infantine guilelessness must have evaporated in the early dawning hours, as in the microcosmic career of individuals is often the parallel case. Indeed, stealing is an act so natural and obvious, standing so full in front of man's eyes, that he cannot attain the most moderate scope of mental vision before the process suggests itself to him. Even a dog will run away with another dog's bone; rats are born thieves; in short, theft is an *instinct* appendant almost to the existence of animal life. Thus many generations of "golden men" could hardly have tilled the bosom of their bountiful mother earth ere some enterprising and imaginative rustic, acting upon a brilliant inspiration, either ate his virtuous and unsuspecting fellow-laborer's bread-and-milk behind his back, or ran away after dark with his spade, or lumbered off to a distant tramontane settlement on his heavy-heeled plough-horse. The vice thus introduced among mankind struck a terribly sympathising chord in human nature, whose vibrations have extended in space through the habitable globe, and in time even to our own generation, inclusive. Probably the first case was a poor little matter of petty larceny. But with advancing audacity, it came in time to pass that there was nothing on the earth of so stupendous a magnitude as yet to admit of being robbed, that some bold craftsman was not enterprising enough to attempt the thievery. Thus to-day the reader of history is not incredulously moved when he stumbles on a daring attempt of an ambitious burglar to steal a kingdom. Aaron Burr would have stolen the Republic of the great United States—an extensive theft—had not the detectives been too sharp for him. But Aaron Burr was far from originating the conception of this masterly feat of flagitiousness. Centuries before a criminal as great as he had been busy at as grand a job. When, according to the notions of students of an anti-Columbian geography, the sun never set upon the Roman empire; when the invincible legions of Pompey were carrying the Roman eagles as far as they had the patience to march, knowing no obstacle save that limit of

time which ever hampers mortal men; when a clique of half-a-dozen moneyed noblemen of the luxurious City could have easily bought out the king of Spain in the most auriferous days of the fabulous Indies;—even then it was that Lucius Sergius Catilina, greatest of thieves, would fain have stolen the whole boundless empire, its complicated machinery, its endless wealth; nay, would have filched several millions of human beings stamped with no inferior image or superscription to his own. The success of the gigantic conception would have ensured the apotheosis of its father as the Divinity of Rascality among all brethren of the guild. It was to be no usurpation, no revolution, none of those well-known political operations, which are christened after their result, but a deliberate case of grand larceny; in legal phrase, a caption and conversion with felonious intent. Such was the central crime; but it was bedizened, like a Jezebel in jewellery of paste and glass, with the decorating errors of murders, rapes, and sacrilege—a tale not without interest, and, since it was thwarted, not too horrible. Catiline plotted it, Cicero exposed it, and Sallust wrote its history—a trio of famous names not less than nineteen hundred years old.

It is no easy task to paint the condition of Italy, and especially of Rome, at the era of this monstrous undertaking. General epithets would pass for extravagant, or would fail to awaken the unstimulated imagination to a full appreciation of the scene to be presented. Particular instances would be neither entertaining nor agreeable. Yet was the public corruption, the private immorality, absolutely appalling. Supreme viciousness brooded like an universal atmosphere over all, and penetrated, like the same invisible, tainted air, the inmost passages and nooks of individual being. The oppressive fog of sin seemed to cloak as with a mantle the whole ancient world, burying in its sunless night abandoned men from the reproachful eye of God; and most closely the noisome exhalations of evil clung around that spot where the seething masses of populous Rome rested not night or day in the busy service of the devil. In private life, the depravity of the times cannot now be described. Adequate language could not be found without trespassing within the bounds of indecency; for the crimes which at that time were committed openly and deliberately it has now become an impropriety even to name. Immense fortunes were accumulated through those iniquitous channels, by which the plethoric wealth of an overgrown and feeble empire is wont to be surreptitiously drained into the coffers of unscrupulous individuals. But these golden rivers were regulated by no banks of intellectual

culture or virtuous sentiment. At the present day it would probably be an impossibility for men, even with effort, to get rid of the revenues, almost too large for the skill of the accountant, which in those days were rapidly run through by the young rakes and gamblers of the dissolute city. Limitless mansions, incomparably more superb than the most time-honored shrines of the gods, rich in everything which human art could furnish to gratify the senses, served only to lap in their voluptuous heart the bloated person of some Roman *roué*, lying in the midst of their beauty like the small black plague-spot on a fair and delicate body. In these marble halls, decorated like the magic palaces of the Arabian Nights, floated wreaths of music the most voluptuous to soothe the ear; the rarest perfumes, and gums of untold cost, scented the air from swinging censers; couches of incomparable luxury courted the listless limbs; pictures, statues, vases, gems inestimable in price, alluring the eye, were grouped upon every side; feasts of delicacies for which the most hidden recesses of ocean, the farthest limits of earth, were ransacked incessantly, tempted the fatigued appetite. Yet nowhere were manuscripts; nowhere even the implements of war, the chase, or manly sports. Only stupid or ferocious faces of mutes, blacks, hideous savages, bought for great sums, as human curiosities, stood around; or groups of beautiful, supple, expressionless dancing or choral nymphs, to grace and enliven the nocturnal orgies of the lord and his fellow-revellers—a Roman harem, like the bright-glancing ocean, ever changing yet ever the same. Yet was the possessor of all these things not content with simple sloth, inanity, luxury and voluptuousness. Softer than a woman, he was wickeder than a cannibal. Courtesans, like vampires, sucked at his purse to maintain a state of ease rivalling his own. Hired assassins were prompt at his frown to rob, to burn, or to murder. Gaming, with stakes for which empires and kingdoms might play, and losing be impoverished, served ere long to make shipwreck of the stateliest fortune. Mischievous customs enabled the ruined spendthrift to pile above his miserable head mountains of debt; and then the harshest laws ever known against indigent debtors closed against him all those friendly avenues of purgation through which the insolvent of our own day can pass out into the world a sound and new man. Thus at last the well-trained scholar in every vice became that dangerous thing—a desperate man, a tool, like the dagger of his own *sicarius*, in the hand of any man who was able and evil enough to use him.

In the world of politics, unprincipled men held similar

Saturnalia. The ruined spendthrifts, swamped by enormous private debts, incurred still more onerous liabilities in the shameless contest for office by the rivalry of corruption, bribery and simony. The successful candidate considered that he had purchased the license of universal robbery. Yet were the fruits of rapacity, extortion and speculation not applied to the solution of old debts, but employed as the means for further extravagance and vice. The dagger or the dungeon were quite as secure gags for creditors as the gold or silver for their notes, and were vastly cheaper. The last stage of evil might seem to have been reached, when the criminal, secure from prosecution, no longer cared to conceal his crimes; when the murderer and the defrauder were not safely aspersed with so much as the whisper of calumny; when the candidates for public office thought, and rightly thought, the venial error of *lèse-majesté* against the Roman people no obstacle to their aspirations.

The terrible days of the ferocious struggles of Marius and Sylla were scarcely over. Those bloody proscriptions had tainted the Italian cities with the atmosphere of slaughter-pens. Violence, blood and corpses were familiar sights; and barbarous cruelty by custom had lost its horrors. The promiscuous rapine, the wholesale plunder of those years of lawlessness had engendered their usual results—vice and prodigality; and those who had amassed wealth in wickedness and squandered it in debauchery, now found themselves the slaves of expensive vices and the owners of empty coffers. They longed for new revolutions, fresh proscriptions, further license to plunder, careless of every object and principle save gain.

Fortunately vice is a corrosive quality and destroys its own disciples; fortunately criminals are distrustful, selfish and jealous. Thus there is imperfect cohesion among them, and they are not formidable in proportion to their numbers. Rome, with this corruption of blood permeating its whole system, yet preserved an outward fairness and symmetry, and rolled through its national course from day to day rather by the impetus of a by-gone era, as Cicero said, by the "*magnitudo imperii*," the poderousness of empire, than by any vital strength still infusing its diseased mass.

There are chemical fluids uncertain and fugitive as water, which yet, let but a stick or other solid substance be introduced into them, will at once close around the intruding body in a mass of hard, compact and keen crystals. Thus, and with similar effect, came the aspiring Catiline into the loose chaos of desperate Romans. That mass of ruined spendthrifts, blood-stained murderers, penniless debtors, reckless gamblers,

vile debauchees, political criminals, state-peculators, and promiscuous villains who had travelled thus far in the paths of evil without adhesion, without fellow-feeling; jostling each other as fiercely as they jostled the good; incapable of simultaneous action; now at last recognized in this daring sinner a fit head and an able leader, who might give them that weight in the Commonwealth to which their numbers at any rate entitled them. At his back these shifting and uncertain elements quickly solidified into a firm and formidable conspiracy. Catiline was an extraordinary man. His heart seemed a fagot bound up of every vice; his intellect displayed comprehensiveness and various genius; his temperament was a dangerous combination of audacity and ambition. His youth had been given up to all the scandalous and monstrous vices of the age, and his noble birth and singular energy had marked him as a man of unusual enterprise even in these pursuits. Yet they had not in his case accomplished their customary result by the ruin of either body or mind; both of which had been endowed by nature with vast and active vitality. Indulgence had made him neither a voluptuary nor a driveller. Hunger, cold, sleeplessness, fatigue he could bear with the hardihood of a veteran soldier. And when, at the end of his proper resources, total ruin stared him blankly in the face, his scheming head compassed the grandest plots for making the Empire his treasury. Yet vigils and dissipation, if they had not destroyed the wonderful powers of his physique, had still left terrible traces, like the gullied tracks of mountain torrents, upon his appearance. He looked the villain that he was; for Cicero tells us that his gait was unequal, his eyes bloodshot, his complexion ghastly, and his manners and address nervous and irregular, like those of one distraught. His mind seems to have been similarly affected. He could not control its strong but fitful workings in the leashes of mastering subordination. And though his powers of conception, dissimulation, arrangement and eloquence were unimpaired, yet was he unable on all occasions to govern a violent temper and to preserve his self-possession and presence of mind. Still his eager harangues, his subtle insinuations and his able organization were sufficient to entice and domineer over a vast number of subalterns whose own inferiority is shown simultaneously with his power by the servile obedience which they yielded to his dictation.

Some public offices he gained; but they were insufficient, and he aimed at the Consulship. Cicero stood against him. It was a momentous and exciting struggle. Catiline had already, as was well known, plotted the assassination of the

previous consuls, Torquatus and Cotta;* and the conspiracy had only failed by the premature exhibition of the preconcerted signal. He had since been tried for misgovernment in Africa, and had notoriously bought his acquittal; and it was now generally bruited abroad that in becoming a candidate for the consulship he had ulterior designs of the most cruel, flagitious, and destructive nature against the commonwealth. Terror of his success was universal; his opponents rallied with all their strength, and the Comitia resulted in his defeat. His last resource lay now in that conspiracy which has rendered his notorious name immortal as that of the Eternal City whose overthrow he would fain have achieved.

In Satanic Congress there the arch-conspirator assembled the most valued of his assistants. Their minds had been already in some measure prepared; and now in a seductive oration he laid before them the inestimable prizes to be gained by the Revolution;—the wiping out of old debts; the amassment of new fortunes; the long proscriptions of public and of private enemies; the promiscuous slaughter of usurious creditors. Then he showed his hopes of success; that Italy was drained of troops by the distant expeditions of Pompey; that the hundred thousand fierce veterans of Sulla had squandered the rewards of their last forays, and would flock to his banners at the enticements of fresh booty; in short, that the wicked and destitute were countless on every side, and that an universal massacre of all rich and virtuous men, was one of the easiest things in the world. Should not the majority rule?

This terrible programme was certainly frightfully feasible; and to the assembled gentlemen it proved, as Catiline had surely anticipated, quite irresistible. They hailed it with delight; indeed it was no very new idea to them; and the conspiracy was formed. Rumor afterwards whispered of dæmonic rites to solemnize the unholy bond; of the blood of a human victim handed round in a bowl, of which each present quaffed a draught of fellowship; also of a dagger, which often during the evil days afterwards danced before the mind's eye of Cicero, dedicated with vows to the infernal gods to accomplish the death of the Consul. But the crafty Catiline, to bind them dangerously and irrevocably, took the more practically effective measure of making them all discuss the subject amongst themselves, that every individual might be severally committed and that each and all might be witness

* He was accused of having murdered his first wife, and a female child he had by her; of having murdered his own brother; also Cæcilius, his brother-in-law, &c., &c.—See Cicero in *Catilinam*: pro Sulla: pro Murena. See also Don. Cassius, lib. *xxxvi. et xxxvii.*

and as it were bondsman for each and all. Associates were sought in distant colonies and in the municipia of Italy, and soon the meshes of the invisible net enveloped an extensive territory. Many scions of houses whose fame and name had in times past been inseparably intertwined with the safety and glory of the Republic now signified to Catiline that though unwilling to become active conspirators at present, yet he might be assured of their passive sympathy and might expect their future vigorous assistance when matters should be more developed; while some few, even less scrupulous, promptly pledged him hand as well as heart. For some time, by a cautious and prudent though steady spread of the guilty knowledge, the evil society was rapidly increased to the requisite formidable numbers; the fierce leaders felt the plan trembling on the verge of execution; and already held their councils for the arrangement of the latest details. But when towards the culmination of the tempest the cable of conspiracy is strained tightest, it is seldom that there is not some chafed spot, some broken fibre in its fabric. In this case the weak brother was one Quintus Curius, a man of noble birth and vast criminality, so abandoned as to have even been expelled from the Senate by the Censors. He had been sought by Catiline for his name and for the desperation to which profligacy and prodigality had brought him. Nor was it through any lurking virtue or unexpected softening of heart that he now became the instrument of betrayal and ruin; quite the contrary. Among his numerous courtesans there was one for whom he had an especial value, and when she coldly deserted her penniless lover, his shallow wrath and ill-timed vanity led him to utter mysterious threats and strange prophecies. Feminine curiosity was aroused, and the subtlety and blandishments of the wily mistress soon won the entire confidence and liberal disclosures of Curius. She at once played that part in behalf of the consul Cicero which in later times Marian de Lorme, a similar character, played in similar circumstances for Cardinal Richelieu. Regularly she received from the conspirator and as regularly reported to the consul the names, the projects and the acts of the traitors.

Yet, even thus fore-warned and fore-armed, Cicero's task was far from simple, his policy far from clear, and his success by no means sure. His entrance upon the consulship, contemporary with the defeat of Catiline, became the signal for active treason. The mine, long and patiently dry, was now almost in order for explosion, and the miners had only to strew the train. The unwearied chief-villain toiled night and day, unresting, sleepless, energetic. He strove to accomplish

all by individual effort, to arrange all by personal thought; for in his subalterns, of inferior capacity, he could place limited trust. He laid ambuscades to assassinate Cicero; but that astute and life-loving personage, by the surreptitious aid of the invaluable Fulvia, succeeded in thwarting these schemes as fast as his insidious foe could mature them. Still, large depots of arms were collected in many places; the inferior heads of the plot, who were to have superintendence of the particular outbreaks in various places, had already departed for their allotted posts; a large and well-appointed host had come together to the southward, at Fesulæ; the traitors were numerous and fierce; and the resources of the Consul were desperately meagre to oppose them. He was like one bound fast upon the sea-shore whose eyes must look upon the flooding tide threatening soon to roll over his head, but himself impotent to stir hand or foot for safety.

Thus far he had kept his own counsel, and had pitted himself in plot and counter-plot against Catiline, as man against man, working darkly from behind a curtain, with unsuspected weapons, and plausible measures, so that the conspirators themselves knew not the secret cause of the miscarriage of their ever-disconcerted plans, nor guessed the subtle hand which so skilfully played the game against them. But it was at last evident that personal exertions and private resources could not much longer suffice. However inadequate were the forces of the State; yet, such as they were, they must be employed, and must be strained to the uttermost. Cicero, accordingly convened the Senate, and laid the whole affair before the astounded and trembling members, who, on the moment passed the famous and time-honored decree "that the Consuls should take care that the Republic should receive no detriment"—which conferred the sovereign powers of dictatorship. Unfortunately for practical purposes at the present moment, this amounted to little beyond a stupendous but empty sound. Catiline's wonderful audacity certainly manifested the contemptuous security which he felt, at least so far as regarded his personal freedom. Even after this decree was passed, he ventured to enter the Senate Chamber and assume his customary seat. The Senators in the neighborhood at once arose with marks of abhorrence, and moving to distant portions of the hall, left the unabashed traitor in absolute solitude. Cicero was aroused beyond endurance; anger and perhaps fear, at the confident daring of the man unloosed his tongue, and from the rostrum he poured forth the searing torrent of passionate eloquence, known as the first Catilinian oration, words which ought to have rolled over the shrivelling soul of

the guilty one like consuming lava-stream of Etna. But Catiline was superhuman; not the arch-fiend of Milton could have presented a more flinty bosom to compunctious visitings. With lowly and suppliant air, as one conscious of innocence and wrong, the prince of conspirators arose, and opened with calm voice, like one who begged that reason might make its tranquil tones heard amid the eddying whirlwind of passion, the plausible exordium of defence. But the war of execration, the storm of epithets—parricide, traitor foe! which stunned his ears and rained around his dizzy head, showed him the futility of his dissimulation, and were quite too much for his self-control. With an outburst of ferocious and convicting passion—"that he would quench the flames of personal ruin in the universal destruction"—he broke forth from the Senate-house. It was now simply a question of speed and strength between himself and the dictator. In the city he might be personally hampered and in danger; therefore, leaving minute instructions with his lieutenants, Cethegus and Lentulus, he hastened towards Fæsulæ, with the intention of bringing the forces there assembled, beneath the walls of Rome, at an early day, to coöperate with the intra-mural risings. Yet, still deceptive to the last, he strove by letters and declarations to spread the tale that he had fled into exile at Massilia, to escape the unjust and implacable pursuit of a perfidious and vindictive enemy.

Great indeed was now the excitement in the Eternal City. A helpless multitude, terror-stricken and ignorant, thronged the streets and gathered in pale and whispering knots in the squares; spreading incredible rumors of treason and ruin; dreading unknown terrors of bloodshed and conflagration; distrustful every man of his neighbor, communicating terrible portents. Women with dishevelled hair, many with their infants in their arms, brought the noisy shrillness of feminine alarm into the public ways, and with their tears and prayers increased the general confusion and embarrassment. Well might Cicero anticipate with dread a powerful and well-directed blow upon this weak and disjointed body-politic. The universal corruption served also to introduce an additional element of danger. Cicero could not hope for much time to organize the means of resistance. Catiline was to be the attacking party, and it lay in his option to make the attack in a few days, nay almost in a few hours, and he was no dilatory trifier. And upon the result of this first struggle hung too probably the fate of the entire contest; for upon the first symptom of treasonable success it could not be doubted that an universal uprising of disorderly and lawless masses would

quickly, utterly and irretrievably overwhelm the comparatively insignificant numbers of the friends of order. In a prompt success which might prevent his enemies from acquiring the dangerous knowledge of their own strength, lay his only hopes of safety. His plan for the critical emergency was that his colleague Antony, with what military force he could collect at a day's notice, should move at once towards Fæsulæ, before the forces there should be recruited to their extreme capacity; while he himself would continue his efforts for the preservation of the city. Might the Immortal Gods help his plans, for in his single self lay but doubtful salvation!

But at this "eleventh hour" an unexpected assistance came to his aid. In the chain of treason, falsehood and conspiracy the last link had not yet passed through his fingers. Still another treachery within treachery, dissimulation in the bowels of dissimulation, was to give arms to the weak and prop the tottering cause of virtue. The Gauls were traditional enemies of the Romans—a nation that was not yet fully subdued, and was destined ever to be a restless and a poisoned thorn in the side of the Universal Republic. The Ambassadors of the Gallie nation of the Allobroges were at this time on the point of departing from Rome to carry home the peremptory refusal of the Roman Senate to their request for a merciful commutation of the heavy public and private debt with which the avarice and extortion of Roman proconsuls had overwhelmed their people. In addition to the instinctive national animosity, this legation were now further exasperated by this last hardship. The conspirators were well aware of the great assistance both in deed and repute which their undertaking would have were it backed by the formidable alliance of a nation of warriors. The insinuating Catiline undertook the task of persuasion. With the skill of an ancient Egyptian embalmer he extracted their brains through their ears; they were spell-bound in presence of the fascinations of the eye and tongue of genius; and the glittering propositions of the seducer met their ready acquiescence. But solitude and reflection brought riper counsel. They trembled perhaps at the criminality of the design, and certainly at the apparent inadequacy of the means to the result. Their own national experience did not encourage them to hold the power of Rome in such light estimation; nor could they easily conceive of her overthrow by a band of reckless libertines and ruined gamblers. Accordingly, before it was too late, they sought the path of safety and cautiously disburdened themselves of their dangerous secret to one Q. Fabius Sanga. The news was at once communicated to Cicero; and that subtle states-

man bade them still assume with their would-be allies the guise of friendship, learning further of their plans until some opportune piece of information should leave the game in his own hands. The legates played this rôle of dissimulation with masterly skill, and even procured, under pretext of a testimonial and confirmation to their fellow-countrymen, of their own truthfulness when they should disclose the project at home, a pregnant document, wherein, under the very hands and seals of the unsuspecting conspirators, the entire plot lay as in a nutshell—a savage paper whose hellish paragraphs of burnings, slaughter, rapes and sacrilege ought appropriately to have been written in blood. Soon the night was set when the ambassadors, with certain emissaries of the plot, bearing important missions to divers posts in Italy, should leave the city. This was the moment for the dictator to act. With excellent promptness every man whose signature stood upon the legation's paper was arrested; and an ambuscade headed by two prætors waylaid and secured the departing party of the Allobroges and their comrades. Cicero had seized a valuable prize. Could he maintain his hold and avoid a rescue, he had decapitated the urban rebellion, and might disregard the convulsive twitching of the nerveless body which remained in freedom. The better to cling to these captures he at once summoned the Senate to meet in the Temple of Concord, and laid before them the whole affair in its latest developments. The invaluable document of the Gauls left no room for the question of innocence; and the venerable and grateful magnates straightway voted to their preserver the thanks of the Republic, and to the Allobroges and the prætors appropriate rewards. The captives they allotted to certain of their own members whom they made responsible for their safe custody—a perilous charge, one would think.

Then Cicero, going out into the Forum, mounted the public Rostra, and poured forth his overflowing soul to the assembled and enthusiastic people. No moment perhaps in the great orator's life was happier than this one. Anxieties and further efforts flitted in the background of his reflections; but the sombre shadows fell not upon the present, wherein gambolled in the sunshine of popular glory, the complaisant satisfaction of the self-conscious nation's preserver. His address was a smooth and honeyed flow of self-gratulation, and admiring thousands who have since read it have greatly marvelled at the magnitude of the man. The general benefactor with sweet interludes of charming modesty lauded his own benefaction to the very skies. Cicero was not the man to hide his light under a bushel; and he certainly had now done a great

and glorious deed. The Romans ought to have made the heavens resound with rapturous applause; yet it cannot but be amusing to see with what studied care the popular idol gave the rescued people the signal for the cheer, and sedulously fanned the smoke of the incense into his delighted nostrils. He was indeed the Saviour of the State, and he scrupled not to attend in person to the job of telling the people so, that there might be no possibility of their besotted minds failing of the clear preception. Yet it must be allowed that he told only the literal truth, and with a courteous recognition of the claims of modesty, to which ostentatiously, deferentially and frequently he bowed very low.

In the city treason was shackled fast by these arrests. The few who might be deemed equal to the task and functions of leadership were enmeshed, and none were left to fill their vacant places. The city was agitated for a day or two, as was natural, by rumors of violent plots and intended risings. But the temporary panics came to nought. They were but the quiverings of the headless trunk of conspiracy settling into cold death. The fellowship of villainy crumbled apart like a house shaken by an earthquake, and Rome had only the external foe to dread. Towards Fæsulæ, where in the camp of Manlius still raged in delirious fury the arch-traitor, the instigator, the father of the whole, the attention of all was now anxiously turned.

One matter, however, of some interest remains to be disposed of before we reach the battle-field, which the Senate managed with laudable celerity. This was the castigation of the miserable patricides who were now in the official clutches. There was no difficulty in fastening conviction upon them, for those who could betray their country were quite capable of betraying each other. Volturcius first turned states evidence and made liberal confessions; and the next day one Tarquinius, moved by his compeer's prudent example, came and did likewise. He however went too far, for he gave the name of the rich and influential Crassus. This disclosure startled the Senate. They either honestly discredited or they dared not appear to give it credence; whilst Crassus himself, very glad to leave a sinking ship, behaved with wily discretion. So the unfortunate Tarquin, having quite overshot the mark, was remanded to custody as a bearer of false witness. In the discussion as to the nature of the punishment, the original incentive in all minds was towards death. But Julius Cæsar rising, uttered a long oration, counselling the milder measure of life-long imprisonment; he urged many and specious reasons; and his address, as recorded by Sallust, is

perhaps the first plea upon record opposing capital punishment as a matter of principle.* It was an able appeal. But Cæsar was half-suspected of a degree of complicity or at least misprision in the plot itself; and was moreover notoriously striving to gain the popular favor by a general mild courteousness, by making no man his enemy, and as many as possible his friends; his ambition was already recognized. Of course such facts militated strongly against him, and in their aid came the energetic tongue of that stern old Roman, Cato the Censor, like one risen from the dead of ancient Republican days. This rigid moralist, severe to himself, severe to others, whom none had ever detected in venial transgression, the apostle of unwavering inexorable justice, was looked upon with unusual awe and respect in this servile era of the decadence of virtue, independence and manliness. He answered Cæsar in a forcible harangue, speaking as none less faultless would have dared to speak, demanding no temporizing with sin, but the prompt infliction of that excessive retaliation which so heinous a crime merited, as well for its intrinsic iniquity as for the sake of a terrible warning to the dissolute and treasonable of future times. Cicero showed his usual bland anxiety to offend neither faction, but he was understood to incline towards severity, or more properly justice. Cæsar was overruled and the Senate passed the decree of "Death." In the prison there was a subterranean cell called the "Tullian Chamber," into whose unclean, noisome and dank recesses the light of day

* Regarded in any light—no matter what may have been the motive of it—Cæsar's speech on this occasion was a noble effort. Cicero himself, or indeed any other orator, has left us no oration in which philosophy and eloquence are more happily blended. In a word, it might well be called perfect both in its spirit and form, were it not for its ignoring the immortality of the soul. "Omnes homines," says the great Cæsar, rising in his place in the Senate-house, "patres conscripti, qui de rebus dubiis consultant, ab odio, amicitia, ira, atque misericordia vacuos esse decet. Haud facile animus verum providet, ubi illa officunt; neque quisquam omnium libidini simul et usui paruit. Ubi intenderis ingenium, valet: Si libido possidet, ea dominatur, animus nihil valet: Magna mihi copia est memorandi, patres conscripti, qui reges, aut qui populi, ira, aut misericordia impuls, male consulerint: sed ea malo dicere, quam majores nostri contra libidinem animi sui, recte atque ordine fecere. . . . De pena, possum equidem dicere id quod res habet; in luctu, atque miseriis mortem arumnarum requiem, non cruciatum, esse; eam cuncta mortalium mala dissolvere; ultra neque curæ, neque gaudii locum esse. Sed, per Deos immortales, quamobrem in sententiam non addidisti, ut prius verberibus in eos animadvertetur? An, quia lex Porcia vetat? At alie leges item condemnatis civibus, non animam eripi, sed exilium permitti jubent. An quia gravius est verberari, quam necari? Quid autem acerbum, aut nimis grave est in homines tanti facinoris convictos? Sin, quia levius est; qui convenit in minore negotio legem observare, eum eam in majore neglexeris? At enim quis reprehendet, quod in parricidas reipublice decretum erit? Tempus, dies, fortuna, cujus libido gentibus moderatur. Illis merito accidit, quicquid evenit: cæterum vos, patres conscripti, quid in alios statutis, considerate. Omnia mala exempla ex bonis initiis orta sunt: sed, ubi imperium

never penetrated. In this miserable dungeon, with toads, snakes and loathsome vermin for their companions, these ruined sons of luxury and nobility were, after brief confinement, garroted by the common executioner.

When all this ominous news reached Catiline, that able leader saw at once that the game was up for the present in the everlasting walls of Rome and probably throughout all Italy; and he used all expedition to gain the foot of the mountain ranges and to skulk rapidly beneath the shadow of the Appennines into Gaul, where his sanguine spirit still anticipated assistance. But Metellus Celer, by happy instinct anticipating precisely this movement, brought his forces rapidly into the rugged country through which Catiline's troops must pass. Thus he occupied vantage-ground; and Catiline found himself in a *cul-de-sac* between Celer, the mountains, and in his rear the Consul Antonius with a second army. Of the evils he chose that which seemed the least, and turned upon the pursuing Antonius to give him battle. Sallust puts into his mouth such a speech as it might be natural for the desperate outlaw to make to his desperate companions upon the eve of decisive conflict. In life there was no hope for them save in victory; no mercy was in store for the universal villains; never was there a more unavoidable alternative of conquest or death.* The criminal host prepared with savage fe-

ad ignaros, aut minus bonos pervenit, novum illud exemplum ab dignis, et idoneis, ad indignos, et non idoneos transfertur." "Conscript fathers, it becomes all who deliberate concerning doubtful things to be free from hatred, friendship, anger and pity. The mind does not easily perceive truth where those things obstruct it. Neither can any one obey passion and utility at the same time. When we apply the understanding it prevails; if passion takes possession it rules; the mind then avails nothing. Conscript fathers, I have many examples to adduce in proof of what kings and peoples have been impelled to in turn by anger and pity. (Here he proceeds to give historical instances.) It is likewise to be provided for by you that the wickedness of Publius Lentulus and the rest may not prevail more with you than your own dignity, and that you may not consult your anger more than your character. Most of those who have expressed their opinions before me have bewailed the misfortune of the Republic in fine language, and they have enumerated what might be the cruelties of war; what might befall the conquered; virgins and boys to be dragged away: children to be torn away from the embrace of parents: mothers of families to suffer whatever the conquerors might please: temples and houses to be pillaged: slaughter, burnings to be made: lastly, all places to be filled with arms, dead bodies, gore and grief. But in the name of the immortal gods whither does that speech tend? (When he comes to speak against the death penalty he becomes more and more eloquent and impetuous; but as already intimated, he denies the immortality of the soul.) Indeed, I can say of punishment what the thing imports; that death is a rest from toils, not a torture in grief and miseries; that there is no place beyond it for care, neither for joy."—SALLUST, *De Catilina*.

* The best critics are of opinion that if the speech here alluded to is not given by the historian exactly as it was spoken by Catiline, the thoughts and arguments are essentially the same—a fact which would prove by itself that the great conspirator was an orator as well as a soldier. We quote an extract from

rocity for a contest which seemed indeed by no means hopeless. In their midst they bore a satanic emblem, the Cimbric Eagle of the bloody Marius. That they might all partake of equal peril, even the leaders dismounted to mingle in the fray on foot. The fight was as terrible as it could not avoid being. Manlius on the right and Fæsulanus on the left were slain early, but there seemed no need of generals in the hand-to-hand struggle, and their men fought the none less fiercely. Catiline in the centre performed prodigies of mighty valor. Success being doubtful in the quivering scales; whilst he performed the double duties of commander and soldier, detecting with his quick eye every necessity, meeting with ready energy every emergency; with voice and deed he encouraged the flagging, if any such might be, filled the wounded with the vigor of the well, and as if by individual effort stemmed the hostile tide of battle. The Roman commander, thus finally reduced to play his trump card, played it well and boldly. At the head of the prætorian cohort he made a fierce onslaught against the centre of the insurgent line. The undisciplined troops were broken; the day was decided. Catiline recog-

the original, adding a translation for the benefit of those who may not be sufficiently familiar with the language of Sallust to be able to appreciate its manifold beauties. "Nos pro patria, pro libertate, pro vitâ certamus; illis super-vacaneum est pro potentiâ paucorum pugnare. Quò audacius aggredimini, memores pristinae virtutis. Licuit vobis cum summâ turpitudine in exilio ætatem agere, potuistis nonnulli Romæ, amissis bonis, alienas opes expectare; quia illa fada, atque intoleranda viris videbantur, hæc sequi decrevistis. Si hæc relinquere vultis, audaciâ opus est. Nemo, nisi victor, pace bellum mutavit. Nam in fugâ salutem sperare, tum arma, quis corpus tegitur, ab hostibus avertere, ea verò dementia est. Semper in prælio iis maximum est periculum, qui maximè timent: audacia pro muro habetur. Cùm vos considero, milites, et cum facta vestra æstimo, magna me spes victoriæ tenet. Animus, ætas virtus vestra me hortantur: prætercâ necessitudo, quæ etiam timidos fortes facit. Nam, multitudo hostium ne circumvenire queat, prohibent angustia loci. Quòd si virtuti vestræ fortuna inviderit, cavete, ne inulti animam amittatis; neu capti potius sicuti pecora, trucidemini, quàm virorum more pugnantes, cruentam atque luctuosam victoriam hostibus relinquatis." "We contend for our country, for our liberty, for our lives; it is useless for them to fight for the benefit of a few. Therefore, mindful of your ancient valor, attack them the more boldly. It was lawful for you to spend your life in exile with the utmost baseness; some of you have had an opportunity of looking on—your property having been lost—at the wealth of others at Rome; because those things did not seem foul and intolerable to men, you have resolved to follow my interests. There is need of boldness if you are disposed to carry out your resolves. No one save a conqueror can change war into peace; for to hope for safety in flight, to turn away from the enemy the armor with which the body is covered—that is, indeed, madness. *The greatest danger in battle is always to those who fear most; boldness is accounted for a wall.* Soldiers, when I consider you and estimate your achievements great hopes of victory possess me. Your spirit, age and valor encourage me; moreover, necessity, which makes even cowards brave. The defiles of the place will prevent the enemy from surrounding us. But if fortune will have envied your valor, beware lest unrevengeed you may lose life; nor taken be slaughtered like cattle, rather than fighting like men you may leave a bloody and mournful victory."

nised the inevitable ruin; and true to his desperate nature he plunged into the midst of his foes, cleaving himself a bloody lane until far in the heart of the hostile array many wounds oppressed him; he fell and yielded up his iniquitous soul amid the carnage and the slaughter for which he was especially to answer. His followers, though broken and conquered, would not flee. They were no less savagely determined than their leader. They gave no quarter, took not a single prisoner, but fought and killed hand-to-hand in grim contest till every man of them fell covering with his body the spot whereon he had stood and with all his wounds in front. The battle was an extermination. The Rebellion was dead.

It had been a wholesome purging for Rome. Plenty of evil indeed remained behind; the rapid decay of virtue received but a temporary check. Still, ere the final dissolution the gorgeous though fallacious brilliancy of Julius and Augustus Cæsar was to intervene, and Roman destiny, uninterrupted by so violent a death, was to run its course through protracted decay, till like the Rhine losing itself in the sand-plains at its mouth, it was impossible to say precisely when the name and empire of ancient Rome actually ceased to be.

ART. V.—1. *F. G. Klopstock's Sämmtliche Werke. Ergänzungen durch Biographie, Briefwechsel und Verschiedene Beiträge.* 3 Bände. (*The Collected Works: Supplements of Biography, Correspondence and Miscellaneous Contributions.* 3 vols.) Von HERMANN SCHNIEDLIN. Stuttgart. 1863.

2. *Vie de Klopstock.* Par M. DOERING. Weimer.

3. *Klopstock's Oden und Elegien, &c.* (*Klopstock's Odes and Elegies, &c.*)

4. *La Littérature Poétique de l'Allemagne depuis Klopstock et Lessing.* Par M. GELZER. Leipsig.

5. *Ueber Klopstock's Wesen und Wirken.* Von Dr. LUCAS.

FAME is much more influenced by accident than even the most thoughtful generally suppose. It may be doubted whether those who become famous under favorable circumstances are more numerous than those whose merits are overlooked, or depreciated under unfavorable circumstances. Time, however, will vindicate the truth sooner or later, distinguishing the genuine from the fictitious, so that the most careless cannot

mistake one from the other. But there are too many instances in which merit dies, or is destroyed before its value can be appreciated. Many a priceless manuscript has been lost to the world as many a diamond has been thrown into the sea, because it did not fall into hands which could distinguish it, notwithstanding its rough exterior, from a common stone. The time it takes to assign a literary work its true rank is long, or short, in proportion as its merits are more or less striking and obvious, and in proportion as its author, or the peculiar character of the work itself has awakened prejudices against it, or in its favor.

It is now one hundred and forty years since Fredrick Gottlieb Klopstock was born, in the Abbey of Quedlingburg, an obscure town in North Saxony; his works have been translated into all the principal languages of Europe; but he is yet but little known either in this country or in England, and this little is rather adverse than favorable to his fame. This is not true of any other country. The cultivated classes read his works with avidity, especially his Odes, more than a century ago, in Italy, Spain, Denmark, Sweden, France,* &c. In England, too, he has had his admirers; but his countrymen wished not only to compare him to Milton, but in many instances claimed that his 'Messiah' is superior to 'Paradise Lost.' Here, at the outset, we have the secret of the comparatively little favor with which Klopstock has been received by English readers. We have no intention, however, of seeking to justify the German view of the relative merits of Milton and Klopstock; nay, we confess we prefer 'Paradise Lost' to the 'Messiah,' and think Milton a greater poet than Klopstock. But we hold that the latter too is a great poet, and that he would have been entitled to that character had he written nothing but his Odes; while no unprejudiced critic capable of forming an intelligent opinion on the subject would deny that the 'Messiah,' with all its faults, possesses true epic grandeur.

It is because we think that works of this class ought to be read, and that none can read them without profit, that we have chosen Klopstock as the subject of our present article. If we can remove the smallest portion of the prejudices enter-

* "Who," asks La Harpe, "has bestowed more eulogies on the genius of Klopstock (than the French), on the wit and taste of Wieland, on the Fables of Gellert, and of Lessing?" Speaking of Goethe's Werther, on the next page the same writer observes, "On assure que toutes les productions de cet écrivain ont le plus grand succès dans son pays, et que c'est, après Klopstock, le plus grand génie de l'Allemagne."—*Cours de Littérature*. Par J. T. La Harpe. Tome XIV., pp. 383-4.

tained against him, and induce even half a dozen of intelligent readers to do him justice by a careful perusal, we shall consider our pains fully requited. Nor is it necessary to be acquainted with German in order to read Klopstock. There is at least one English translation—in blank verse—of the ‘Messiah’—that published in London in 1824—which, although by no means perfect, is as satisfactory as translations generally are; and as for the author’s Odes there are scarcely any of them of which there are not several English versions.

The chief complaint against Klopstock is that he is too fond of sacrificing sense to sound; in other words, that when he tries to be sublime he is more likely to be bombastic. In proof of this many passages are extracted from his works, which when considered by themselves seem, and sometimes really are, very different from what would be regarded as sublime in an original English poem; at least more words are used than an English author could venture to use in expressing the same idea. But it is not fair to judge German authors by English rules. Not only are the two languages entirely different, but all the modes of thought of those who speak them. The English are a practical matter-of-fact people, and they express themselves accordingly; the Germans are dreamy and imaginative, and heavy and phlegmatic withal, and their language is marked by the same characteristics. We have no more right to expect that the Germans should express themselves as we do, than we have that the Persians, the Hindoos or any other people should do so. If it takes ten words to make a German understand what would be rendered sufficiently intelligible to an Englishman, an American or a Frenchman by five, it would be a defect on the part of the German not to use the former number; and the same remark will apply to imagery or figurative language. But let us see whether Klopstock is so much at fault as he is represented, even when tried by the same rules which we all profess to regard as those marking the true standard of taste. Thus, for example, there is no expression in all his writings more frequently quoted by his detractors than the beginning of his description of the Creation, which may be rendered thus:

“God moved full of a thousand times a thousand thoughts, holding in his right hand a thousand times a thousand lives.”*—*Messiah*, vi. 505.

This, indeed, may seem pompous rather than sublime, when considered apart from the context; but they are not the best

* “Erging voll tausend mahl tausend Gedanken,
Tausendmal tausend Leben in seiner Rechte versammelt.”

critics who find fault with it on this ground; they are those, on the contrary, who while laying claim to superior taste and judgment show that they are not acquainted with their own recognised models. Need we say that our best critics look to Homer as the true model in Epic poetry, and that they are right in doing so? Yet we find in the *Iliad* many such expressions as that just quoted from Klopstock. Suffice it to mention one: and we select that in the fifth book where the poet tells us that "Brazen Mars roared as much as indeed *nine or ten thousand men* roar in war, joining the strife of battle. And then fear seized both upon the terrified Greeks and the Trojans, so greatly bellowed Mars insatiate of war."* Now it will hardly be denied that this is as bold an hyperbole as that used by Klopstock, and it has received the sanction of the most judicious critics as not at all extravagant, but entirely in keeping with the circumstances that called it forth. Pope reminds those who would find fault that the voice is not human but that of a deity. Then if Homer was justified in speaking of Mars as we have seen on the ground of his being a deity, how much more should we justify Klopstock, since his hyperbole is given as the language of the Creator? Virgil tells us, in some of his most majestic lines, that Polyphemus, a mere mortal, shook the whole island of Sicily, and made the deepest caverns of Ætna roar with his cries. He also makes frequent use of such expressions as *sic ore locuta est* (thus she spoke with her mouth); but no intelligent critic would venture to allege on this account that the Mantuan Bard is so frothy and inflated as to be fit only for the perusal of those who are frothy themselves, and void of taste; for this is what their prejudices, already alluded to, have led those who ought to know better to say of the author of the 'Messiah.'

It would be unjust, however, to allege that this sort of prejudice is confined to English critics; a similar feeling is entertained by Italians on similar grounds; that is, because Klopstock is occasionally compared to Tasso, the author of *Gerusalemme Liberata*. Hence it is that we find Fuseli use such language as the following:

"Who is it that will dare to tell me that that continual bawling out of 'Lord! Lord!' however pious, is poetry? 'Tis images, those images, which you Germans despise and cannot create, that make Homer the father of all poetry. A true, universal lively feeling expressed by a beautiful image finds its way readily into all hearts; but your mere emo-

* — ὁ δ' Ἰβραχε χάλκεος Ἄρης,
ὅσσον τ' ἰννεύχιλοι ἐπιαχον, ἢ δεκάχιλοι
ἄνθρωποι ἐν πόλει, ἔριδα ζυγίζοντες Ἄρης.
τοῖς δ' ἄρ' ἐπὶ τρώας εἶλεν Ἀχαιοὺς τε, Τρῶας τε,
δεισαντας τῶσσον Ἰβραχ' Ἄρης, ἄτος πολέμοιο.

tions, partial, local, and individual too, please only a few persons at certain times, and in certain places; all others they merely confuse.*

But Fuseli does not confine himself to general remarks. He attacks Klopstock both in prose and poetry, especially in those parts of his 'Messiah' which are suggestive of comparisons with certain passages in the 'Gerusalemme' of Tasso. It is in vain he is reminded by much abler critics than himself that if there were not something more than mere words and sound in the poetry of Klopstock, that it would not make the Germans of all classes weep like children. This Fuseli disposes of in the usual style of a special pleader, by insinuating that these good Teutons weep over the 'Messiah' only because they are womanish in that respect:

"The *facultas lacrymatoria*, he says, this beauty-plaster of German poetry, from Klopstock's soaring elevation down to Dusch—these telescoped eyes, unnameable looks, and the whole theological hermaphroditism, are rags more perishable than the paper on which they are printed. Feel, if you will, such things, but feel them for yourself. I imagined that I felt them also when I was a child; but to drum them up publicly before others is sheer impertinence."

This is strong language from such a source; but how frequently do the greatest men despise the noblest efforts of each other. As an instance of this it is sufficient to mention the low estimation in which Homer was held by Plato, who regarded him as a mere imitator,† and that he was honest and conscientious in his estimate none will doubt. Aristotle, on the other hand, although a pupil of Plato, not only admired Homer as a poet, but held him to be a model in philology, in philosophy, in short in all intellectual productions whose object is to afford entertainment and delight. At all events, before we attach too much importance to the criticisms of Fuseli on Klopstock it will be well to bear in mind that he has been almost equally severe on Milton. "I have never met an Englishman yet," he says in his correspondence with Heinrich Merck, "who could honestly say that he had performed the feat of reading even six books of 'Paradise Lost;' true I have gone farther myself, but with extraordinary effort, and I cannot say that I am a half dozen ideas, if an idea at all, the better for my pains in that regard." Probably no other educated man, not to mention a man of genius, in all Italy, or indeed anywhere else, would deliberately place on record such estimates of two such men as Milton and Klopstock. Most other Italian writers—nay, indeed, all with whose views on the subject we are acquainted—speak in very different terms of the

* *Briefe an Johann Heinrich Merck*, 1835, p. 58.

† See the *Republic* of Plato. Book X., c. iii. iv.

two poets; although we do not know any who do not rank Tasso far above either, while they are almost unanimous in assigning a still higher rank to Dante—namely, a rank second only to that of Virgil. But no other people dislike German literature more than the French; this has been always the case; yet Klopstock has always been popular in France. Even in the time of the Revolution three different translations of his principal works were made into French. This fact would show by itself that he was extensively read by a people than whom none have a greater horror of what is forced, or bombastic. But Coleridge tells us in his *Biographia Literaria* that the French Republic made him a present no less valuable or less expressive of admiration and esteem than a golden crown. But we have, on the same authority, what does still more honor to the author of the 'Messiah': "But" says Coleridge, "when French liberty metamorphosed herself into a fury, he sent back these presents with a *Palinodia*, declaring his abhorrence of their proceedings; and since then has been, perhaps, more than enough anti-Gallican—I mean, that in his just contempt and detestation of the crimes and follies of the Revolutionists, he suffers himself to forget, that the Revolution itself is a process of Divine Providence; and that as the folly of men is the wisdom of God, so are their iniquities instruments of his goodness."

But let us see what was Klopstock before he had been so widely known at home and abroad as to be deemed worthy of so much criticism, both adverse and favorable. It is but justice to our author to bear in mind that when he first wrote, the character of German literature was very low, if indeed it could be said to have a character at all; for he was the first to attract attention to it. Even Wieland was nine years his junior; he was in his twentieth year when Goethe was born; and he was more than thirty years the senior of Schiller. So far as is known he was of humble birth. His father had eleven children, of whom he was the eldest. If this family had all the necessities of life—a fact which seems very questionable—they had little if any of its luxuries. This, however, did not prevent young Klopstock from being sent to college in his sixteenth year. We are not informed as to what proficiency he had previously made; but he was not long in college "under an able tutor" before he became familiar with the Greek, Latin, French, and Danish languages.

Nor did he occupy his time at college solely in reading and study. In his eighteenth year he admired Virgil so much that because he wrote pastorals before he attempted his greater work, he resolved to do the same. He had scarcely been a year

in college when he determined to write an epic; but he had considerable trouble in deciding on what he thought a suitable subject. First, he sought for a hero in German history. At one time he was just ready to commence with the Emperor Henry I., surnamed the Fowler, as his hero; but under the advice of his tutor, Prof. Freytag, who was a pious man, he turned his attention to theology. Not however until he had made himself perfectly familiar with the Greek and Latin. In 1745 he went to the University of Jena, then one of the most famous institutions in Europe. He only remained one year at Jena; but although he made considerable progress in his studies he found sufficient time during his stay to write three cantos of the 'Messiah.' Early in 1746 he removed to Leipsic, where he soon presented the editor of a periodical called 'Bremen Contributions,' some odes he had written two years previously. The odes were immediately published, and as promptly they attracted so much attention that the author became famous in the course of one month. The warm encouragement which he thus received naturally emboldened him to publish all he had ready of the 'Messiah;' and accordingly ten cantos of the work were soon before the public, and they were read by the cultivated classes from one end of Germany to the other. All agreed that whatever faults the work had, it was imbued with the true classic spirit. Bodmer, who published a periodical at Zurich, in Switzerland, was so delighted with all he had seen of the 'Messiah' that he immediately invited the author to his place. Klopstock accepted the invitation in 1750. Bodmer made him such offers to induce him to become a contributor and assistant, as his limited circumstances would permit; these too he accepted and immediately set to work, intending, as he tells us himself, to spend his life with the good and congenial Bodmer. But he had been in his new position only a few months when his writings attracted the attention of Baron Bernstorff, the Danish minister, who procured him an invitation from the King, his master, with assurances of such a pension as would render him independent. This he felt to be a flattering offer; yet he was quite willing to remain with Bodmer at a salary which was scarcely sufficient to procure him the necessaries of life; but his friend was too generous to permit him to remain. Nor did Bodmer forget the noble self-denial thus evinced by the young poet, but continued to do all in his power forever after to do justice to the genius of his friend. Even the enthusiastic Gleim, known as Klopstock's Boswell, scarcely took more pains to collect every fact calculated to shed any light on the intellectual characteristics of the author of the

'Messiah' than did the faithful, generous Bodmer. Thus, it is the latter who tells us that "When Klopstock approached to manhood, the pathetic passages took the same strong hold on his heart, as the glittering and magnificent images had before taken on his fancy. A promise that fallen man should find mercy drew tears from his eyes; a trace of the immortality of the soul threw him into a transport of gratitude. Religion did not remain a mere speculation of the brain; it was a clear view of the greatness and glory of the Messiah; it was the pure feeling of love and grateful adoration. From this turn of mind sprung a style of writing full of poetry, before he had ever seen a verse, or knew anything of prosody. He was a poet, while neither he nor his father suspected it. I have seen a letter which he wrote before he had attained his seventeenth year, to a youth of his own age, who seems to have been his only intimate acquaintance; it contained the following expressions: 'My friend! Image of my mind! whom an invisible Son of Heaven raises up with me to higher hopes than those of the human herd; dost thou look on the tender youth of our friendship with that cheerful eye, which makes the innocence of youthful days clondless, like the days of eternity? What dost thou feel in the expressions wherewith thy noble heart consecrates to thy friend more than merely a verbal friendship? Let us so ennoble it by the rectitude of our minds, that He who pours down his blessings from heaven, may look down with pleasure on it.'"

Not only was the poet's reception at Copenhagen all he could have expected; but the friendship and esteem evinced towards him by the King increased from year to year until he became an old man. Wishing to return to Hamburgh in 1771, he was appointed Danish legate to that city; and soon after he was appointed counsellor to the margrave of Baden, a position which secured him another pension. The two princes who thus favored Klopstock with their friendship and patronage were indeed not the wealthiest, or most illustrious; but they had no superiors in their day as men of culture and taste; for be it remembered that the Duke of Saxe Weimer, the friend and patron of Goethe, Schiller and Wieland, had not yet begun to distinguish himself as the Macænas which he subsequently became.

Before making any further observations on the estimation in which Klopstock was held as a poet at home and abroad, it will be well to consider what was the basis of this estimation. We have already seen that eminent critics have spoken of his writings in the most contemptuous language, but we have yet given no specimens of those writings from which

the unprejudiced reader could judge for himself. All we can give within the limits of one paper is not much; and even this little is not such as we should select under more favorable circumstances. When brevity is essential, as in the present case, such extracts must be chosen as can be most easily separated from the context, or pieces that are short in themselves; and it is but rarely if ever that these do justice to the genius of Klopstock. But before we meddle at all with his Odes it will be necessary to say a word or two of his love for the female sex, for we find its influence pervading his whole writings, especially his Odes. His best effusions are undoubtedly those inspired by the ladies, although strangely enough they gave him no love in return, save in one instance—that of Miss Möller, the lady he married; and even her affection for him is believed to have been little if anything warmer than friendship. Miss Schmidt, the sister of his fellow-student, was his first love. He was introduced to her in 1748 by her brother; and soon after he wrote to his friend Bodmer, whom he always made the depository of his most secret as well as most sacred thoughts. "My soul," he says, "was struck by powerful love; love which is but faintly traced in my Odes, for it was impossible to express it." He gives his reasons in a subsequent letter for having permitted himself to be thus smitten. "She has a certain character of beauty," he writes, "that distinguishes her from all others; I cannot otherwise describe it to you at present than by saying that it exactly corresponds with what I have said of her in my songs. Perhaps Laura, who so thirsted for immortality, was like her.* Radicher belonged to this order of beauty, but she was not like her." It need hardly be said that when speaking of Miss Schmidt in these high terms he had little doubt that she reciprocated his passion; but there is no evidence that she ever had any real affection for him. For a time she felt flattered, not so

* The following description from his Ode on Petrarch and Laura was intended for Miss Schmidt:—

‘Youthfully fair was she,—unlike the troop
Of light and rosy maids
Who thoughtless bloom, in the transiency
Of nature, made in sport;
Of feeling void, of mind, the omnipotent
Triumphing look divine.
Youthfully fair was she,—her gestures all
Spake her heart's heavenly frame—
Oh! worthiest of immortality
She steps in triumph forth,
Fair as a festal day, serene as air,
Simple as Nature's self.’

much by his personal attentions and frequent visits as by the poetical effusions which she inspired, and the beauty and tenderness of which were admired by all. For the rest it would appear that she regarded his love as too Platonic; indeed there is reason to believe that this was the opinion of her whole family, including her brother, who knew the poet best, and who used to call his overtures to his sister "spiritual gallantry." There was once a considerable coolness between the former fellow-students on account of some hints of this kind. They offended Klopstock, although he was afterwards convinced that the brother was right—that he knew Fanny wanted a man for her husband, rather than an angel, and that because he wished her to marry him he had suggested that his love might partake less of heaven and more of earth. Whether this does Miss Schmidt justice or not, may be questioned; at all events, none will deny when sufficiently acquainted with Klopstock's Odes, that her brother had some foundation for the charge of "spiritual gallantry." Thus, for example, even in his Ode to God, written in 1748, he says quite as much of Fanny as he does of the Almighty to whom the poem is addressed. The following passage, brief as it is, will give an idea of the spirit in which it is written:

"Thou Jehova
Art named, but I am dust of dust!
Dust, yet eternal! for the immortal soul
Thou gav'st me, gav'st thou for eternity,
Breath'dst into her, to form thy image,
Sublime desires for peace and bliss—
A thronging host! But one more beautiful
Than all the rest, is as the queen of all—
Of thee the last divinest image,
The fairest, most attractive, . . . Love!
Thou feel'st it, though as the Eternal One;
It sees rejoicing the high angels whom
Thou mad'st celestial, . . . thy last image,
The fairest and divinest,—Love!
Deep within Adam's heart thou plantest it;
In his idea of perfection made,
For him create, to him thou broughtest
The mother of the human race.
Deep also in my heart thou plantest it!
In my idea of perfection made,
For me create, *from me* thou leadest
Her whom my heart entirely loves.
Tow'rd's her my soul is all outshed, . . . in tears—
My full soul weeps to stream itself away,
Wholly in tears . . . *from me* thou leadest
Her whom I love, oh God! *from me*,
—For so thy destiny, invisibly,
Ever in darkness, works—far, far away,
From my fond arms in vain extended—
But not away from my sad heart!

It matters little what the subject is upon which Klopstock writes an ode; he is sure to devote at least a part of it to the glorification of woman. In proof of this we could quote any one of a dozen of his happiest effusions; but we must content ourselves with a brief extract or two taken from his ode entitled "The Lake of Zurich," written in 1750:

"Fair, Mother Nature, is the cunning pomp
Bestrown o'er earth by thee;—more fair the face
That, radiant with the thought
Of thy creation smiles!
Come, from the glittering lake's grape-clustered banks,
Or hast thou soared again to heaven, oh, come!
In the roseate ray that tints
The evening zephyr's wing,
And teach my song to be like youth serene,
Sweet joy! as thou—like the exulting life
That leaps in youth, and yet
Like feeling Fanny soft.
Already far behind us Uto lay,
At whose foot Zurich in the peaceful vale
Bears freemen—many hills
Vine-covered had fled by.
Now the far Alp its silver brow unveiled,
And the youth's heart-pulse beat more tenderly,
And his companion fair
More eloquently wooed,
Then Hirzel's Daphne, worthy she the song,
Sang 'Haller's Doris'—Hirzel loved by Kleist,
And Gleim—and we youths sang,
And felt, like Hagedorn.

* * * * *

Lovely the Wine that woos the feelings well
To softer bliss, to interchange of thought,
In the Socratic cup,
Wreathed with the dewy rose;
That penetrates the heart, and wakes resolves
The drunkard knows not, while exciting thought,
And teaches scorn of all
Unworthy of the wise!
Fame's silver voice with strong attraction charms
The thrilling heart—and immortality
Is a great thought, and worth
The sweat of noble souls.
To be to the fourth generation of
Our children, with the tone of ecstacy,
Oft mentioned by the name,
Oft from the grave invoked;
Their gentle hearts to form, and thee, oh, Love?
And thee, oh, holy Virtue! there diffuse;
By heaven! it is worth
The sweat of noble souls!
But sweeter, lovelier, more attractive still,
Oh, fame! on a friend's arm to prove a friend!
And thus enjoy the life
That might eternal be!"

The greatest compliment he can pay even to Nature, is to compare her to "feeling Fanny." In writing to her brother in reference to the excursion on the Lake of Zurich, on which this ode is founded, the poet observes: "Hirzel's wife, a young woman with speaking blue eyes, who sings Haller's 'Doris' with incomparable pathos, was the queen of the party; and I, of course, as occupying the post of honor, was expected to be her loyal knight. Unfortunately for the credit of my fidelity, there was in our party a Miss Schinz (the sister of a very agreeable young man, who was also present), a black-eyed girl, who was the youngest and the prettiest of the group: at the first glance my heart beat with emotion, for I saw in her the exact counterpart of *the girl who, in her thirteenth year, had pledged herself to be mine.*" Fanny is the one who had pledged herself to be his, but she might as well have pledged herself to the contrary. It was in vain that the poet offered to abandon the Muses and turn his attention to commercial affairs, in order to secure her confidence and good will. He speaks of this afterwards himself as "a proposal to which no other motive could have induced him to listen for a single moment." Subsequently, when he obtained a pension of four hundred dollars, he applied to the lady once more, telling her that this would be permanent, and that, in addition to what he would realize besides from his writings, it would be sufficient to secure them a comfortable livelihood. She made no reply for more than six weeks; and finally, when she did write, it was only in a cold, formal style. In the meantime Gleim received a letter from the lady's brother, which contained the following significant remark: "Klopstock's odes are incomparable—nothing surprises me so much, as that a man susceptible of love, and so capable of describing those delicious transports which produce in his soul *a sort of permanent delirium, hath hitherto failed to excite any correspondent emotions.*" Gleim was too faithful to conceal this from his friend, whose eyes were at last opened. The consciousness that one whom he had so long and tenderly loved, cared nothing for him in return, plunged him into a deep melancholy. For weeks he did not leave his room; but instead of evincing the least sympathy for him in his grief, "feeling Fanny" chose that very time to get married to a merchant at Eisenach. As if this was not sufficiently painful to Klopstock, the lady's brother writes to Gleim soon after, to say that her husband "had not only sense and good humor, but a handsome person, and was consequently in possession of every requisite to make a reasonable, discreet woman happy." No wonder that subsequently, when Goethe was reproached

for trifling with the feelings of those tender hearts whose affections he gained, he used to say that he would never be a Klopstock in that respect. "If I find," he once said to Herder, "that a pretty woman, possessed of youth and culture, has an affection for me, I do all I can to reciprocate that feeling; but I would not leave it in the power of the finest lady in Europe to boast to her husband, or to anybody else, that she had jilted me for seven years." Nor is this the only instance in which Goethe was influenced in his conduct by Klopstock: we see the same influence pervading *Werther*, nor is it ignored even in *Faust*, as every intelligent reader acquainted with both poets is well aware. Thus, "We moved to the window," says Werther; "it thundered sideways, the glorious rain came down in a refreshing pour, and a reviving fragrance came floating up in all the fulness of a warm air. She stood leaning on her elbow; her glance darted through the landscape; she looked to heaven and to me. I saw her eyes full of tears; she laid her hand on mine and said—KLOPSTOCK. I recollected the glorious ode which was in her thoughts, and sank in the stream of emotion which she with this watchword had caused to gush over me. I could restrain myself no longer; but bending towards her hand I kissed it amid a flood of the most ecstatic tears and looked up again to her eyes. Noble bard! would that in this moment thou hadst seen thy own apotheosis! And me! oh, never after this may I hear thy so often desecrated name coupled with what is common or profane." Be it remembered that this is the language which Goethe, the most fastidious of critics, puts into the mouth of Werther, and that the person addressed is Charlotte, the young, sensitive, and beautiful wife of another man, whose happiness the poet destroyed. It is important to bear in mind, also, that both Charlotte and her husband were passionately fond of Klopstock; a fondness in which Goethe sympathised to a considerable extent.

But fortunately, even in Klopstock's time, all women were not like Fanny Schmidt. Just when he needed sympathy most he met with one who was entirely worthy of him; her whom Cramer calls, with much truth, "Klopstock in feminine beauty." There is considerable romance in the manner in which they became acquainted. One night Miss Margaret Möller, a highly intellectual, interesting young maiden, of Hamburg, read nine cantos of the 'Messiah' of Klopstock, and was delighted with its sublime beauties. Next morning she made diligent inquiries for the author. Learning who he was, her first wish was to see one who had afforded her so much pleasure. Hearing that he was soon to pass through Hamburg, she wrote to a distant friend requesting an intro-

duction. That this was no difficult matter, we have evidence even in Klopstock's writings. "I often thought," he says in one of his letters to Bodmer, "that the sweetest moment of a poet's triumph is to find himself the object of an amiable female audience, by whom he is at once admired and caressed. It has sometimes fallen to my lot to read the passage of Lazarus and Cidli to a circle of youthful maids who admitted no other intruder, and sweetly repaid me with their artless tears; in such moments how happy I have been." It is easy to believe, then, that he was much pleased on being told that a brilliant, pretty girl of Hamburgh was very anxious to see him, and that his pleasure was much enhanced on being shown letters in which the lady had criticised several of his poems, admiring those passages which he himself regarded as his happiest efforts. Who, indeed, would not be delighted at such news? But nothing he had heard or seen gave him any adequate idea of the reality; for he writes to his friend Gleim, after having passed four days with her, that he "found her so lovely, so amiable, so full of attractions that he could scarcely forbear at times calling her by that name which until lately was to him the dearest in existence." He admits, too, that so wonderful was the ascendancy she gained over him, that when he found her alone he could not help relating to her the sad story of his love. She wept tears of genuine sympathy; and we may believe she was perfectly sincere when she told him it made her blush to think that one of her sex, having any pretensions to culture and decency, could be capable of such heartless conduct towards a man like Klopstock. There is no doubt that they mutually loved each other before they parted. They did not see each other again for eight months, but they maintained a constant correspondence; and there are few letters more charming than those of "Meta," as Klopstock fondly called his new beloved. Many are given in Richardson's "Correspondence;" and none capable of appreciating their merit can read them without feeling that they do honor both to the writer and to the poet to whom they are addressed. They had to wait two years more, however. The lady's mother was unwilling that she should marry a stranger; and however warm was her affection for Klopstock, it could not make her swerve from her obedience to her only surviving parent, although the will of her father, which secured her a handsome fortune, left her entirely independent in this respect. In time the old lady became so much attached to Klopstock that she preferred him to all others as a son-in-law. There was then no obstacle, and the charming Meta became the happiest wife in the world; though certainly not happier than Klopstock was a husband.

But the happiness of both was of but short duration; for they were married only four years when Meta died without having left any issue. This was a severe blow to the poet—one from which he never entirely recovered. For nearly a year he was able to write nothing. The first work he undertook was to edit her posthumous works, which consisted chiefly of their correspondence with each other, together with an imaginary correspondence from the "Dead to the Living," written by her to please Klopstock, because he was an admirer of the similar letters of Mrs. Rowe. The whole have been published in three volumes; two volumes have been translated into English, and we know no Correspondence that presents human nature in a more agreeable light.

That these painful circumstances should exercise a powerful influence on the mind of the poet is no more than might be expected; we do not grudge the space we have occupied in relating them, because they explain many a passage in the author's writings which would otherwise seem strange, if not inexplicable. Critics like Fuseli, who have only the patience to read a passage here and there, without taking any trouble to inquire about the circumstances that led to them, may tell us sneeringly that Klopstock was at times insane, if, indeed, he was not always so, and that his poetry is only such extravagance as we should expect from one in such a condition. At the same time it would be a great mistake to suppose that Klopstock was a person of a morose disposition, who loved to contemplate the dark side of the picture. In general, he was the reverse of this. If he is sometimes unduly sentimental in his writings, it was only because such was the taste of the age, especially in Germany. In private life he was as active and lively and as fond of rational pleasure as the least imaginative or most mercurial of his neighbors. Gleim tells us that, "as a man he was vigorous and well braced, an excellent horseman, and the best skater in Hamburgh." Of his dexterity in skating and the delight which he took in that exhilarating exercise, we have sufficient evidence in his beautiful ode on the subject.*

* The poem alluded to has been admired in every northern climate, especially by the ladies; we therefore copy it here for the gratification of our fair readers, reminding them, however, that this blank verse translation does no justice to the spirit and vigor of the original:

"THE ICE COURSE.

Too oft is in eternal night
The great name of inventors tombed,
What they, inquisitive,
Discovered, we enjoy;
But them doth honor guerdon too?

Who named to thee the daring man,
Who first on mast uplifted sail?
" Ah! passed not away
E'en the renown of him,
Who for the very feet found wings?

But had we no information of this point further than the excellent health which the poet enjoyed until he reached the advanced age of seventy-eight years, it would be sufficient to show that he enjoyed life as well as most people; for it is but rarely, if ever, that a morose, fretful man attains so mature an age as that of Klopstock, and the esteem and regard in which he was held by all who knew him would afford still more conclusive evidence of his being cheerful and conciliatory rather than peevish and repulsive. This reminds us of the honor paid to his remains, of which we may as well speak here as further on; especially as it proves more in favor of his genius than any amount of such adverse criticism as we have alluded to could prove against it. Goethe, Schiller, Newton, Laplace, and a few others, have had high honors bestowed on their remains; but none of them, nor any sovereign of ancient or modern times, was more honorably distinguished in this way than the author of the 'Messiah.' He died at Hamburg on the 14th of March, 1803, in the same street—some say in the same house—where his beloved Meta was born and brought up. The account which we find in Bodmer's 'Recollections,' and which was written eight days after his death, contains so much that is characteristic and interesting, altogether independently of the respect shown to the poet's memory, that, although it is rather long for our limited space, we cannot permit ourselves to mutilate so precious a document, if only because it may serve as an example, which ought occasionally to be imitated, at least to some extent, even in republics:

And shall he not immortal be,
Who found for us both health and joys,
Which ne'er the horse bestowed,
Courageous in the course,
Which e'en the dance possesses not?

And shall my name immortal be?
I to the slipping steel invent
Its cunning dance. Along
It flies with lighter swing
In circles fairer to behold.

Thou knowest each alluring sound
Of music; therefore to the dance
Give melody. Both moon
And forest hear the sound,
When hasty flight its horn commands.

Oh, Youth! who know'st to animate
The water-cothurn, and more swift
Dancest. Leave to the town
Its chimney. Come with me
Where beckons thee the crystal's plain.

How it in vapors shrouds its light!
How softly winter's coming day
Illumes the lake! Like stars,
The shining Rime o'erstrewn
The night above the crystal's plain.

How still about us the white field!
How sounds by the young frost the path!
Far thy euthurnus' sound
Betraya thee unto me,
When, fleet one, from the sight thou
hast'st!

Have we not for the feast enough
Of bread? of joyful wine? The air
Of winter for the meal
Sharpens the appetite,
Wings on the feet still more—still more.

Turn thee unto thee. I will
Me to the right half-circling turn.
Take thou the swing as thou
May'st see me take it. So!
And now fly swiftly past me—fly!

"At ten o'clock the procession began amid the full chime of the six principal church-bells of Hamburg. A long train of carriages, containing the foreign ambassadors of Belgium, Denmark, England, and France, Austria, Prussia, and Russia, the citizens of Hamburg, the senators, the *literati*, the merchants, the clergy, the teachers, and the artists, followed the body. This was laid on an open hearse drawn by four horses; the coffin was quite plain, and covered with black cloth; on its lid lay a book made of white metal (*weiss metall*), besides a wreath of intertwined palm and oak branches. Klopstock's wife had caused the following verse to be inscribed on the book. It is the same verse that he had selected from his own psalms to engrave on the coffin of his beloved Meta:

'Nah war meines Helfir's Rechte,
Sah sie gleich mein Auge nicht;
Weiterhin in Thal der Nächte
War mein Retter und sein Licht.'

Half way to the grave, the slow-moving train halted before the Hamburger Berg, then covered with spectators, being the boundary between the Hamburg and the Danish territory. At the gate of Altona the corpse was received by a deputation of official persons belonging to the Danish government, and the corporation of Altona, by a number of men of learning, officers, foreign generals, and citizens. The Hamburg guard of honor, which had hitherto accompanied the hearse, was now exchanged for a Danish one. Immediately before the hearse went eight men with marshals' batons covered with crape, and in the middle of these went three virgins in white vesture and veil, their heads wreathed with oak-leaves and roses. They carried also, as an offering to the dead, wreathes of roses and myrtle, and baskets with the earliest buds and blossoms of the spring. This idea was very happily devised by the Altonese, and quite according to the heart of Klopstock. How passionately did he love youth and beauty! how passionately the early blooms of spring, the fair types of a resurrection to a nobler existence? With bare head, four chief-mourners accompanied the hearse, holding each a craped ribbon that descended from each corner of the coffin. Thus the procession went forward through the main street of Altona; while from the military guard on parade, a hollow music of muffled horns resounded. In the church-yard, at Ottensen, a similar music received the procession beneath the lime-tree of the bard. Here the bier with the attendants stopped; the main body of the procession proceeded into the church, and ranged themselves in front of the altar, at one o'clock. The coffin was

Thus we the serpentine career
Upon the long shore soaring go—
Be not too artful. That
Position I love not,
Nor Preiser would it imitate.

Whereto art listening from the shore?
Unskilful skaters yonder sound—
Over the ice not yet
The hoof and load have passed,
Nor yet the nets gone under it.

At other times thy ear marks all—
Hear how the death-tone plains upon
The flood. How sounds it now

Thus differently!—how
Sounds it, when miles down gapes the
frost!

Backward! Let not the glittering path
Seduce thee, from the shore to go—
For where it hides you deep,
Haply, the waters stream,
Haply, the fountains bubble up.

Death streams out from the wave un-
heard!
Death rushes from the secret fount!
Though lightly, as this leap,
Thou glidest thither—ah!
Youth, thou mayest sink and perish yet!"

then borne slowly into the church, supported by the officers of the Ham-
burgh municipality, and surrounded by the chief mourners and mourning
virgins; it was met by the softening and gradually-swelling harmonies of
a hymn sung by the choir from the gallery of the inner part of the church.
The music was composed by Schwenk, to the words of the Holy Singer's
psalm: the *Vater Unser*:

'Round the earths circle the moons,
Earths around the suns;
And the hosts of the suns revolve
Round a greatest sun:
"Our Father who art in Heaven."

"More than a hundred musicians and singing-girls, clad in white, from
families in Hamburgh, united under Schwenk's leading, to sing this psalm,
strophe after strophe, as the coffin was being set down before the altar,
and three virgins were hanging their wreaths on it. A copy of the
poet's masterpiece, the 'Messiah,' was carried before and laid on the lid of
the coffin. A young boy covered the opened book with plaited twigs of
laurel. After the psalms the chorus sang Klopstock's own funeral hymn,
beginning,

'Wie wird mir dann, O dann mir seyr,
Wermich nich gardest Herrn su freun,
In Ihm entschlafen werde.'

"Choruses from 'Holy, Holy?' set to music by Romberg, and from
Mozart's Requiem followed the funeral address. It was Klopstock's own
words that were read over his bier. Who at such a moment would have
ventured to speak with other words than those of the sublime poet him-
self? who could presume to stand upon such an occasion and eulogise the
singer of the 'Messiah,' the bard of Hermann, our great deliverer from the
yoke of Augustus, the creator of our language, which he first forced from
the fetters of pendency and minute anxiety? The passage was read
from the 12th book of the 'Messiah,' containing an account of the death
of Mary the sister of Lazarus; that sublime description of the death of
a righteous man; of Klopstock's death; those thoughts of religion, and
high anticipations of immortality, which were peculiarly his thoughts, in
death as in life, and which filled his soul with a higher peace than earth
can bestow. Then the chorus of young women sang the resurrection song
(also by Klopstock), and the strain was echoed from the grave without.

'Arise shalt thou, shalt soon arise,
My dust that lowly slumbering lies!
Immortal life shall He,
Thy great Creator give to thee!
Hallelujah!

"While the resurrection hymn was singing, the coffin was borne away
and carried beneath the lime-tree to the grave; the attendants followed.
Covered with the blooming firstlings of the spring and with branches of
laurel, it was then let down into the clay?"

Thus, there was nothing known to be dear to the poet in
life which was not remembered and honored in his obsequies.
His affection for womankind, especially for the young and
beautiful of the sex, was most appropriately represented by
the "three virgins in white vesture and veils, their heads
wreathed with oak leaves and roses," while many of the first

families of Hamburgh sent their daughters, clad in white, to perform the part of singing girls as his coffin was being lowered into the grave. In a similar spirit did Science, Learning, Genius and Power, representing different countries, award their devotion to the author of the 'Messiah.' The same work is still read in every language in Europe that possesses a literature; it has been translated even into Greek and Latin, and yet the class of critics which we have alluded to more than once, deny that the author had any poetical genius—that he was anything better than a bombastic versifier.

If we could only give a series of extracts from the 'Messiah' itself, no further evidence would be required to establish his claim, to the satisfaction of our readers, to the character of a true poet. But had we attempted this we could have done nothing else; and we thought it better to give an outline of his general characteristics, both as a lyric and epic poet, in the present article, and then to enter into particulars on a future occasion, after those hitherto unacquainted with the author shall have had time to ask themselves whether it is not worth while to see what is to be learned, or what amount of pleasure is to be derived from the pages of Klopstock.

But even in a cursory sketch it is necessary to give some idea of the construction of our author's masterpiece. Before we attempt to do so, however, let us make an observation or two in reply to those who sneer at Klopstock as a fanatic, because he has selected a theological dogma for his subject. If this charge has any force as applied to the author of the *Messiah*, is it not equally applicable to the authors of the *Divina Commedia*, *Gerusalemme Liberata* and 'Paradise Lost.' Are we therefore to condemn Dante, Tasso and Milton as mere fanatics? Nay, take away the supernatural machinery from the *Iliad* and the *Æneid*—abstract from them their gods and goddesses—and what will be left? Indeed it is sufficient to ask, was Homer a fanatic because he has made his Olympian deities perform so many prodigies, which the most credulous of his contemporaries could hardly have accepted as real occurrences?

Those who attempt to criticise an epic poem, or what purports to be an epic, should bear in mind that such a poem may be founded on any great event in which the masses have at any time had faith. Is not this true of the coming of the Messiah? Has not that event been accepted by the most learned and gifted men as well as by the masses? Then were it held to-day to be erroneous, it would still be a proper theme for an epic as illustrating views and opinions formerly held; thus it is that we do not admire the sublime poetry of

Homer anything the less because we have no faith in the system of mythology which is interwoven with it throughout. But if it would be proper to found an epic on a system, which although once believed by a large portion of the human race, is now exploded, it must be admitted that it is more proper to found one on a system which, besides having an antiquity of more than eighteen centuries to render it venerable, is still the cherished faith of the most enlightened nations in the world. Away, then, with all sneers on this ground against Klopstock; for the question is not whether he is right or wrong in his theological views—whether the Messiah came and did all he is represented to have done, or whether he is yet to come; but whether the poet has made proper use of the materials afforded him by Scripture, tradition and the popular belief.

Those who have never read the 'Messiah' are discouraged from making the attempt because they are told that its twenty cantos of hexameters, some of them containing fifteen hundred lines, all relate to occurrences plainly described by the evangelists, namely, the Passion, the Crucifixion and the Ascension. But let us remember that what Homer undertakes to illustrate is the wrath of Achilles, son of Peleus—*μήνιν Ἀχιλλεύος Πηλεΐάδεω*. If this will not be satisfactory let us remember that the whole structure of Milton's 'Paradise Lost,' with all its grandeur and magnificence, is founded on a part of the third chapter of Genesis. The fall of the angels, which forms the leading idea or chief basis of that great epic, is merely alluded to in the Bible; indeed there are eminent biblical critics who deny that any such fact is really alluded to at all from Genesis to Revelation. Be this as it may, it has been received by myriads as an article of faith, and this fully justifies Milton in the use he has made of it. If it be objected that Milton took his subject from the Old Testament while Klopstock took his from the New, we will then refer to 'Paradise Regained,' which has attracted comparatively little attention only because its grandeur is eclipsed by the prior and more elaborate work. And what is 'Paradise Regained' founded upon? Simply on the following words of the evangelist: "Again the devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them." Now were we to judge 'Paradise Regained' by the argument urged against the 'Messiah,' what should we think of it? Should we not say that since it is all about the temptation of Christ there can be nothing in it but what we can find ourselves in the Testament? But if we open the poem and turn to the descriptions of Greece, Parthia, Rome, &c., in the third and fourth books,

without reading a page more we shall be lost in wonder and admiration at the structure which a sublime genius, aided by a vast erudition, could raise on a very slight foundation. Why then should we not at least try how much of the same creative power can be claimed for Klopstock?

To give an analysis of a poem of twenty long cantos in the amount of space now left us is a feat which we have not the temerity to attempt; it must suffice to state the argument of each book in brief, general terms. We do this, not to give any idea of the merits of the poem, for it would not answer any such purpose, but simply to indicate the topics treated, so that the intelligent reader may be able to form an opinion as to the use which a mind like Klopstock's would be likely to make of them.

In the first book Christ is presented in the garden of Gethsemane. Gabriel and Eloah are by his side; now ministering to him; now preparing for the celebration of the great second Sabbath which is to mark the completion of human salvation. That this scene is suggestive of sublime thoughts to a man of genius need hardly be observed; and it has certainly suggested such to Klopstock. In the second book we are presented with the devils in council. It bears a resemblance in this respect, but in this only, to the second book of 'Paradise Lost,' although it is a well-attested fact that Klopstock had never read a line of the great English epic until after he had published the three first cantos of the 'Messiah.' The two leading rulers of this diabolical council are Satan and Andremelech, who are constantly at war with each other, the latter doing all in his power to supplant the former as sovereign of hell. But a more interesting personage than either is Abaddona, who was once as bad as the archfiend himself, but who is now so much subdued that he would withdraw from his diabolical company and try to adapt himself to better if permitted to do so.*

The Passion is continued in the third canto. Eloah descends from heaven to take a record of the tears of the Redeemer. The ancient fathers who dwelt in the sun send an angel to inquire concerning the sufferings of the Messiah; while the twelve Apostles are asleep their guardian angels describe their respective characters to the angel-messenger. As they are doing so the devil enters the mind of Judas while he is

* Gleim tells us that this character caused a great deal of trouble to the author. As an illustration of the fact, he mentions among other things of a similar kind that a pious Lutheran minister came a distance of eighty miles to implore the poet "not to think of finally saving the fallen angel Abaddona."—*Ergänzungen*, iii. 207.

yet asleep; and the Messiah awakes and announces his speedy departure. In the fourth book the fallen Judas is represented bargaining with the Pharisees for the betrayal of Christ, while Caiaphas and the high priests are in earnest deliberation. In the fifth book Jehovah himself descends from heaven to pass judgment on the Messiah for the sins of men; after remaining three hours, during which the Messiah undergoes the vicarious punishment, the Almighty ascends again into heaven. The poet is perhaps bolder in this canto than anywhere else. There are some passages in it which are open to serious objection on theological grounds, and they have been severely censured accordingly; but upon the whole, the incidents, abnormal and extravagant as they must be admitted to be, are skilfully managed; although many of the speeches of Klopstock are much more sublime, more chaste and more appropriate than that which he puts into the mouth of Jehovah.

The sixth canto is occupied almost exclusively with the betrayal of Christ and his condemnation before Caiaphas, but it contains as fine passages as there are in the whole poem. Canto the seventh represents Christ as brought about from Pilate to Herod, and then delivered over to the Pharisees so that they might assign him whatever fate they thought proper. The eighth canto will compare favorably with the best book of 'Paradise Lost' if due allowance is made for the difference between the German and English styles of writing. First, it describes the Crucifixion; then the congregation of spirits from all parts of the universe come to witness the awful event. The souls of the fathers, including Adam and Eve, descend from the sun. The planet on which the souls of men dwell before their birth on earth is brought near the sun; and an eclipse, a storm and an earthquake ensue. Meantime the angel of death hovers around the cross; Satan and Adramelech attempt to approach it for the purpose of carrying off the body, but they are hurled in confusion into the Dead Sea. It must be admitted that there are materials enough in this one canto for a whole poem; and although Milton, Dante or Tasso might have made more skilful use of them, no unprejudiced reader capable of forming an intelligent opinion on the subject will deny that had Klopstock written nothing else but the eighth canto of his 'Messiah,' he would be entitled to high merit as a poet. It would certainly prove that, like Milton, he addressed himself to a work not obtained by the invocation of Dame Memory and her siren daughters, but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit, who can furnish with all utterance and knowledge and send out His seraphim with the

hallowed fire of His altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom He pleases.'

The ninth canto contemplates Christ still suffering on the cross, and describes the conduct of Peter, Andrew, John and the Virgin Mary during the crucifixion. But the most interesting part is that in which Abraham, Isaac and Moses discourse on the mystery of the redemption. A cherub brings the souls of pious pagans to Golgotha and explains to them what has been accomplished for the salvation of man. Abaddon comes to contemplate the sufferings of Christ on the cross, and just as he approaches there is an earthquake. Obaddon, the angel of death, brings the soul of Iscariot to the cross in order that he may be able to realize the treachery of which he has been guilty; then shows him the glories of heaven, and while he is yearning for that happy abode, drags him down to hell. In the tenth canto the sufferings of Christ on the cross are brought to an end. The multitude of attendant spirits are blessed by the Saviour, especially those who are destined to take part in the propagation of the Christian religion. The death song of the Messiah is sung by Miriam and Deborah; and Adam and Eve descend to the grave of Christ to thank God for the redemption of mankind. The approach of the angel of death is announced by Eloah from the pinnacle of the temple; he arrives accordingly as the Messiah dies.

In the eleventh canto we have a description of the resurrection of Adam, Eve, Enos, Lot, Noah, Abraham, Isaac, Isaiah, Daniel, Simon, Gabriel, John the Baptist, &c. The twelfth canto describes the death of Mary, the sister of Lazarus, and the tomb in which Christ is laid. In canto thirteenth Gabriel assembles the angels, and all risen from the dead to witness the resurrection. Christ rises from the dead; Adam and Eve worship him; and the angels sing a song of triumph. Philo, one of the most violent of the Pharisees, is so much struck with remorse that he commits suicide; but this does not save him, for Obaddon, the angel of death, conducts his soul to hell. The fourteenth canto presents Christ appearing to Mary Magdalene, to nine other pious women, and to Peter. Towards the close he appears to all the disciples. Canto fifteenth represents a number of those risen from the dead as appearing to the first Christians in order to confirm them in their faith and assure them of immortality. In the sixteenth canto, the Messiah assembles the angels and those risen from the dead, on Mount Tabor, where he reveals himself to them as the judge and ruler of the world. He passes judgment on several who had lately died, and then descends into hell and

inflicts punishment on the fallen spirits. The Messiah appears to Thomas in canto the seventeenth, and descends with Gabriel to the spirits of those who had died before the flood, and decides their fate. In canto the eighteenth, Adam prays to the Messiah that he would reveal to him some of the consequences of the Redemption, and he is answered by a vision of the last judgment, which he describes to the angels and those who were risen from the dead. The description of the vision is continued in canto the nineteenth, and among other acts of mercy it is announced that Abaddon, the penitent devil, is pardoned. The Messiah appears several times to his disciples, in order to strengthen them in their faith and save them from temptation; then the Ascension takes place. The twentieth canto closes the sublime drama, representing the Messiah as borne slowly heavenwards by the triumphant songs of angels, and those blessed spirits who had risen from the dead. The throne of the Most High is seen at a distance; the Messiah arrives in heaven and sits down at the right hand of God.

Hurried and imperfect as this outline is, no intelligent reader who has accompanied us through it will deny that, however slight the basis is on which the original idea of the poem is founded, the author has managed to secure ample materials. As already intimated, we reserve for another article the consideration of the use he has made of those materials; how much erudition he has brought to bear upon them, and how much he has imbued them with the Greek spirit of which he was so ardent an admirer. We can only say now, that those who seek to depreciate him most are incapable of appreciating the numerous beauties drawn from the masterpieces of Greek and Roman literature with which he has enriched his 'Messiah'; the skilful use which he has also made of what is most poetical and attractive in Scandinavian literature, will sufficiently account for his popularity throughout Sweden and Denmark, as well as for the honors and emoluments conferred on him by the sovereign of the latter country. But as we have quoted authorities that are adverse to Klopstock, it is but fair that we should also quote a passage or two from those in his favor. It is true, that the brief extract we have given from Goethe's 'Werther' is a stronger proof of the genius of Klopstock than a volume of such assertions (for they can hardly be called criticisms) as those of men like Fuseli; but as it may be objected that it has not been given by the author as a criticism, we will quote one who has examined every line of Klopstock's writings, and who is not only a professional critic, but one of the sternest

and most impartial of modern times—we mean Wolfgang Menzel, whose criticisms on Goethe are the severest ever made on that illustrious author. In the chapter entitled “Græckomanie,” in the third book of his *Deutsche Litteratur*, Menzel uses the following language :

“ But above all these German Horaces, Anacreons, Pindars, and Æsops, stands the German Homer, Klopstock. He it was properly, who, by the mighty influence of his ‘Messiah’ and his ‘Odes,’ brought the antique taste into vogue ; and this not in defiance of German and Christian sentiment, but in friendly alliance with them. Religion and Fatherland were his main mark ; but in regard to the outward form of poetry he looked on that of the ancient Greeks as the most perfect, and conceived that he had united the most beautiful matter with the most beautiful form by singing the praises of Christianity in a Greek form. A strange error, no doubt, but an error which arose most naturally out of the strange character of the age in which he lived. ’Tis true, indeed, that English literature was not without influence upon Klopstock, for his ‘Messiah’ was only a pendant to Milton’s ‘Paradise Lost ;’ but Klopstock was nevertheless anything but a mere imitator of the English ; his merits in respect of German poetry are as peculiar as they are great. He expelled the French Alexandrine and the short light rhyming verse which had prevailed universally before him ; and in their stead introduced the Greek hexameters, Saphic, alcaic, iambic, and other verses of the ancients. By this means not only was the French bombast and the art of rhyming without sense laid aside, and the poet moreover forced to think more of the sense than of the sound of his verses, but the German language in respect of rhythmical harmony received a wonderful improvement, and attained to a compass and a flexibility which were even then of service to it ; when succeeding poets rejected the Greek form as an exercise merely preparatory and prelusive. Besides this, Klopstock, though in form a Greek, was always in soul a German ; and he it was who infused into our literature that spirit of patriotic enthusiasm and deification of Teutonism, which, since then, in spite of all foreign fashions, has never been extinguished, nay, rather has often asserted itself against the influence of the stranger in a manner no less ridiculous than unjust. For however preposterous it may sound, that he the son of the French era of perukes, should call himself a bard, and with this designation mix up three altogether heterogeneous epochs, the modern, the antique, and the old German, it is still true, that with this man began that healthy boldness of German poetry, which, at length, ventured to cast off the chains of foreign servitude, and to renounce for ever that humiliating air of submission which had marked it since the ill-omened peace of Westphalia. It was, indeed, high time for a man to come who should strike freely his breast and say, I am a GERMAN. Lastly, this highest praise is not to be passed over in silence, that Klopstock’s poetry and his patriotism were both deeply rooted in that sublime ethico-religious faith which his ‘Messiah’ celebrates. And he it was who, next to Gellert, lent to modern German poetry that dignified, earnest, reverential character, which, in spite of all extravagances of fancy and art it has never since lost, and which foreign nations have ever chiefly admired in our literature. When we consider the influence of the frivolous Dutch philosophy of the last century, and the fashion of sneering introduced by Voltaire, we can then alone perfectly understand how strong the reacting influence of Klopstock was to stem so overflowing a tide. More powerfully, therefore, than even the thorough drilling to which he subjected

the German language, have his patriotism and his noble spirit of piety tended to place his name in that position of respect and reverence which it will always maintain. These qualities of heart have always secured for him admiration even when no one was inclined to read him: according to the old saying of Lessing, 'Klopstock is very sublime certainly, but I shall be content to be more moderately admired, so that I be more diligently read.'

Fredrick Schlegel, a critic of equal eminence and equally distinguished for his impartiality, is not less enthusiastic in his admiration of the author of the 'Messiah.' In speaking of the development of the German intellect and the growth of German literature, he tells us that Klopstock's sensitiveness may be pardoned the rather that he himself was undoubtedly well calculated to impart a salutary influence, a fresh tone, not to poetry only, but to every department of literature. It was competent to his comprehensive spirit to have effected an amount of manifold good in Germany, corresponding with the evil perpetrated by Voltaire in France, had he been furnished with fitting opportunity, power and assistance. Klopstock, at that time, stood solitary and alone in the German world with his lofty national feeling in which few sympathised, and which none rightly understood. His only alternative, therefore, was to enunciate it in his poetry. The 'Messiah,' in reality, inaugurates a higher tone in modern German literature: so extraordinary and important in its results is its merit, especially in its language and expression.* But while Schlegel is thus willing to render homage to the genius everywhere displayed in the 'Messiah,' he is still of opinion that the poet is most successful in his elegies. 'He depicts,' says Schlegel, 'in a masterly manner each gradation, combination and depth of elegiac feeling: he carries sympathy along with him, from wheresoever he may be led by the current of his emotions.† It may be objected that these being the estimates of the poet's own countrymen, they are to be received with a certain allowance for the partiality of patriotism, but the best French critics are even more enthusiastic in his praise. Thus Madame de Staël, in her "Germany" (*Tableau de l'Allemagne*), tells us that, "when one commences the 'Messiah' it seems like entering a large church, from the middle of which are heard the rich and mellow strains of the organ." Still more appreciative is Dacier, the distinguished Homeric critic. At a public *séance* of the Institute, attended by the leading celebrities of the day, the perpetual secretary of the classics, of history and ancient languages gave a sketch (*notice historique*) of the life and works of the author of the "Mes-

* Schlegel, *History of Literature*, p. 248.

† *Ib.*

siah," in which the following passage occurs: "Our revolution has given us a Klopstock; a decree of the Constituent Assembly made him a French citizen; and he was proud of that distinction. Immediately afterwards he was admitted to membership by the National Institute; he had been most anxious for that honor, and he evinced his gratitude for it by a letter which may be regarded as a literary treasure, for it was the last that emanated from his pen." But Klopstock created a school of his own; his disciples are yet to be met with not only throughout Germany, but throughout Denmark and Sweden; nor have they entirely disappeared in France even at the present day. It can hardly be said of Milton as of Klopstock, that his birth is commemorated yearly by the gifted and learned not only in his native country, but in all the principal cities of Europe.*

We might easily multiply proofs of the genius of Klopstock. But we trust that enough has been said to show that the author of the 'Messiah' should be better known in this country. There are no two literatures more different than those of France and Germany. There is no French author that can be said to bear any resemblance with Klopstock. His mode of thinking, his hopes and his aspirations are entirely different from those of the French authors of his time, or indeed of any time. Yet he continues to be admired in France, because the French possess in a higher degree than perhaps any other people the faculty of recognizing true merit, and also the generosity of doing justice to that merit, let it originate where it may. It is equally true, upon the other hand, that no literature is more like the English than German literature. This is in fact the boast of a large class of our people. But Klopstock is the most German of all the German writers. No one else has deified Teutonism as contradistinguished from Gallicism as much as he; yet, while the French, whose characteristic ideas he has combated in all his works, do cheerful homage, as we have said, to his genius, we, who have unconsciously adopted many of his ideas—especially those in regard to the relative vigor and vitality of the Teuton and the Gaul—those ideas now regarded as most erroneous, are either entirely unacquainted with his writings,

* Referring to the veneration thus evinced for the memory of Klopstock, M. Gervinus, another eminent French critic, observes: "Le culte de la poésie, le patriotisme, l'amitié, la religion, tous les sentiments nobles étaient vivants en eux, souvent d'une manière touchante, souvent avec une exaltation à demi comique, et non sans affection sentimentale, mais de telle sorte pourtant que la béatitude empreinte dans les lettres de Hahn et de Voss atteste de la façon la plus pure la générosité de leurs efforts. . . . Klopstock était leur saint; ils vénéraient en lui l'homme, le philosophe, le chrétien, l'Allemagne et le poète."

or, if we read them in an indifferent translation, we condemn them as turgid and bombastic. We are certainly no advocates of Anglo-Saxon or Teutonic superiority; we think the French quite equal to the Germans in all the essential qualities of a great race, and in all that contributes to a high civilization; but, as we always act in this respect on the precept of Virgil,

*Tros Rutulusve fuit nullo discrimine habeo,**

we wish to do justice to the German as well as to the Frenchman, even when the former is too much disposed, as in the case of Klopstock, to glorify his own nationality and race at the expense of others. Nay, there is scarcely one of his Odes which we prefer to that entitled "My Fatherland," in which he eulogizes the Germans as the lords of the human race; and we think that, since our object is to introduce him to the favor of our readers, we cannot conclude these remarks more appropriately than by transcribing an extract from the Ode referred to, premising, in justice to the author, that the translation does but little justice to the spirit of the original:

"For him who *thinks* and him who *acts* thou plantedst
Thy grove shades far and cool,
Stands and derides the storms of time,
Derides the bushes round it!

He whom the dancing happy hour
And the keen glance conducts,
He breaks into thy shade—
No fable it,

The spell rod that attracted by the treasure
Quivers towards the brighter gild,
The new suggested thought.

Often into their thinner woods,
The kingdom of the Rhone,
The country of the Thames,
Took one of thy young trees;—

Why should they not? For, ay,

Soon other stems arise to thee!

Besides they *ay* belong to thee.

—For thou thy warriors sentest forth,

Then clanged the arms!

Then swiftly sounded their decision!

Franks let the Gauls be named;

Britons be English called!

Let thou the arms clang louder yet!

High Rome her warlike pride

Sucked from the savage wolf;

Long, long was she the tyrant of the world.

Thou hurlest down, bathed in her blood,

High Rome, my Father-land!

* I make no distinction between Rutulian and Trojan.

Never unto the stranger's land
 Another country was so just as thou.
 Oh ! be not all too just !
 Nobly enough they think not, to perceive
 How beautiful thy fault !

Of manners simple—wise, art thou,
 Of spirit earnest—more intense ;
Power is thy word, thy sword decision ;
 Yet willingly thou changest
 The sword into the sickle,
 And droppest not, oh, well for thee :
 With the blood of other worlds.
 Her iron arm signs to me ! I am silent,
 Till, haply, she again may slumber,
 And meditate the noble awful thought,
 Worthy of thee to be,
 My Father-land !"

ART. VI.—*Books, Treatises, Essays, Letters, &c., &c.* By various Members of that numerous Fraternity, vulgarly called Quacks. New York. 1864.

It will be generally admitted that people are easily imposed upon by the designing and avaricious, in proportion as they are wanting in intelligence. This is particularly true of that sort of imposition which is practised under the pretext of performing wonderful cures. No intelligent person, except he is indeed very weak-minded and silly, will believe that any one preparation will infallibly cure many diseases—much less will he believe that it will cure all diseases that flesh is heir to. Nor will any one who has been taught to reason, be so credulous as to think that those who have not been educated for the medical profession at all, are more expert and skilful, as physicians, than those who have devoted their lives to the theory and practice of the healing art. Hence is derived the inference, accepted as a truism in all enlightened nations, that, all other circumstances being equal, quackery abounds most where there is most ignorance. "Elle abonde partout," says Montesquieu, "où sont en majorité les ignorants et les sots ;" and such is the testimony of all who have treated the subject. It is now more than a century and a half since Addison said, in the "Spectator," that "there is hardly a man in the world, one would think, so ignorant as not to know that the quack doctors who publish their great abilities are, to a

man, impostors and murderers; yet such is the credulity of the vulgar, and the impudence of those professors, that the affair still goes on, and new promises of what was never known before are made every day."

But what would Montesquieu and Addison have said, had they lived in our day and country? for humiliating as the fact is, must we not admit that nowhere else in the world does quackery flourish as it does amongst us? The quantities of nostrums of all kinds manufactured in this city alone, would be sufficient to drug the whole world; and if there was any truth in the pretensions of those who manufacture them, they would be sufficient, not only to banish all diseases, but to prolong life almost to the length of that of Methuselah. In proportion to its population and resources, Philadelphia may be said to rival the metropolis in the nostrum business, and in the number of its votaries. The Boston manufactories of elixirs are by no means few or far between; but that class of goods is principally exported by the modern Athens, though not beyond the seas; the amount retained for home consumption is comparatively small, for we must admit, that, whatever may be the faults of that city, it contains less ignorance than any other of equal population on this continent. It is equally true, however, that the Boston quacks, whose number must necessarily be small in order to tally in proportion with the classes who patronize them, may be ranked among the most contemptible, ignorant, and unprincipled of their tribe. Certain it is, that in Boston, the quacks do not fatten so fast as they do in New York and Philadelphia; at the same time, there is far more quackery in the modern Athens, than is consistent with the superior intelligence claimed for its inhabitants—far more, undoubtedly, than ever disgraced its ancient prototype, until it was no longer Athens save in name.

But it is not alone in our large cities that fabulous quantities of nostrums are manufactured; there is scarcely a town, or even village in the United States, in which there is not, at least, one manufactory of this kind, that distributes elixirs throughout the country, in thousands of bushels, annually. Then there are, besides, the quacks who depend on their pretended skill in giving advice; quacks, in whose hands any medicine, or pretended medicine, has a miraculous effect; not to mention those who need prescribe nothing, who have only to use some cabalistic words, or make some mysterious manipulations, in order to cure at once and forever the most malignant and inveterate diseases.

If there are any who doubt these facts, let them examine our daily and weekly papers—especially those pious

journals which pretend to devote themselves exclusively to religion and morality—and they will have to make but very slight researches before they admit that we do not in the least exaggerate the enormous extent to which the quack system is carried on in this country. Lest there may be any who have not time or opportunity to inquire even thus far, we will enter into some particulars ourselves, in the hope of putting the unwary on their guard; but let us ask, before doing so, whether the facts we have already stated, and which none can gainsay, are not quite sufficient by themselves to account for the feeble state of the public health, the shortness of life, and the increasing mortality which are now too well known at home and abroad to admit of denial? The scientific and experienced of all nations declare, that nine-tenths of the nostrums manufactured even by the most intelligent, or least ignorant of these quacks, are either positively deleterious, and destructive of human life, or have no effect whatever on the system;* but generally the former. It follows, then, that those who use them most must suffer most, and die soonest.

Three years ago we had an article in this journal, on the same subject.† But we confined ourselves to general remarks, which have but little effect when applied to so large a multitude as our quacks, especially when they are not only tolerated but encouraged—nay, praised to the full extent of their own impudent pretensions, even by that portion of the press which is conducted by the ministers of religion. Even now, while bearing in mind the fable of the urchin stealing apples, who only laughed at mild words and tufts of grass, until the proprietor had recourse to stones, we will avoid personality as much as possible. Indeed, the parties under consideration have rendered themselves so notorious, not to say infamous, that it is only necessary to speak of their *modus operandi* to render it sufficiently evident to all in the habit of reading the newspapers who are meant. Nor is it necessary even to read the journals, and observe the large space the quacks constantly occupy therein, in order to be able to form an opinion of the extraordinary efforts they make to impose their nostrums on public credulity. Without being both blind and deaf, one

* See Voltaire's article on Quacks, in his 'Philosophical Dictionary,' where he tells us, that when Villars saw a funeral pass, he affected to shrug his shoulders in pity. "Had the deceased," he exclaimed, "but drunk my water, he would not be where he is! . . . He sold it for six francs a bottle, and the sale of it was prodigious. It was the water of the Seine, impregnated with a small quantity of nitre. . . . It being at last discovered that the water of Villars was only river water, people took no more of it, but resorted to other quacks."

† See "National Quarterly" for March, 1861. Art., "Quackery and the Quacked."

cannot fail in this; for where is there a building, a fence, a large stone, a board—even a piece of scaffolding—in short, any place where a bill can be posted, or words traced by ink or paint, either in the city, or for miles around it, on which the wonderful properties of some nostrum are not duly set forth?

There are at least five hundred nostrums that are peculiar to this country, although most of them have foreign names. Each of these casts all the others into the shade. There is no ailment known or unknown which it cannot cure; the genius who invented it is of course equally distinguished above all the rest of his brethren, and he holds them accordingly in the most sovereign contempt, as ignorant mountebanks who occupy their whole time in fruitless efforts to counterfeit his infallible elixir! If he has no elixir to be sold in bottles or packages, it is all the same; his remedy, or mode of cure, is the only certain and scientific one. All who pretend to have others equally good, or that are any good at all, must be rascals and scoundrels, for whom the State Prison would be too comfortable a residence. It is only necessary to put two or three ideas together, and with no more learned logic than that of common sense, to see from this alone that the quacks are impostors; for the individual who reviles his brethren, as we have shown, is more or less correct in all allegations against the fraternity; he indulges in false statements only when he says that, while everybody else is a pretender, there is no malady, however malignant or inveterate, incident to male or female, let its nature or origin be what it may, but is entirely under his control.

It is but fair to admit, however, that some important improvements have been made in the quack system within the last five or six years—not indeed in the art of healing, but that of imposing on public credulity. Thus, for example, while the quacks used to confine themselves formerly to their “posters,” handbills, and newspaper advertisements, it is now become quite a habit with the fraternity to get up a book that has some reference to the various diseases which they alone can cure. The ostensible object of the book is to enlighten a benighted public: its real object is to enable “the Doctor” to call himself “Author of,” &c., &c., so that the vulgar and thoughtless will say, “Why, there he has written a doctor’s book; surely he couldn’t do that if he wasn’t a genuine doctor.”

The truth is that in nine cases out of ten the quack does not write a line of the book that bears his name; it is compiled to order by some penny-a-liner; for worthless as it is,

its nominal author could no more have written it than one of our educated regular physicians, who possesses literary taste and ability as well as scientific skill, could have written *Paradise Lost* or the *Divina Commedia*. Nevertheless, the book is invaluable; it is recommended to everybody and everybody buys it; new editions of it have to be issued about once a month or so, and every new edition affords "the learned and accomplished author" a new opportunity of praising himself. His rival, seeing that the bait takes quite well, orders his secretary to get up a similar work for him, but one entirely superior to that which has called it forth. In the course of a few weeks one rival can dub himself author as well as the other. Independently of the moral, or rather immoral effect of this on that portion of the public who alone patronize the quacks, the book affords opportunities for editorial notices of the profound learning and wonderful success of the author, which would not otherwise exist; since in passing judgment on a scientific treatise destined to shed a flood of light on a benighted and afflicted world the critic would naturally speak of the extraordinary skill of the author of such a performance. The same person who manufactures the book writes a eulogy on it; the Doctor pays a suitable price for its insertion as an editorial, and then embodies it in his advertisement among other similar "opinions of the press." Other enterprising individuals of the same fraternity write long Letters, which they have inserted in the papers as "communications," but which they have to pay for as advertisements, heading them Letter No. 1, Letter No. 3, Letter No. 10, &c., &c. These are got up on the same plan as the books; that is, they are compiled from cheap cyclopædias, medical periodicals, "Handbooks of medicine for the use of families," &c.; and as soon as ten or twelve have been published the doctor styles himself "Author of a series of letters on —," &c. But there are those whose effrontery does not confine itself even to efforts of this kind. Some of our quacks have lately gone so far as to style their swindling shops Medical Institutes; two or three of them unite and call themselves the Faculty of the Institute. It is hardly necessary to say that their object is not to get students, but to impress "the people" with a due sense of their learning; in short, their object is identical with that of their brethren who get up the books; that is, they have recourse to those expedients as a cloak for their charlatanism.

True, they need no cloak to cheat the large majority of their patrons, especially if they come a far distance, say from Germany, France or England; although it would be just as well

for them to come from Russia or Turkey, if they would only say that they are graduates of all the colleges of those countries, and had cured some member of the imperial or royal family before they started; for although "the people" do not pretend to be college bred and have no love for emperors or sultans, they have nevertheless great respect for doctors who pretend to have close relations with crowned heads and their institutions. Thus it was that the individual who some fifty years ago set up for curing cataracts on the credit, as his advertisement set forth, of having lost an eye in the service of the emperor. We are told by the chroniclers of the day that he got a crowd of patients on this announcement, and that if any doubted his skill for a moment he showed the muster-roll in which his name appeared as a lance corporal; then he might put out their eyes as fast as he liked and get his pay in advance!

This reminds us of an advertisement now before us which occupies a whole page in one of our morning papers, but is headed "Communicated." The document is introduced to us as follows: "Deafness and its Rational Treatment, by Dr. ———— (Here follows the street and number at which the learned author resides.) Author of a 'Popular Treatise on Deafness, its Causes and Prevention,' 'Letters on Catarrh,' &c." An ill-natured person might suppose that some of the numerous "testimonials" exhibited in the same document are included in the "&c." (*et cetera*) of which the Doctor proclaims himself, from the housetop, as the author; but as we are not ill-natured but rather of a benevolent and charitable disposition, we will assume that the testimonials are genuine; that the writers have not been bribed to furnish them or to affix their names to certificates already prepared; and that they are not the performances of the dead, or of those who never lived at all; but of honest, vital flesh and blood. This is assuming a good deal, we know, but we like to be liberal with those who modestly eulogise themselves through the extent of six long, wide columns of closely printed matter; although we confess we have been reminded more than once while reading the "testimonials" of the famous porter who served as a knight of the post to a member of the quack fraternity for several years, and was cured of all the diseases in the dispensary without having ever had an hour's sickness in his life. But to return to the "work" before us. After the title being sufficiently displayed in type suitably large, our author announces his intention as follows: "Our object in publishing this Essay is to *diffuse a general and correct knowledge of the causes of deafness and the means by which it may be prevented*

or removed." How grateful we ought all to be for this! But much "matter" as we have in the "Essay" it is but an instalment. We shall have more of the same kind according as we are able to digest it. "Other Essays," says the Doctor, "upon topics connected with the subject under consideration *and interesting to the public*, we will publish in this paper from time to time." Ay, and "other essays" have been published accordingly—all for the benefit of the good people of the United States in general and those of New York, Jersey City, and Hoboken in particular. In order to simplify the "Essay" it is divided into different sections, each having its appropriate heading, so that he who runs may read. Thus, in the section headed "The Disadvantages of Deafness," we have the following valuable and lucid piece of information:

"Such cases, though sad in the extreme, need not be wondered at when we consider that *individuals of ripe years articulate badly, and are unable to properly pitch their voices, should their hearing become very defective*; they speak sometimes in a loud bellowing tone, and at other times not above a breath."

All this is, of course, very remarkable. The moment any one finds that he is "unable to properly pitch his voice," or that he "articulates badly," he should proceed at once to the author. Let his case be ever so simple or so serious, he must on no account trust himself to a regular physician:—

"Let none," says the oracle, "in their anxiety to obtain relief, *trifle with the hearing, however, by allowing physicians to prescribe for them, who do so at haphazard*, and without as much as an examination of the ear. A physician is just as incapable to prescribe for an ear, upon the mere statement that the applicant is deaf, as he is incompetent to prescribe for any other ailment on the bare information that the individual is sick, *without an investigation as to the various symptoms*. Nor is it sufficient for an examination that the auricle be merely drawn upward and a *pretense made to look into the external canal*, for proper instruments are indispensable even for that purpose, as without them that part of the ear cannot be satisfactorily inspected."

Educated and experienced physicians do things, it seems, only "at haphazard." It is out of their line to make an investigation as to the various symptoms. This, it would appear, can be done only by those who would reverse the custom of the Eastern nation, among whom it was a law, as we are informed by Herodotus, that whenever any cure was performed, both the method of the cure and an account of the distemper should be posted up in some public place—the modern custom being *first to provide persons to attest the cure and then publish it before making any trial of the prescription*. Another section of the "Essay" is headed "Something about Nos-trums and Empiricisms." As people generally know their own

business best, we had expected something good from this department; but our author has taken care to be very brief in his observations on what might be regarded as coming too near home. Next comes "The Rational Treatment of Deafness;" the most important piece of information we have in this is that the author is publishing a series of articles (advertisements) in a morning paper, which will be published in book form at some future time. Then we are presented with "A Few Words of Advice." Notwithstanding the term few, this is the department in which our author is most liberal; we are sorry, however, that we can only make room for the following brief specimen:

"Owing to the usually painless character of aural diseases, and to the fact that they are not manifest to the eye, as well as to the slow and scarcely perceptible increase of the deafness which results from them, they are frequently neglected in their incipient stages, and in that respect *procrastination is the order of the day*. Thus it is that the most favorable time for successful treatment is generally permitted to pass away by a vain indulgence in the hope that the disease will get well of itself, or is occupied in *fruitless attempts to obtain relief by home treatment, nostrums or irresponsible sources*. To apply for proper medical advice as soon as symptoms of disease of the ear, such as ear-ache, noises in the head, &c., manifest themselves, is of the first importance."

Relief by "irresponsible sources," whatever that may mean, must not be thought of any more than relief by "nostrums," or "home treatment." In short, quack treatment is the only thing that can be relied upon! After a good deal more of the same sort, we are presented with two columns of "testimonials," which remind us of another member of the fraternity who used to send his son along the street proclaiming "My father cures all sorts of diseases and sickness," and follow himself, repeating in a solemn voice, "The child says true." The testimonials having been duly set forth, the doctor appears in another character, introducing himself in suitable typography as follows: "Extract from Dr. ———'s Letters on Catarrh, its Causes, Symptoms, and Effects; and evidence of the Success of his Treatment." He then proceeds to describe the symptoms nearly word for word as they are described in the "Penny Magazine," the only difference being that the Magazine is a little more chaste and grammatical in its phraseology, and considerably nearer the truth than the doctor. According to the latter, there is scarcely one of us who is not more or less afflicted with catarrh; and we should therefore proceed to him with all convenient haste and give him his fee in advance, so that we may come home cured. We should like to let our author speak for himself, but one brief paragraph is as much as we could feel justified in extracting from the performance now under considera-

tion. The rest may be very learned and very valuable, but it is rather too obscene for our pages.

"The first sensation," says the learned Doctor, "is usually a feeling of dryness and heat in the nose, and a frequent inclination to sneezing. There is an inability to breathe freely, as the nose becomes stopped up, sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other."

Now everybody may know when he has incipient catarrh, and he should act accordingly. After the author has duly displayed his learning and skill in this way, he favors us with another batch of "testimonials." Then he presents us with some eulogies on his book, including "opinions of the press," &c. In order to be able to appreciate the generosity of the Doctor in doing all this for the good of suffering humanity, or of that part of humanity which might suffer at some future time if it were not properly instructed in time, it is necessary to bear in mind that he has to pay the publishers of the paper for the privilege of being allowed to convey his instructions through a respectable channel. Was ever disinterestedness greater than this? and what a commentary on the taste and public spirit of the editor, who instead of paying for such valuable "Essays" for the benefit of his readers and the public at large, makes the Doctor pay him for printing them!

We have occupied our space to this extent with the author of "Deafness, and its Rational Treatment," &c., &c., not because we think him worse or better than others of his brethren in the same line of business. We have done so partly because he says most about himself and makes the loudest pretensions; and partly because we feel that in describing him, we describe a whole troop; *ex uno disc omnes*; so that we can be comparatively brief in our remarks on other members of the tribe. We are well aware that none of a certain class are criticised who do not attribute the "attack," as they call it, to some diabolical motive or other. This, however, does not prevent us from exposing shams. As for the quack doctors bestowing on our journal even the smallest portion of their enormous advertising patronage, it would be as absurd for us to expect it, as to expect that wardens of the State prisons of New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Massachusetts, &c., &c., will advertise their several establishments in the same; for these, too, we have criticised, having first spent not a little time and money in visiting several. Need we ask, why the former would be absurd? Is it necessary to remark that it is not those who read Reviews that patronize the quack doctors? The truth is, that those who do so would nearly as soon take up the Iliad or the Vedas, in the original Greek or Sanscrit, for

perusal, as they would a Review.* Nor is it to this class we address ourselves, even on the subject of quackery; but to the intelligent and thoughtful; whose influence we would awaken against a system which is inflicting incalculable injury on the public health.

As to the conductors of the daily journals, we do not hold that they are at all to blame for inserting advertisements of commodities which, however deleterious, are purchased in immense quantities. It is not the business, or the duty of an editor, to test the truthfulness of statements made by advertisers relative to their own commodities. If people are so credulous and silly as to believe that any nostrum or nostrums, or any doctor, will cure all manner of diseases, as if by magic, that is their affair; editors are not obliged to furnish them with brains, or even common sense, for three cents a day. But it is entirely different with the editors of journals which call themselves "religious." The latter are bound by their own professions and promises, not only to put the unwary on their guard against imposition, but to expose whatever is false and deceptive; since falsehood and deception are as antagonistic to religion as they are to morality. It is not the less true, however, we regret to say, that no other class of editors are more ready to recommend quack medicines; and that the quacks appreciate them accordingly we have evidence on all sides. Thus, for example, what a handsome compliment our divines receive for their pains, in the following extract!

"A WORD TO CLERGYMEN.

"The high character, scholastic attainments, erudition and social qualifications of American Clergymen are in strong contrast with the *narrow prejudices and limited resources* which have marked the history of other nations, and of earlier periods of the world. Coming directly in contact with the theories of the most enlightened minds, as well as the customs of common life, they are better calculated to judge of popular opinion, and current ideas, than any other class of men. Their influence is unbounded.

* It is but fair to say, that we do not include in this category those who seek skillful treatment, or suitable preparations for their hair; although they, too, should be on their guard against quackery—as we may take occasion to show before long. There are not fewer than forty Professors in this city who make a specialty of treating the hair; but we do not believe that there are three out of the whole tribe whom it would be safe in all cases to trust. Upon the other hand, there are not fewer than twenty kinds of preparations manufactured in New York, each of which is warranted in long advertisements to produce the most miraculous effects on the hair; but we do not know one, no matter how classical or high sounding its name, which does not do more harm than good. Nor do we know an exception in Boston, save the manufacturer of the favorite Cocaine, Kalliston, &c; but this is a peculiar case, Mr. Joseph Burnett being one of the most accomplished chemists in this country.

Their opportunities for directing practical reforms and progressive developments impose many obligations. In acknowledgment of the many complimentary endorsements and favors which Dr. ——— has received from Clergymen in behalf of his ———, he has directed his Agents to present a bottle *gratis* to every Clergyman who may personally call during the remainder of this year, 1863.

"Quite to his surprise, he has ascertained that many persons sharing in a natural prejudice against supposed nostrums, have classed this with other useless articles, and are yet entirely ignorant of its pure character and wonderful effects."

This needs no further comment than to remark that the "pure" and "wonderful" article in favor of which so many "complimentary endorsements" have been given by the clergy, and for which all are invited to a bottle each, is nothing more nor less than an intoxicating liquor flavored with certain drugs. The clergymen of other countries are too narrow in their prejudices and too limited in their resources to be capable of comprehending that a bottle of ordinary gin becomes an elixir by passing through the hands of an ordinary quack, and ought to be everywhere purchased with avidity "by the people" for more than four times its market value. No doubt, it does require great "scholastic attainments" and profound "erudition" to discover what does not exist. But we have digressed from the consideration of the ear and eye doctors, to whom, they assure us, the world is so deeply indebted. The rival of the genius whose wonderful performances we have already noted, introduces himself in the following modest terms: "Deafness, Impaired Sight, Noises in the Head, Catarrhal Affections in the Throat, Chronic Catarrh, Catarrh of the Tympanic Mucous Membrane, Obstructions of the Eustachian Tube cured, Cross-eye straightened in one minute, and every disease of the Eye and Ear requiring either medical or surgical aid, attended to by Dr. ———, Author of 'Surgical and Practical Observations on the Diseases of the Ear, with the New Mode of Treatment,' at his office." (Here follows his full address.) Then come the "testimonials," to the extent of a column. The disinterested and grateful individuals who furnish these testimonials are duly praised in return for their kindness, after the following fashion: "Testimonial from one of the most respectable citizens of New York. Deafness and Catarrh cured, &c."* The learned Essays and Treatises of this gentleman are so much like those of his rival that we

* It is worthy of remark that one of the best and most "respectable" "testimonials" among the batch now before us, is from one who signs himself "Lightning Calculator, Barnum's Museum." In order to be still more 'respectable,' we would suggest that the Doctor would procure a "testimonial" from

should not at all be surprised to learn one day that all have emanated from the same scientific and classic pen. There is this difference, however: Dr. ———— has reminded us of a passage in Phædrus which did not occur to us when wading through the performances of his rival—we mean that in which the La Fontaine of Ancient Rome describes the famous quack of his time, who, having by no means succeeded in the vocation of a cobbler, to which he had been brought up, changed his residence and his name, invented a specific, and with the aid of a certain kind of eloquence (*verbosis strophis*) persuaded the soft-headed in the neighborhood of his new abode that he had no equal in the healing art.

"Malus quum tutor, inopia deperditus,
Medicinam ignoto facere coepisset loco,
Et venditaret falso antidotum nomine,
Verbosis adquisivit sibi famam strophis."

The next member of the fraternity who claims our attention is the author of "The Golden Book, vol. i." and the President of the "Medical Institute," to which we have already alluded. "The Golden Book" consists of about a sheet and a half of foolscap folded into the form of a little book, such as children buy for a cent. The first page contains the following words in a diagonal line, and nothing more: "What the Press says!" The three next pages contain what purport to be editorial notices. Then follow three pages more which are occupied by the names of diseases, in double columns, which can be infallibly cured by the presiding genius of the Institute. If there is any malady to which man or woman is subject, in youth or age, before or after birth, which is not included in this list, it has escaped our memory. In the instance under consideration "the Doctor" adopts the pious mode of baiting his hook, and asks the sympathy of a generous public for the persecution he has suffered in his efforts at once to reform and cure the world.

"During the past two years," quoth the Doctor, "we have contended with obstacles and overcome opposition as herculean as were ever encountered by any Reformers.

The cry of 'Humbug' has been raised against us by the narrow-minded and ignorant; the envy of vain, heartless, medical bigots, who prefer to kill patients, in blind attachment to shallow book-theory, instead of saving life by practical common sense, has followed us; Pseudo-Reformers have publicly attacked us, and prejudiced adherents of other systems have be-littled our cures.

Barnum himself next; or it would perhaps answer the same purpose to make arrangements so that his wonderful Cures, Essays, Treatises, and all could be duly exhibited at the Museum side by side with "The great Tyrolean Whistler," "The Moving wax Figures," and "The Japanese hog."

But ever within our breasts burned deep sympathy for *God's poor suffering children*. Our reward was higher than dollars and cents. Daily we saw the light come back to the faded eye, and strength to the wasted hand. We felt—we *knew* that we were right—that we must succeed. Soon the good and liberal-minded became enlisted on our side, and Providence has smiled upon us wonderfully.

It has fallen to our province to treat some of *the most frightful diseases and protean maladies, and our success has exceeded anything ever recorded in any age.*"

In short, no disease, however malignant or inveterate, can resist the skill of the "Faculty of the Institute." A very bad malady may hold out for, perhaps, six weeks, but then it must yield, though it were aided by death itself. It is much more common, however, to cure even cases of this deadly kind in a few hours or minutes. In proof of this we quote once more from the "Golden Book :"

"SAMPLE OF CURES PERFORMED AT THE INSTITUTE.

- A case of Deafness (sixteen years' standing) cured in twelve days.
- A case of Catarrh cured in one week.
- A case of Rheumatism cured in fifteen minutes.
- A case of Scrofula (terrible) cured in one month.
- A case of Burns (severe) cured in thirty seconds.
- A case of Cancer cured in six weeks.
- A case of Paralysis cured in three weeks.
- A case of Neuralgia cured in five minutes.
- A case of Consumption (second stage) cured in seven weeks.
- A case of Dyspepsia cured in one week.
- A case of Falling of the Womb cured in one week.
- A case of Irregularities cured in one day.
- A case of Amaurosis cured in twenty-one days.
- A case of Spinal Disease (Lateral Curvature) cured in two months."

Now we would venture to ask, could the renowned Doctor Sangrado himself, the instructor of Gil Blas, have performed greater wonders than these with his universal remedy? There is, however, some resemblance between the head physician of the "Medical Institute" and the famous Sangrado, for the latter, too, taught as well as practised the healing art, so that he made Gil Blas, his servant, quite a distinguished physician in three weeks. "Listen, my boy," says Sangrado, "I am none of those hard and ungrateful masters who allow their domestics to grow old in their service before recompensing them. I am pleased with you; I like you, and without waiting for you to serve me any longer I will make your fortune. I wish to reveal to you at once the secret of the salutary art, which I have professed for so many years. Other physicians make it consist of a thousand troublesome sciences, but I mean to abridge for you a road so unnecessarily long, and spare you the labor of studying physics, pharmacy, botany,

anatomy. Know, my friend, that all that is necessary is to bleed the patient and make him drink plenty of warm water. This is the secret of curing all the diseases that flesh is heir to (*toutes les maladies du monde*).” Sangrado next proceeds to explain to his new disciple how profitable his system is. The modern Sangrado does just the same, or perhaps improves a little on his prototype. He announces in the “Golden Book,” to all whom it may concern, that the New School Practice “is learned in a brief period (about a week or so)—*avoiding mistakes, accidents, and experiments*, and if properly conducted, from its great popularity with the *people*, more profitable than any other.” Thus, if one is going to die to-morrow, and pronounced incurable by all other doctors, he may go to the Medical Institute to-day, and before ten days he will not only have been cured, but also metamorphosed into a physician of infallible skill, on the most reasonable terms!

The genius who next claims our attention does Philadelphia the honor of residing there; although he favors New York, Boston, and other cities, with weekly visits, so that there need be no deaths in any of our principal cities, if it be not the fault of the inhabitants themselves. One of his latest announcements, extending to about a column of small type, is headed as follows:

“A MAN ALMOST RAISED FROM THE DEAD!”

His certificate certified to by his physician.

His certificate certified to by his neighbors.

His certificate certified to by the officers and members of his Lodge of I. O. of O. F.”

Now does not this cast into the shade Molière’s Sganarelle, in *Le Médecin Malgré Lui*, of whom it is said that he cured a woman in an instant, after she had been regarded as dead for six hours, so that she immediately stood up and began to walk about as if nothing had been the matter with her.* It is really a melancholy sight to see the miserable persons this charlatan draws around him in this city once a week by his impudent and vulgar fabrications. That any person calling himself a man, or having any pretensions to decency or honesty, could permit himself to take their dollars from such people, under pretence of curing them, would seem incredible to us, much

* *Martine*.—Comment! c’est un homme qui fait des miracles. Il y a six mois qu’une femme fut abandonnée de tous les autres médecins; on la tenoit morte il y avoit déjà six heures, et l’on se disposoit à l’ensevelir, lorsqu’on y fit venir de force l’homme dont nous parlons. Il lui mit, l’ayant vue, une petite goutte de je ne sais quoi dans la bouche; et dans le même instant, elle se leva de son lit et se mit aussitôt à se promener dans sa chambre comme si de rien n’eût été.—*Le Médecin Malgré Lui*. Acte I., scene v.

as we have investigated the subject of quackery and the conduct of its professors, had we not been eye-witnesses to the disgusting scene. The patients present on the occasion in question were exclusively poor, weak-minded, silly old women of the humblest class. We had been induced to visit the house by statements which had been made to us at different times; but the reality proved so much worse than any representation we had heard, that we could hardly suppress our indignation as the charlatan tried to exact all in his power from his wretched patients, almost forcing them to take large bottles of nostrums, the habitual use of which would be quite sufficient to account by itself for the feeble condition to which they were reduced, mentally as well as physically. Surely, there is sufficient honesty and philanthropy in the "Quaker City," to compel this person to stay at home, and turn his attention to some business for which he is better qualified by nature and education than he is for the practice of the healing art, if his fellow-citizens only knew the amount of injury he inflicts on his dupes.

There is, however, another Philadelphia quack, who, if possible, is still more impudent and unprincipled than he. The net of the latter is made large, or small, for every city, town, or village, according as the inhabitants are known to be ignorant and credulous, or otherwise. Those in the habit of reading the papers will understand from this that New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and St. Louis are highly complimented, especially the "Empire City," which is the metropolis not only of the United States in the business of quackery, but of the whole world.

About a century and a half ago London stood preëminent in this respect; but the system received blows from Addison and Steele, in the 'Spectator,' from which it has never recovered. Ever since it has been on the decline. Lord Brougham has done more by his indefatigable and successful efforts in favor of education to crush it than any other individual now living. Hence it is, for example, that the headquarters of the preparations too well known as "Holloway's Pills," "Holloway's Ointment,"* &c., &c., have recently had to be transferred to New York. It is notorious in Europe that these nostrums have killed more of her Majesty's subjects, in proportion to the extent to which they were used,

* We make an exception, by giving the name of the quack, in this case, only because he is not yet sufficiently known in this country to render an allusion to him sufficiently intelligible; whereas, upon the other hand, his pretensions are so much like those of several of our own quacks that extracts from his "Essays" would show nothing, except their source were indicated.

than war, famine, and all diseases put together. That is, they killed more of the ignorant and credulous classes who were persuaded to use them, than did all other calamities. We speak of their effects in the past, because their true character has been so fully proved in recent years, that the most illiterate have no longer any faith in them. True, they are still advertised throughout the British Islands; but not one package of them is sold at present in England, Ireland, or Scotland, for every fifty sold five years ago. These facts may enable even "the people" to appreciate the favor conferred upon us by the transfer of the Holloway headquarters to New York, so that it is now proclaimed from the new capital—the old capital being reduced to the condition of a dependency in the realm of quackery—that

"None are genuine unless the words 'Holloway, New York and London,' are discernible as a watermark in every leaf of the book of directions around each box; the same may be plainly seen by holding the leaf to the light. A handsome reward will be given to any one rendering such information as may lead to the detection of any party or parties counterfeiting the medicines or vending the same, knowing them to be spurious."

Another remarkable fact in connection with these marvelous preparations is that, in proportion as their worthlessness or deleterious character has been found out at home, their healing and life-prolonging properties have multiplied in this country. Formerly they used, indeed, to cure a large number of diseases; but now there is no limit to their virtues. One would suppose, from the large number of persons we had already who could cure all diseases, that we were in no particular need for the labors of others in the same field; but it seems, after all, that this was not the case. There were still wanting, we are told, "*The Great Ambassadors of Health to all Mankind.*" But let us hear "the Professor:"—

"The want of a sterling medicine to meet the ills and necessities of the suffering portions of humanity, and one entirely free from mineral and other deleterious particles, was *severely felt*, till this *all-powerful medicine was ushered into the world*; Holloway's invaluable Pills have become the household remedy of all nations. Their attribute is to prevent as well as cure; they attack the radix or root of the complaint, and thus, by removing the hidden cause of the disease, reinvigorate and restore the drooping energies of the system, assisting nature in her task of vital and functionary reformation."

What a combination of modesty, truthfulness, learning, honesty and disinterestedness does this brief paragraph exhibit! What unspeakable gratitude we should feel, although we are made partakers of the inestimable blessings enume-

rated in the document before us only in common with "all mankind."

But we have digressed too far from our Philadelphia sage. He will excuse us, however, when we assure him that we have been led to do so by the somewhat remarkable coincidence of his removing his headquarters to New York just at the same time that we were favored with the transfer of the Holloway headquarters. If it is asked, how has it happened that there has been no diminution in the weekly or monthly bills of mortality since our city has been thus honored, but, on the contrary, that there has been a considerable increase, it will be somewhat difficult to explain away the anomaly; but, fortunately for the parties concerned, those who patronize them are not apt to propose many questions which cannot be easily answered. If they do ask a question on an occasion, they will be satisfied with an answer which has no more bearing upon it than a proposition in Euclid has on the incarnations of Vishnu. It is sufficient for them to see statements like the following in large letters in the newspapers, surrounded by a good deal more of the same sort—especially in the "religious" papers:—

"For Weakness arising from Habits of Dissipation, attended with the following symptoms: Indisposition to Exertion, Loss of Memory, Difficulty of Breathing, Weak Nerves, Trembling, Horror of Disease, Dimness of Vision, Wakefulness, Pain in the Back, Universal Lassitude of the Muscular System, Hot Hands, Flushings of the Body, Dryness of Skin, Eruptions on the Face, Pallid Countenance.

These symptoms, if allowed to go on, which *this medicine invariably removes, soon follows Fatuity, Epileptic Fits, in one of which the patient may expire.* Who can say that they are not frequently followed by those 'direful diseases,' 'Insanity and Consumption!' Many are aware of the cause of their suffering.

The records of the Insane Asylums, and the melancholy deaths by consumption, bear ample witness to the truth of the assertion. The constitution once affected with organic weakness, requires the aid of medicine to strengthen and invigorate the system, which ——— invariably does."

When the people see such as this accompanied with "testimonials," and find the inventor, discoverer, &c., occupying a fine store in Broadway, while his bottles, displayed at the door, exhibit every hue of the rainbow, they take all the rest on trust; the mountebank proceeds in his murderous career and flourishes; thus re-enacting in a new and scarcely less revolting form the scene of the Paris revolutionary mob trampling Christianity under foot, and setting up a nude and vulgar courtesan to be worshipped, instead of the Creator of the universe.

But this is not the only way the individual under consideration outrages public decency. He too gets up books—

the most obscene and disgusting of their class. These consist chiefly of "testimonials," which if true would show that hardly any such thing exists as female virtue. "Ladies" write to Mr. Quack from all parts of the country, describing to him all the symptoms of diseases which a woman of any delicacy could not even allude to. As a specimen, we quote an extract from one of the least objectionable of the many letters from "ladies" in the book referred to:

"DEAR SIR: I am very happy to inform you that the medicine you sent has entirely cured me, and please accept my gratitude. You will remember that I informed you in a former letter that it was a disease of a private nature, which I contracted whilst I was imprudent enough to allow my desires to control me. The pain and inflammation soon subsided, and the discharge gradually so, and I am now as well as ever. If you think I ought to take some Extract Sarsaparilla, I have enclosed you \$5.00, and you can send me 6 bottles of it; or, if it is not necessary, return the money by bearer."

When "beautiful young ladies," married ladies, and ladies "engaged" to be married are represented as writing to Mr. Quack not only in this style, but in one many degrees worse, we must either believe that female morality is at a very low ebb indeed, or otherwise that the quack is a base libeller of the sex. Need we ask which is most likely to be true? It is sufficient to observe that none but the lowest and most ignorant class would believe such vile statements. The latter, however, would believe them; and it is for no better the book, or its fabricated "testimonials," are intended. Yet we have seen scores of copies of this very book thrust into the ladies' as well as the gentlemen's parlors, in first-class hotels in every city we have visited within the last six months. It is in vain the landlords and their clerks would vie with each other in their efforts to push the filthy things aside; a new supply would be scattered about immediately. But as Mr. Quack has become rich, though it be by swindling the credulous and ignorant out of their money, and at the same time destroying their health instead of improving it, his feelings must not be hurt, assuming such a thing to be possible; and accordingly the iniquitous and demoralizing system goes on from month to month and from year to year.

We have now neither time nor space to review the quacks of Boston, although it would not be difficult to do so, for, as we have already observed, there are not many of them. We do not make this distinction because we prefer Boston to New York or Philadelphia; we have no such preference; we make it simply because we think it is well-founded, and because we like to do justice to all. We do not hesitate to believe that Boston is thus comparatively free from the blighting influence

of quackery, because its population is in general more intelligent and thoughtful than that of New York or Philadelphia. At the same time we do not hold those of the two latter cities who are intelligent and influential responsible for the conduct of the quacks, for there are reasons beyond their control why New York and Philadelphia must contain a larger proportion of illiterate people than Boston. At the same time we cannot say that we hold them blameless. They could do much by their advice to prevent those of the credulous with whom they have any relations from being imposed upon by the sharks under consideration; they could also influence the legislature to enact laws that would keep them under proper restrictions as they are in most countries in Europe; although intelligence is undoubtedly the best weapon wherewith to combat the hydra of quackery.

But one word for the Boston quacks before we close. We have not specimens of the performances of more than two or three, for several of those residing in Boston do so only as the agents or "partners" of the more enterprising members of the brotherhood in this city—generally their brothers or cousins, for it seems that quackery runs in the blood somewhat like the scrofula and certain other diseases which they pretend to cure with such remarkable facility. But we must not forget the enterprising manufacturer of the "Great Medical Discovery," although after all he is not a Boston, but Roxbury quack. Nay, when we come to a close examination, we cannot identify as such more than one Bostonian; but this one is as unscrupulous and mean, and as vulgar, withal, as any member of the tribe anywhere, of whose character we have any knowledge. He too calls himself an author; that is, he publishes some rhapsodies in the newspapers (chiefly on Consumption) which he styles "Essays," "Letters," &c., but for the insertion of which he has to pay at advertisement rates. To indemnify himself for this, however, he occasionally publishes the lucubrations of other quacks as his own, so as to avoid the expense of a penny-a-liner when business is dull.

As for the Roxbury gentleman, his nostrums are got up chiefly, if not exclusively for exportation. Wherever on this continent those twin sisters, Ignorance and Credulity, prevail most, there the "Great Medical Discovery" is sure to be sent in the largest quantities. Thus we have now before us a book of his containing seventy closely-printed octavo pages, which is addressed exclusively to those Spanish American States in which least attention has been paid to education, the Doctor having had it translated into Spanish for

that purpose. Those aware of what quacks have the effrontery to say in the vernacular tongue can easily understand how much they improve in addressing foreigners in their own language, where the chances of detection are diminished five hundred per cent. It will not seem strange then that there are few men or women of any distinction in Massachusetts who do not figure in this book as bestowing the most enthusiastic praise on the great "Medical Discovery." As in most similar cases, the clergy are fully represented. Thus one very appreciative document is introduced as follows: "Carte del Reverendo Bryan M——e, Dirigida al edictor del Heraldo de Zion," (Letter of Rev. Bryan M——e, addressed to the Zion Herald). Another equally enthusiastic is from Don E. H. D——e, &c. After proving how effectually and infallibly the "Medical Discovery" can cure numerous diseases common to men and women, after they have set all other remedies at defiance, the manufacturer proceeds to show that it is equally efficacious in curing all maladies peculiar to women. The señoras and señoritas are assured on the word of a quack that let their infirmities be what they may the "*Descubrimiento Médico*" will be sure to cure them. He tells them that the astonishing cures it has effected in numerous cases of that kind, and which has forced him to the conclusion that it is a specific for all female diseases, he attributes to the tonic and purifying virtues of his elixir, which invigorate and fertilize the organism, and at the same time purify the blood, expelling from it all bad humors.*

Although our subject is far from being exhausted, we must conclude for the present. We have a large pile of quack "Essays," "Treatises," "Books," &c., before us, of which we have not been able to turn over a single leaf. We must ask their authors to excuse us for the present, assuring them that it is our intention they shall not be forgotten. Nor are we so chary of our time and labor, but that we may again pay our addresses to those we have so imperfectly noticed on the present occasion. But we hope they will improve their morals in the meantime; or that increased intelligence among our people will compel them to do so; for really, there is not

* Esto lo atribuyo á las virtudes tónicas y depurativas que contiene mi *Descubrimiento Médico*, las cuales hacen que se vigore y fortalezca el organismo al mismo tiempo que se purifica la sangre, arrojan do fuera todas los malos humores.

Se comprenderá mejor esta teoria quando se considere que las enfermedades esclusivas de las mujeres provienen de falta de tono y vitalidad en fibra muscular, lo que hace que preponderen los malos humores.

Me ocuparé solamente de aquellas enfermedades mas comunes, tales como *Flores Blancas, Ulceras en el cuello de la Matriz, Irregularidad en la menstruacion, caída de la madre, y cáncer del Utero.*

one of them—let them think what they may—against whom we entertain the slightest feeling of personal malice. It is our honest opinion that the whole tribe are cheats and swindlers; and what we think on any subject in which the public has an interest we shall not be deterred from publishing as long as it is our business to conduct a *Review*.

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- ART. VII.—1. *Opera Omnia (The Complete Works)* of JOHN KEPLER. Edited by CH. FRISCH. Stuttgart. 1860.
2. *Johann Kepler's Leben und Wirken nach neuerlich aufgefundenen Manuscripten bearbeitet von G. L. C. Freiherrn v. Breitschwert. (The Life and Labors of JOHN KEPLER, written from recently discovered Manuscripts. By BARON VON BREITSCHWERT.)* Octavo. Stuttgart. 1859.
3. *Notices Biographiques.* 2 vols. Par M. ARAGO. Paris. 1859.
4. *Traité d'Astronomie.* Par M. BIOT. Paris. 1851.

Most intelligent readers have a vague idea that there has been a great astronomer whose name was Kepler; but further than this very little is known at the present day of one of the most illustrious scientific men of ancient or modern times. This is rendered all the more remarkable by the fact, that altogether independently of his great discoveries there is much in the life of Kepler that is both interesting and instructive. Although the annals of biography scarcely present a milder or more amiable man in all the relations of life, it is equally difficult to meet with one who had to suffer more painful mortifications and privations in his efforts to advance the cause of science and at the same time secure a livelihood. We have proofs of this throughout his writings; but rarely in the form of complaints; for no one was less inclined to repine even when his prospects were most gloomy and he had most reason to reproach those who from their position and influence ought to have been his best friends. All his biographers agree in telling us that he was ill-fated in this respect from his childhood; although it was not until recently that the circumstances of his early life were made public.

In order to appreciate what he has accomplished it is necessary to understand what obstacles he had to contend with even from his cradle; we will refer to these all the more cheerfully because they afford a new illustration of what perseverance in the pursuit of knowledge and attempts to turn

that knowledge to good account can effect against the most formidable opposition. Kepler was born in December, 1571, at the village of Magstatt, three miles from the town of Weil of which his grandfather was burgomaster. His father, Heinrich, claimed to be of noble birth, yet he married Catharine Guldermann, the daughter of a village inn-keeper, who brought him a fortune of 3,000 guilders, but which seems to have been her only recommendation, for she could neither read nor write; she had but little pretensions to beauty, and still less to amiability of disposition or sweetness of temper. They were only seven months married when the future astronomer was born; and he was scarcely a month old when his father enlisted in the corps which were then being raised in Wurttemberg for the army of the Duke of Alba, in the Netherlands.

There is some dispute as to the cause of his leaving his wife and child so soon. The war in which he engaged was, it is true, a religious, or rather, a sectarian war; but he was a Protestant and it was on the Catholic side he enlisted. This would sufficiently prove that religious enthusiasm was not his motive. It is alleged upon the other hand that his sole object in leaving home was to get rid of the constant reproaches of his wife, who scarcely allowed a day to pass without finding some pretext or other to quarrel with him. This view of the case seems to receive some confirmation from the fact that several weeks had passed before Catharine had any idea of the course he had adopted. No sooner did she learn where he was, however, than she made arrangements to follow him, leaving her child in care of her parents. She succeeded in convincing her husband that she was deeply penitent and would never quarrel with him again. Although he had serious misgivings on this point, he left the army in 1575 and returned with her to Weil. He was now in comfortable circumstances, but he became surety for a friend who, becoming bankrupt, deprived him of nearly all he had. His wife induced him then to become an inn-keeper, assuring him that her knowledge of the business would leave little doubt of their success. Accordingly young John was withdrawn from school, and they rented a third or fourth class inn somewhere in Baden. For a time they seemed to do very well; but then either they began to fail or Catharine began to forget her promises of gentleness and amiability, for Heinrich enlisted once more. This time he entered the Austrian service to fight against the Turks, and was never heard of afterwards.

During these unhappy vicissitudes John was entirely neglected. Until he was twelve years old he had no other op-

portunities than those of a waiter, or errand boy, at a country inn (*garçon de cabaret*). Of these, however, he availed himself to the fullest extent. Whatever guest gave him a book to read from which he could gain any information was sure to be well attended. It is proper to remark here that John had two brothers, Christopher and Henry, and one sister Margaret. Christopher learned the trade of a tin founder. For a time he worked at his trade; then he became a soldier like his father. After an absence of four years he returned and settled at Leomberg and combined with his trade the duty of acting as drill sergeant to the local militia. He had the character of an honest, but ignorant and rude man, nor was his brother Henry superior to him in any respect, but rather the reverse. It was otherwise however with their sister Margaret, who was as gentle and affectionate as they were coarse and boorish.

It is hardly to be wondered at, from the facts we have already stated, that Christopher and Henry were the favorites of their mother, who was much more ready to give John blows than caresses; although it was he, not they, who needed the latter. He was badly able to bear unkind treatment; and we have the testimony of several of his biographers that his health suffered accordingly. "*Sa mère, d'un caractère,*" says M. Hoefer, "*dur et tracassier rendait l'enfant très malheureux.*" In another place he speaks of the effects of her treatment. "*A treize ans, le pauvre enfant faillit succomber à une grave maladie.*" His only consolation at this time was the kindness of his sister Margaret, who tried to be all that was good to him which his mother was not. She married a Protestant curate, who soon grew tired of supporting his brother-in-law, while the latter did nothing but read and study. After a short time he sent him to work in the fields; but he soon found that he was too feeble to undergo the fatigue. "What is to be done?" asked the brother-in-law, "for I am too poor to maintain you." "Alas! send me to school somewhere!" was the reply. This request was not made in vain. The clergyman exercised all the influence he possessed, and finally succeeded in entering him at the University of Tübingen, in 1589, at the expense of the state. The mere fact of his having been received at this learned institution would show by itself that in spite of the many difficulties he had to contend with he had already acquired considerable familiarity with mathematics as well as the learned languages, and thus it was that the illustrious Kepler was enabled to lay the groundwork of that scientific knowledge

by means of which he subsequently gained the proud title of "Celestial Law Giver," (*Legislateur du Ciel*.)

Even the great discoveries which have rendered his name immortal scarcely do more honor to Kepler than the kind and generous treatment which he gave his mother in return for her habitual cruelty to him. While both her favorites neglected her as she grew old, the great astronomer laid aside those labors which he prosecuted with most zeal and avidity, in order to console and aid her in her sickness, or any other trouble that oppressed her. All his biographers testify that he was in the habit of sharing his scanty salary with her when she was in need. But his filial devotion was rendered still more conspicuous when, to the disgrace of the age in which he lived, he saw her publicly arraigned as a witch. It seems almost incredible that even children would make such charges against any human being as were made against the mother of Kepler, but which some have regarded as a just retribution for her former inhumanity. The indictment of the Assize Court of Weil accused her, among other things, "of having been instructed in the magic art by an aunt who had been burned as a sorceress; of having had frequent interviews with the devil; of being unable to shed tears; of having caused the hogs of the neighborhood on which she performed her nocturnal journeys to die; of being unable to look at any one to whom she spoke straight in the face; of having employed a grave-digger to furnish her the skull of her husband in order to make a goblet of it for her son." Absurd as these charges were, she was found guilty upon them, and sentenced to be burned alive. It occupied a considerable porportion of Kepler's time for five years to save his aged mother from so cruel and barbarous a death. More than once he applied in person on her behalf to the authorities, doing all in his power to convince them of her innocence. Finally he went from Linz to Stuttgart, to intercede with the Duke of Wurtemberg, in person. The latter was disposed to comply with the wishes of so great a man as Kepler, but he assured him that all he could do was to commute the sentence. Instead of being burned as ordered by the judges, her punishment was now to consist of being terrified by the public executioner, who was instructed to show her all the instruments of torture in turn, and explain their action on both body and mind. The object of this was to make her confess. She persistently refused to do so, however; after having been thus persecuted for more than five years, she was at last discharged, but died soon after.

So great was the prevailing ignorance at this time that no

inconsiderable portion of the public regarded the great discoveries of Kepler as, not the results of scientific research, or astronomical calculations, but those of magical incantations, and intercourse with the devil. In undertaking to save his mother, he was well aware that he should awaken a feeling of this kind against himself; but he refused to allow any selfish motive to prevent him from performing what he regarded as a sacred duty.* And old and weak-minded as his mother was at this time, she had understanding enough to feel deeply affected by his conduct as contrasted with that of his brothers. Among the last words she ever spoke were these: "I wish that all mothers would take warning by my case, and never show any preference to one child over another until they see good reason to do so. Above all, none should be harsh, but kind to the one that's anxious for knowledge."†

We have made this digression without regard to time, in order to show, at a glance, that far from evincing any resentment towards his mother for her cruel and unnatural treatment of him, no son could have been kinder to his mother no matter how she had treated him. Now we return to Tübingen, although only for a moment. It was at this institution he formed the acquaintance of Mästlin, his future friend, who was professor of mathematics in the College and celebrated throughout Germany for his superior learning and philosophical investigations. It was to him Kepler opened his mind in all his troubles for ever after; and it is to the honor of the professor that his sympathy and friendship were never wanting to his former pupil. Kepler had not been one month under his tuition when he told him that perseverance was all he required to render himself illustrious, and it is worthy of remark that nearly all the other professors set but a very low estimate on his talents. It was not alone as an instructor that Mästlin served Kepler; he served him still more by recommending him to others, for his recommendation had great weight, especially in regard to mathematics and philosophy. The Lutheran theologians who had then charge of the University of Tübingen, required that the students should be instructed

* It is worthy of remark, that while he was defending his mother from this charge, and the feeling against him in Austria was such that he had to give up his situation as Court Astronomer and leave, he was offered the professorship of mathematics at Bologna, in the Papal States. This would seem to prove that the opposition he experienced from the Catholics was merely the result of local prejudices and ignorance; although some of his biographers denounce it in strong terms as if it had been ordered by the Church. "De retour à Lentz," says F. Hofer, "où il avait pour ennemis tous les prêtres catholiques, Kepler fut traité non plus seulement d'hérétique, mais de fils de sorcière. La vie lui étant rendue insupportable il quitta l'Autriche."

† Biot, *Traité d'Astronomie*, p. 167.

in the Ptolemaic astronomy. The professor was bound to obey on pain of losing his situation; but believing that the Copernican system was the true one, he availed himself of every opportunity to instil its leading principles into the minds of his students. It was not necessary for him to take any pains with Kepler for this purpose; it was enough for the latter to have got a glimpse of the works of Copernicus; but we are assured by Baron von Breitschwert, in one of the works at the head of this article, that it was the same professor who converted Galileo, during a visit which he made that illustrious astronomer while travelling through Italy.

Kepler tells us also that it was Mästlin who taught him to be liberal towards all who differed with him in opinion in religion, politics or science; and we find evidence of this liberality pervading all his writings. As an illustrative instance we may note in passing, the course he pursued in the great controversy of the time, in reference to the introduction or non-introduction of the Gregorian calendar. In this Mästlin took a part which, at first sight, would seem to be unworthy of a scientific man. That is, while believing in the superiority of the Gregorian calendar, he undertook to write against it, his object being to secure his position, which he would be pretty sure to lose did he recommend anything emanating from the Pope. He had the example of Appian before him as a warning against this. Accordingly he denounced the new calendar with much apparent bitterness: but all his arguments were directed against some minor defects. Kepler, who understood him perfectly, while the Lutheran theologians were entirely satisfied with his zeal, wrote to him as follows: "What is the one-half of Germany at? How long will it remain separate from the other half of the empire, and from the whole continent of Europe? For these one hundred and fifty years astronomy has been calling for the improvement of the calendar. Shall we forbid it? How long shall we wait? Mayhap till a *Deus ex machina* enlightens the evangelic rulers. Various amendments have been proposed, still that which the Pope has introduced is the best. But, even if one should discover a better, it cannot be brought into use without causing some disorder after this has once been in operation. It is sufficient for the next centuries; we will not make ourselves uneasy about the more distant ones. Uniformity in the computation of time is one of the ornaments of the political state. I think we have proved sufficiently to the Pope that we can keep to the old time for our festivals; it were time now to correct what he has corrected. We shall not always enjoy the mildness and lenity of an Emperor Rudolf. The

evangelic princes inquire of their mathematicians; the Emperor puts forth a merely political edict; so it is not the Pope's bull, but the advice of his mathematicians which he sanctions. *It is a disgrace for Germany to be alone without that correction which the sciences desire.*"

Kepler did not confine himself to urging the adoption of the reformed calendar in private letters to his friends; but openly made it the basis of his own calculations. Thus, for example, his first duty on receiving the appointment of teacher of mathematics at the Gymnasium of Grätz, was to draw up the Styrian calendar for 1594. He was well aware of the bitter feeling entertained throughout Germany against the innovation; nor did he overlook the fact that its adoption on his part might be injurious to all his prospects in life. Indeed, he could scarcely have entertained a doubt in regard to this; for the academic senate of the institution in which he was educated had already presented its celebrated Memorial on the subject to Duke Louis. We extract a passage from this, partly because it is a curious document in itself, and partly because it serves to explain the position in which Kepler was placed in the sight of the party who were then the most powerful in Germany:

"A Christian, sensible, and good-hearted governor knows, that, in reformations of this kind, he should take counsel of the ministers of the church. As long as the kings of Judah followed the counsel of the prophets and other highly enlightened ministers of the church, they ruled laudably and well-pleasing unto God. It is only when the temporal power is in a member of the true church of God that it has authority, with the counsel of the ministers of the church, to change the outward ceremonies of the church.

"As the emperor holds the Pope to be the vicar of Christ on earth, it is not to be wondered at that he has introduced his calendar into his hereditary dominions, and sent it to the estates of the Roman empire. Julius Cæsar had not members of his empire who were lords and rulers themselves, like the estates of the present Roman empire. The imperial majesty knows how to recollect itself, and, in its letter to the estates, merely gives them to understand that their accommodating themselves to this work will give the highest satisfaction. But the new calendar has *manifestly been devised for the furtherance of the idolatrous popish system, and we justly hold the pope to be a cruel, devouring bear-wolf.* If we adopt his calendar, we must go into the church when he rings for us. Shall we have fellowship with Antichrist?—and what concord is there between Christ and Belial? Should he succeed, through the imperial authority, in *fastening his calendar about our necks*, he would bring the cord in such a way about our horn that we could no longer defend ourselves against his tyranny in the church of God. The Pope hereby grasps also at the electoral hats of the princes of the empire. If the new calendar be not generally adopted, the world will not go to ruin on that account. Summer will not come sooner or later if the vernal equinox should be set a few days farther back or forward in the calendar; no peasant will be so simple as, on account of the calendar, to send out his reapers at Whitsun-

tide, or the gatherers into his vineyard at St. James's Day. These are merely the pretexts of people *who stroke the fox-tail of the Pope*, and would not be thought to do so. Satan is driven out of the Christian church. We will not let him slip in again through his representative, the Pope."

This it will be admitted was a formidable document, seeing that it expressed the views of the large majority of the Protestant gentry not only of Wurtemberg, but of all Germany; but Kepler had more reason to fear it than any of his contemporaries, because, be it remembered, it emanated from the very same body who had decreed that he was unfit to be a minister of the Lutheran church, because he refused to believe in the omnipresence of Christ's body, which was then a leading doctrine at Tübingen. All did not prevent him, however, from advocating what he regarded as true and favorable to science; for we find him, in 1613, before the German Diet of Ratisbon, explaining the character of the new calendar, and strongly urging on that body its adoption. He had no doubt that such a course would injure his prospects. Nor was he mistaken; the Protestant divines were so much incensed against him, that when appointed by the influence of his friends to a professorship in the Gymnasium at Grätz, as already observed, the Lutheran chaplain refused to admit him to the communion, on the ground of his not assenting to the physical ubiquity of Christ. He felt so sensible of the vindictive feeling thus evinced towards him, that he appealed to the Consistory of Wurtemberg. But far from giving him any satisfaction, this learned and pious body sent him word that one like him, who would attempt to introduce into Germany that Popish invention called the Gregorian calendar, could be no better than a wolf in sheep's clothing. He may, therefore, if so disposed, attend to his mathematics, but he must not presume to meddle with the Holy Scriptures. It was in allusion to these circumstances that he wrote to the Mayor of Baden, in 1614, as follows: "The evil which oppresses Germany arises chiefly from the pride of some divines, who would rather *rule* than teach. Certain doctors, who have been called to the office of teaching, wishing to be bishops, seek in their untimely zeal to turn everything upside down, and mislead their princes to overhasty steps. The spirit of unity and mutual love is wanting."

He was not to be deterred, however, from vindicating the truth of science; for he adduced new proofs in his *Prodnus* in favor of the Copernican system, and as soon as the work was ready he presented a copy of it to the senate of Tübingen, but he had wisely taken the precaution of securing the favor of the Prince. Fortunately, there was not one

among the learned members of the senate capable of giving any intelligent opinion of the "Prodromus," accompanied with suitable explanations, but the author's friend Mästlin. To the latter, therefore, the task had to be committed of examining it, and reporting upon it. As we can only make room for a brief extract from the report, it is necessary to remark here that in speaking of the "spheres" in the following passage, the Professor has reference to the analogies discovered by Kepler between the five regular bodies which may be inscribed in a sphere and the spaces between the planets: "The matter is so new that it has never yet come into the mind of any one, and so ingeniously developed that it is well deserving of being made known to the learned. Who ever yet conceived the thought, or ventured to attempt to prove *à priori* the number, the order, and the magnitude of the celestial spheres, and to draw forth the cause as it were from the secret counsels of God? This has Kepler undertaken, and happily accomplished. He is the first who has conceived that the distances of the planets from each other are determined by the five regular bodies. By this all appears in such suitable order and perfect connection, that *the smallest alteration could not be made without causing the downfall of the whole*. Kepler has shown himself to be one of the most learned and acute of men."

All the arguments in the "Prodromus" are in favor of the Copernican system; but Mästlin, knowing what offence this would give, carefully abstained from making any allusion to it. In adopting this precaution he was doubtless influenced by the suggestions of the author who wrote to him on the subject as follows: "What is to be done? I think we should imitate the Pythagoreans, communicate our discoveries *privatim* and be silent in public, *that we may not die of hunger*. I will make you no enemies on my account. The guardians of the Holy Scriptures make an elephant of a gnat. To avoid the hatred against novelty I represented my discovery to the rector of the university as a thing already observed by the ancients; but he made its antiquity a still greater charge against it than he could have made its novelty." The misfortune of Kepler was that while he had nothing to depend on for his support but his salary as professor, all sects were alike opposed to the new doctrine, no matter how much they differed with and detested each other. Both Calvinists and Catholics, as well as Lutherans, had before their eyes the text which told them that the earth stood still; and now Kepler came forward to maintain that Pythagoras and Copernicus were right in saying that it moved.

Wishing, however, to ascertain how much opposition he might expect from the Church of Rome, he wrote as follows to John Pistorius, an eminent theologian who had recently resigned a professorship in order to join the Catholic Church: "You will bear me witness, on that great day, that I never had any personal hatred against the pope and the priests, but only zeal for God and his institutions, while I remain in that freedom in which God caused me to be born. *Among the vanities of this world I reckon the spirit of persecution which prevails in every religious party*—the idea that each of them has, that their cause is the cause of God—they alone possess a right to happiness—the presumption of the theologians that they have the right to interpret Scripture, and that one must blindly believe them, even when their interpretations run contrary to reason—finally, the temerity with which they damn all those who make use of their evangelic liberty." Kepler subsequently told his friends that he was thus plain and frank in writing to Pistorius partly because he had but recently known him as a Protestant, and partly because he had an idea that converts soon know more about the feeling of the Church on any disputed point than those born and brought up within its pale. At all events the neophyte gave him little satisfaction. "You are an excellent mathematician," wrote Pistorius in reply, "but a bad theologian; pray excuse me, therefore, if I decline to discuss these matters with you."

While he was thus doubtful as to the destiny that awaited himself and his works, Ferdinand, Duke of Styria, who had hitherto been a minor, became of age and took the reins into his own hands. Kepler tells us that although the Duke was a zealous Catholic, it did not appear that he had any disposition to interfere with the Protestants in the exercise of their faith; but that the Protestant divines signalized his coming to the throne by hurling more irritating invectives than ever at the Catholics from their pulpits, at the same time issuing prints representing the pope as anti-Christ in female clothing. This brought matters to a crisis. Ferdinand declaring that the Protestants had broke the peace, ordered them to leave within fourteen days. Failing to comply with this order, a decree was promulgated on the 17th of September directing the police to force them if they did not voluntarily leave the town before sunset. Kepler was among the number of those who had to leave thus suddenly, but he informs us himself that he was but two weeks absent when he received a letter from the Duke's Premier, a Jesuit, inviting him to return, and assuring him that neither the Duke

nor his ministry had any disposition to be otherwise than kind and indulgent to a man at once so learned and so liberal in his sentiments as Kepler. Feeling satisfied that the premier was sincere, as he says he afterwards proved himself to have been, he did not hesitate to return.

In order to present both sides of the question, it is proper to say that the Protestants account for the favor thus shown to Kepler by telling us that the Jesuits who were about Ferdinand were exceedingly anxious to win over to the Church one who they had sagacity enough to see was destined to fill the world with his fame. It is added that they thought the question of sufficient importance to justify their asking permission from the Pope to encourage him in his teachings, even when they could not regard them as altogether orthodox. We are further informed that the Holy See not only assented to this, but gave them a general permission by which they might authorize eminent persons to live in the open profession of heresy, provided they were privately reconciled to the Church—at least so favorable to its teachings that they would make no serious effort to undermine them. It is not for us to say whether this is true or false; but one thing is certain, if the object of the Jesuits was to convert Kepler, they did not succeed in doing so. Indeed, the truth seems to be that they were far too shrewd to suppose for a moment that there would be any use in attempting to induce a man like Kepler to swerve from the faith in which he had been born and educated, especially as they were so familiar with his views on transubstantiation and other fundamental dogmas of the Church—views so widely known that he could not disavow them without stultifying himself. Be this as it may, Kepler received an annuity from the state; he was told by the Premier that the object of the Duke in giving it to him was to enable him to devote his whole time to his astronomical researches; and there is a passage in one of his own letters to Mästlin which seems to corroborate that statement. Not liking to remain for various reasons, he writes to his friend, requesting that he would secure him some more agreeable position. "My salary," he says, "is paid to me more out of pity than for any good that is expected from me. Should I have any chance of a situation if I were to go to Tübingen?" This is sufficiently explicit. In the same letter we have evidence that those who accused him of concealing the faults of the Church of Rome, while he exposed those of the Lutherans and Calvinists, did him injustice. "I believe," he says, "I am not unworthy of a place in the faculty of philosophy; but it appears I have enemies who oppose me." He then proceeds to

speak of the conduct of the ducal government as follows: "The citizens here are accused of high treason, in order that there may be a pretext for robbing them. Whosoever reads Luther's Bible is guilty of treason and loses his goods."

True, there are those who think that these remarks were made much more with the intention that they should produce some favorable effect on the senate of the University of Tübingen, than through any feelings of bitterness or resentment towards the Catholics; and the reason they assign is a pretty cogent one, namely, that Kepler was too generous and liberal-minded to return evil for good—the latter consisting in the undisputed fact that hitherto "he was indebted to the Catholics alone for the means of living."* But if his motive was to awaken the sympathy of the Tübingen senate, so that they might give him a position in the College, as they could have done at any time, it was no use. They did not make the slightest effort to serve him, always excepting his friend Cästlin; Hafeneffer was also disposed to serve him, but was too much afraid of his theological views. It was the latter, be it remembered, who was deputed to write to him, after he had published his "Prodromus," to warn him against any process of reasoning that might conflict with the teaching of the Bible, especially as it was interpreted by the divines of the Lutheran church. "God forbid," said he, "that you should endeavor to bring your hypothesis openly into argument with the Holy Scripture. I require of you to treat the subject merely as a mathematician, and to leave the peace of the church undisturbed." This, no doubt, was well meant; but it did not enable Kepler to procure the necessities of life for his family.

At this time his circumstances were by no means easy; nor did his prospects for the future seem much more encouraging. Meantime, his great work was making much more progress, in gaining him fame and honor, than his most sanguine hopes had led him to expect. Nearly the same mail brought him letters of congratulation from the two most illustrious of his contemporaries, namely Galileo and Tycho Brahe. "I congratulate myself," wrote the renowned Florentine, "in having found in you an associate in the search after truth, to which I am attached. Though Copernicus has acquired everlasting fame, yet he appears naught to an infinite crowd—so great is the number of the ignorant." But Tycho Brahe did not confine himself to praising the new work and its author; he happened to be in a position which enabled him to offer the latter a situation of which he was then in need. The Danish

* Breitschwert's *Life and Labors of Kepler*, p. 97.

astronomer expressed an earnest wish that he would join him at Prague, whither he was about to remove, and do for his system what he had so effectually done for that of Copernicus, from which it differed but little. But what afforded most pleasure to Kepler was the intimation that he could, not only have the use of the imperial observatory with all its instruments—the best then in Europe—but also that he could avail himself of Tycho's own observations, which extended over a course of twenty-five years. In order to be able to form an adequate idea of the estimate set by Kepler on the latter privilege, it is necessary to bear in mind that he had always been too poor to procure suitable instruments. Those by the means of which he had made his most important discoveries thus far were of the rudest kind, as may be seen from his own graphic description of them, written some time previously, when he had little hope of being able to procure better soon: "They are," he says, "out of the same workshop from which the huts of our first parents came. I am content with a very simple instrument, which does not err more than half a degree either way; and even if I were not content with it, I must still do without a more choice one. I will describe it. Ye friends who may see it, do not laugh. As I had no other materials than wood, and all kinds of wood swell, I prepared an instrument whose sides must be kept in equal condition by their length, that is to say, a right-angled triangle of 6, 8 and 10 feet. I hung this triangle up by its right angle, and let fall from it a thread with a plummet (*perpendikel*), divided the 10-foot side into the smallest parts, and stuck small quills (*pinnulæ*) in one of the sides about the right angle. I let the triangle hang freely by the cord by which it is suspended, and by a small weight kept it steady till the star is seen through the holes of the quills (*pinnulæ foramina*). This is my whole apparatus. I can easily wish for more accurate instruments, but I know not how and by what means they are to be got. With the aid of a mason and a Praxiteles, I could construct exceedingly neat and useful ones. For observing the sun, one cannot wish for anything better than an aperture in the top of a tower and a shadowed place beneath it; for when the round sun-beam falls obliquely on a plane it forms an ellipse, from whose long and short diameters I will deduce more than with the aid of all the quadrants, astrolabes, &c., in the world."

Tycho soon proved that he was sincere in his wish to have Kepler near him. In one of his first interviews with the Emperor Rudolf, he represented to him that the task of improving Copernicus's Astronomical Tables, which his Majesty

had committed to him, would be accomplished not only much quicker but much better if he would allow him to invite Kepler to spend some years at the observatory. The Emperor cheerfully consented, and Kepler was immediately sent for. This was the best offer he ever received, and he joyfully accepted it accordingly. "This was a providential occurrence for me," says Kepler. "I repaired to Bohemia at the beginning of the year 1600, in the hope of being able to learn to correct the eccentricities of the planets. Observing that Tycho made use of a mixed system (which made Mercury and Venus revolve round the sun, while making the same planets, with all the others, revolve round the earth), I asked permission of him to let me pursue my own ideas. Providence would also have it so that Mars was the planet to which his observations were chiefly directed at the time. All my attention was given to the same star; for I had long felt that it was only by becoming familiarly acquainted with the movements of Mars that one could attain to the secrets of astronomy (*ex Martis motibus omnino necesse est nos in cognitionem astronomiæ arcanorum venire aut ea perpetuo nescire*.)"* There were various reasons for the importance thus attached to the movements of Mars, one or two of which it may be well to allude to in passing. In the first place it deviated more from the circular form in its orbit than any other planet then known; the others deviated so little as to render it extremely difficult to prove that their orbits were not really circular. Besides, its orbit was the nearest to that of the earth (that is of those then known). The earth is quite near Mars when it passes between it and the sun in the *oppositions*, whereas it is three times as far in the *conjunctions*, when it is the sun that passes between it and Mars.†

Whether it was that Kepler was of too sanguine a temperament, or, like many other great geniuses, was too sensitive or too much prone to discontent, certain it is that he soon became much dissatisfied both with Tycho Brahe and his observatory. The former he found to be proud, overbearing, and but little disposed to be communicative in regard to the results of his observations and experiments, while he regarded the latter as better suited for the astrological fancies of the Emperor than for the legitimate purposes of astronomy. Accordingly we soon find him renewing his former request to his friend Mästlin, to whom he relates his experience as follows, after a residence of only a few months in Prague: "I have

* *Astronomia Nova seu Comment. de Motibus stellæ Martis*, p. 53.

† Biot, *Traité d'Astronomie*, tome iv., p. 431.

found everything uncertain here. Tycho is a man with whom no one can live without exposing himself to the greatest insults. The appointments are brilliant, but one can hardly squeeze out one half of them. I am thinking of taking to medicine, perhaps then you would give me some small situation? I could never have believed that joy would increase in proportion as persecution augmented. Hence we may see how easily it is to die for religion: I mix the sweet with the bitter. A few months ago I wrote on the action of light; I also observed the last eclipse of the sun."

It would seem that Mästlin began to regard him as somewhat whimsical, for he did not reply for more than a month, and finally when his reply came, it was anything but encouraging. Kepler became more and more discontented daily; in short, he made no effort to conceal the fact that, let his destiny be what it might, he and Tycho could never get on together. His wife fully participated in this feeling; indeed there are some biographers who hold her responsible for the whole difficulty. Be this as it may, while Kepler was paying a visit to his friends in Styria, she was so incensed at having to apply to Tycho day after day for a part of her husband's salary to enable her to procure the necessaries of life, that she induced him to write a letter to the Danish astronomer which was full of reproaches. It does not appear that Tycho evinced much if any resentment at having his motives impugned in this way; indeed he seems to have treated him with nearly as much indulgence as Locke did Sir Isaac Newton, when the latter accused the former of seeking to embroil him with women. "I understand Kepler's disposition," said Tycho; "in his gloomy moods, he is rather inclined to be irascible; but he is generous and kind hearted with all."* When Kepler found that after all Tycho did not evince any disposition to quarrel with him, he did not hesitate to apologise, expressing his regret that he was betrayed into the use of harsh language under the impression that his wife had been unkindly treated in his absence. But before Tycho had time to take any notice of the reproaches of Kepler, the latter wrote again to his friend Mästlin as follows: "I cannot express to thee how melancholy thy letter has made me; I know not if I shall ever recover; they fear that my tertian may end in a consumption. My wife too is sick, and I feel as much for her as for myself. I stand in need of consolation. I earnestly pray thee if there should be any place vacant in your university, to get it for me. Believe me, that several Styrian nobles

* Breitschwert's *Kepler's Leben und Wirken*, p. 221.

would come to Tübingen if I were there. I cannot recollect what it was that induced me to write to thee some time ago what thou speakest of (*i. e.* his becoming a physician); I pray thee send me back that letter. Every observation made at the Imperial Observatory is a confutation of the Tychonic and a confirmation of the Copernican system. The more Tycho is annoyed at it the more rejoiced am I; he thinks an error of a few minutes should be excused in his system."

His friend had little more than time to reply to this, when Tycho Brahe died (October 24, 1601), and he was appointed to succeed him. However much he disliked the haughtiness of the deceased philosopher, he could not but regard him as his benefactor; and accordingly he mourned his death as an affectionate child would that of an indulgent parent.* Had he evinced any other feeling, he would have been unworthy of the glorious fame to which he attained; although it was only now that he really commenced his career as a discoverer. Before we attempt to give any account, however, of his great discoveries, we will take a brief glance at his character as a husband, a father, and a member of the social circle. In 1596 Kepler began to pay his addresses to Barbara Muller, the daughter of one of the proudest of the Protestant nobles of Styria. The lady fully inherited the pride of her ancestors, so that she could not think of wedding Kepler until he, too, should prove that he was of noble extraction. It would have been much easier for him to make an important astronomical discovery than this, since the most distinguished member of the family before his own time was his grandfather, the burgo-master of Weil. But he had no alternative but either to prove that he was of "noble blood," or for ever renounce all pretensions to the hand of the beautiful Barbara. Although the authorities of Wurtemberg were disposed to be as accommodating as possible in so delicate a matter, it took him some six months to procure the necessary documents, and in the meantime the lady was very near changing her mind and giving her hand to one whose noble extraction was more easily established.

She married Kepler, however, in 1595. Although only twenty-three years of age, the great astronomer was her third husband. The first had died suddenly, and she had divorced the second. Neither himself nor his friends have much to say of this marriage; but they make occasional allusions

* Nevertheless, one of his French biographers, speaks of the death of Tycho as a happy event. "Heureusement," he says, "Tycho vint à mourir le 24 Octobre; Kepler fut aussitôt nommé astronome de l'empereur Rodolphe avec 1,500 de traitement et établit sa résidence à Linz."

which would seem to imply that the fair Barbara was by no means remarkable for the gentleness of her disposition. M. Hofer confines himself to the remark that this marriage was not a happy one (*cette union ne fut guère heureuse*). This, however, may have no better foundation than the fact that she was the cause of the reproachful letter addressed by her husband to Tycho. Be this as it may, it does not seem that she was much regretted when she died, although she left her husband several children. She was scarcely six months dead when Kepler wrote to a friend, to say that he had no less than eleven fair maidens proposed for his acceptance. He then proceeds to describe the perfections and charms of each, awarding the palm of superiority, however, to Susanna Rettinger, whom he married. The letter concludes with the assurance that his chief, if not his sole, object in marrying the second time was to give a mother to his orphans. But Susanna added seven children to the five left by Barbara.

It is worthy of remark, that all the children of the second wife died young, and only two of those by the first wife—a son and a daughter—attained the age of maturity. He had taken care to have both thoroughly educated. His son, Louis, was a physician; but he cultivated poetry and philosophy with no inconsiderable success. Animated by the example of his noble father, he wrote several works in the Latin language; but they were chiefly on medicine, and none of them attracted much attention. Louis lived to be fifty-three years old; but he was the last of the race—the Kepler family was extinct in the next generation; so that there is now no descendant of the illustrious Kepler more than there is of Newton, Shakespeare, Milton, Dante, Cervantes, Corneille, or, in short, of any of those who, by their transcendent genius, have rendered their names imperishable.

It only remains for us now to give a brief sketch of Kepler's discoveries. The reader is already aware of his studious habits and of the profoundness of his researches. He was satisfied with no theory, however ancient or venerable, without testing its truth. His first work, the *Mysterium Cosmographicum*, was published in 1596, when he was twenty-five years old, and it immediately secured him a high rank among the astronomers of the day, at the same time gaining him the friendship of men like Tycho Brahe and Galileo. The latter fact alone would show that it was a great work. In little more than one year after the death of the former he became satisfied that all previous astronomers had erred in ascribing circular orbits and uniform motions to the planets; that, in point of fact, their orbits were elliptical; that the motion of

each is really unequable, and varies in such a manner that "a ray supposed to be always drawn from the planet to the sun describes equal areas in equal times."

On the death of Tycho he wished to have an opportunity of comparing the observations of that eminent astronomer with his own; accordingly he applied for them, but Tycho's heirs refused to allow him the privilege. He then applied to the Emperor, but his majesty had been previously tampered with, so that he was led to believe he only wanted them for "useless speculations," and that if he got them "he would continue in the same idle course, instead of improving the Astronomical Tables, the business for which he had originally been employed." It is inferred from this that Tycho was displeased with Kepler at his death, on account of the circumstances already alluded to, and that the heirs merely acted on what they regarded as the wishes of the deceased. At all events, their opposition to Kepler did not end soon; for Tycho was five years dead, when they induced the Emperor to demand an account from his successor of what he had been doing all that time. The person chosen to arraign Kepler in this way was Longomontanus, the astronomer, who was a pupil and disciple of Tycho's.

From the errand upon which he came one could not expect that he had a very friendly feeling towards Kepler; but even enemies that are generous are apt to be courteous if they are gentlemen. But we can judge best in regard to the case in question by the reply made by Kepler, which is also interesting as giving the views of that great man in relation to the relative value of different kinds of study, and showing what he had been doing during the period named. "I will answer you as a friend," said the author of the *Prodomus*; "I acknowledge that I have occupied myself for the last five years (more than the half of which, however, I was obliged to spend in solicitations at court) chiefly with physical speculations. For I believe that astronomy and physics are so closely connected together that the one cannot be perfected without the other. Hypotheses which are not founded in nature please me not. You call these speculations '*the dung-pits of Augeas*.' Fair words, doubtless! *You make merry at my oval orbits of the planets*. I can set against these certain notions of the ancients which have been revived by Tycho, and which are a hundred times more absurd."*

This shows that Kepler was not so mild, but that he had the spirit and manliness to defend himself even at the risk of

* Biot.

losing his chief means of support. Longomontanus and those who supported him were now sure that Kepler would be dismissed; but whatever were the faults of the Emperor, he was a lover of justice as well as an admirer of science and of courage; and, accordingly, instead of doing his astronomer any harm on account of the reply we have quoted, he ordered that all Tycho's papers should be confided to his care. He cheerfully admits himself that these aided him greatly. Soon after he commenced his *Astronomia Nova*, the work which contained his two great discoveries of the elliptical orbits of the planets, and of their describing equal areas in equal times, and which was published in 1609.

But what is most remarkable in the works of Kepler is the near approach which they make to the discovery of gravitation. That he did discover that principle, so far as it relates to the planets, is beyond question. The glory of Newton really consists, not in being the first discoverer of the law of gravity, but in being the first to apply that law to all bodies whatever. Nor did Kepler confine himself to indicating the influence produced by the sun on the movements and velocities of the planets, and the influence of those bodies on each other. "Examples abound," he says, "to show the analogies of the celestial with terrestrial phenomena. All is simple in the variety of natural operations. Thus in the running stream the simple movement is the tendency which the water has towards the centre of the earth, but as the passage is not direct, the course of the water is disturbed; it follows all the sinuosities of the earth and its movement becomes complicated in appearance by foreign and adventitious causes."* He shows in the same work that the velocities of the planets are constantly varying according to their distances from the sun; being accelerated as they approach that body, and diminished as they recede from it. But if there are any who doubt that the principle of gravity was well understood by Kepler, let them read the chapters in *De Mot. Stel. Martis*, entitled *Virtutem quæ planetam movet in circulum attenuari cum discessu a fonte*—that is, from page 160 to page 201; but there is this difficulty—we are not aware that there is any English translation of these chapters.

Both Mr. Maclaurin and Dr. Hutton have been too precocious of the fame of Newton to direct any attention to these facts. The former, indeed, admits in his "Discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton," that "to Kepler we owe the discovery of the true figure of the earth, and the proportions of the motions

* *De Motis Stellæ Martis*, cap. xxviii., p. 185.

of the solar system." This, much as it is, could not be denied; but having made that admission, the writer proceeds to disparage the general character of Kepler as an astronomer. "This astronomer," he says, "had a particular passion for finding analogies and harmonies in nature, after the manner of the Pythagoreans and Platonists, &c." Actuated by a similar feeling, Bailly tells us that "Kepler, from his veneration for Pythagoras and Plato has plunged into musical ratios, and blended them with the movements, distances and eccentricities of the planets in his visionary analogies; they contain not one single true ratio, or resemblance; in a crowd of ideas there is not a single truth."

Kepler, like most other great men, had his whimsicalities and odd notions. Many of his theories are undoubtedly visionary, but there is scarcely one of them which did not lead the way to fact and truth. It was a favorite observation of his own that we not only pardon Columbus and the Portuguese navigators for relating their errors—the former, in the discovery of America, and the latter in the circumnavigation of Africa—but we should be deprived of much instruction and satisfaction if those errors were omitted. Why should we not apply the same rule to him, especially as his errors are perhaps not so much errors after all; a fact which we may take occasion to show before we close. First it was thought a very odd fancy on the part of Kepler, to think that the sun, although the centre of the planetary system, while it so powerfully influenced the movements of the planets, was constantly in motion itself, *i. e.*, revolving on its axis. When he was asked to explain so absurd a theory, he compared the sun to an orator, who, placed in the centre of a circular group, could address all in turn only by turning himself.* By the two great discoveries already mentioned, known as "Kepler's Laws," the great astronomer only exhibited the individual movements of the planets in their respective orbits, without establishing any analogy between them as a whole. Since he was twenty years old he felt convinced that such an analogy existed, and accordingly he was constantly assuming new hypotheses which might enable him to arrive at the truth. In his *Mysterium Cosmographicum* we find several of these hypotheses; but his observations had not then been sufficiently extensive. For twenty-two years afterwards he never abandoned the idea; finally, after twenty-eight years of laborious research—during which time he reviewed again and again calculations that cost

* Finge ergo oratorem aliquem in magno cœtu hominum sese in orbem ciigentium faciem suam, seu una corpus, convertere semel, &c.—*De Mot. St. Mart.*, cap. xxxv., p. 175.

him months of hard labor, he proved beyond all doubt that *the squares of the periodic times of the planets are to each other as the cubes of their mean distances from the sun*. Be it remembered that great as this law is, he had conceived its existence twenty-eight years previously. Hence the force and truth of the remark of Biot, who, in alluding to Kepler's transit-instrument, a description of which we have quoted in the author's own words, uses the following language: "Three pieces of wood set in a triangle were the magic instruments with which Kepler drew down from the muse Urania secrets unknown to all antiquity, and on which the whole of modern astronomy rests." No wonder that the author was more delighted than he ever had been before at this discovery, for it was worth all the rest; it was as it were the key-stone of the sublime arch which he had formed. He accordingly marked the date carefully (May 15, 1618). "At last! at last!" he exclaimed, "I have the double proportion of the periodical times to the proportion of the orbs."*

These three laws form the bases of all astronomical discoveries since made, not excepting those of Newton. They are admirably explained in the *Harmonices Mundi*, published at Linz the following year; and at the same time they were made the subjects of lectures by the most learned men in Europe. Even the illustrious Galileo had lectured on Kepler's system at Pavia, before the third law, the greatest of all, had been discovered; and the same great man was the first to confirm that system by the discoveries of Jupiter's satellites, the ring of Saturn and the phases of Venus. Only two of Kepler's laws had been discovered when Galileo wrote to the author as follows: "Thou art almost the only person that gives credit to my assertions. When I wanted to show the professors of the Gymnasium at Florence the four satellites of Jupiter with my telescope they would not look at either them or the telescope. . . . How thou wouldst have laughed if thou hadst heard how the first among them strove in presence of the Duke, to pull the new planets down from Heaven, now with logical arguments, now with magical incantations." Another work of Kepler's which is but little known is entitled *Ad Vitellionem, Paralipomena, quibus Astronomiæ pars optica traditur*, &c. This treats principally on optics, and it is the fountain from which all our modern writers on the laws of refraction and undulation, including Descartes, have drawn

* Tandem, tandem! gemina proportio temporum periodicorum ad proportionem orbium venit:

Sera quidem respexit inertem;

Respexit tamen, et longo post tempora venit.

their inspiration. In the same work Kepler ascribes weight to the atmosphere; and he was the first to do so, although it is Torricelli who has the credit of having made the discovery, the same as it is Descartes who has the credit of having discovered the laws of refraction. "Be assured," says Kepler, "that I am not at all ignorant of the fact that in maintaining that the air has always had weight I shall incur the ill will of the physicists, but the contemplation of all nature confirms me in my idea."* Kepler was also the first to find the difference of longitude between two places by observations on solar eclipses. "This means is more difficult," says M. Arago, "but much more exact than that deduced from the eclipses of the moon."† In his *Epitome Astronomiæ Copernicæ*, in two quarto volumes, he discusses the Copernican system in all its features, putting his arguments in the form of a dialogue. Among the questions to which he devotes most attention in the *Epitome* are, the rotation of the sun on its axis, the solar spots, and the solar atmosphere—all new in his time. But the limits of our article will not permit us to give any further account of the discoveries and works of Kepler. We will devote the brief space now left to the "errors" alluded to by Bailly and others, and see in what do they consist.

In the first place it is true that Kepler has paid some attention to astrology; but we have the most satisfactory evidence that he did so only because it was his duty to do so as court astronomer. If the Emperor ordered him to make a prediction founded on any unusual appearance in the heavens, he had to obey. But he often positively refused even his nearest relatives. "I pray you, my friend," said he, "do not condemn me to calculations, but give me time for *philosophical speculations*, my only delight." To another friend he writes as follows: "You err with a great number of learned men when you suppose that the course of events flows from heaven; it sends us nothing but light." He thought astrology a harmless thing in the hands of the honest and virtuous; but nowhere in his writings does he recognize it as a science. He regarded it as holding the same relation to astronomy which alchemy does to chemistry—meaning that one serves as an incentive to the study of the other. Hence it is that he says: "Ye overwise philosophers, ye censure this daughter of astronomy beyond her deserts. Know you not that she must

* Non ignoro, ne credas me physicorum reprehensionem incursurum qui ærem et hic antea gravem seu ponderosum esse statuam: at me sic docuit totius naturæ contemplatio.—*Paralip.* in *Vitell.* p. 128.

† Ce moyen est plus difficile mais beaucoup plus exact que celui qu'on deduit des eclipses de lune.—*Œuvres d'Arago*, Tome iii. (Notices Biographiques) p. 225.

sometimes support her mother by her charms? How many would be in a condition to devote themselves to astronomy if men did not entertain hopes of reading the future in the heavens?" We are told by the detractors of Kepler that he regarded the earth as an animal. It is true that he often spoke as if this were his belief; nay, as if he believed that all the planets and the sun also were endowed with life. In this opinion, even if really entertained, Kepler was by no means peculiar. Vossius tells us that the wisest of all antiquity believed the earth to be either an animal or a part of the great animal we call the universe.* Bale gives the opinions of several learned men on the same subject, and then adds his own, which is: that it is not so easy to refute the view of Kepler as might be supposed, for how can we be sure, he remarks, that the earth is not animated, any more for example, than a louse can tell whether we are animated ourselves. The vermin contents itself with what it can suck from the surface of our body; it does not know that we think; it can form no idea of the internal machinery by which we are moved. Can we make any more certain discoveries on the question as to whether the earth thinks, &c. †

Now that we have mentioned the worst errors of Kepler, we would ask are they such as would justify any scientific man in attempting to diminish the glory of the discoverer of "Kepler's Laws?" We are sure that there is not one of our readers who will not say, no. We can only add that the great astronomer died as he lived, in making efforts to procure the necessities of life. He had to make frequent fruitless journeys from Linz to Prague to solicit the arrears of his salary; during one of these journeys he contracted a severe malady, of which he died after a lingering illness at the age of fifty-nine years: not however until he had written an epitaph in his favorite language (the Latin), which the curious and intelligent traveller will find in the Church of St. Peter at Ratisbon, and of which the following is a translation: "I have measured the heavens; I now measure the shades of the earth. The intellect is celestial; here only the shadow of the body reposes."

* Vossius, de Origine et Progressu Idololatriæ. Lib. ii. cap. lxii., p. 641.

† Un pou se contente de se nourrir de ce qu'il suce à la surface de nos corps; il ne sait point si nous pensons; il ne peut pas même découvrir les ressorts internes qui nous meuvent, &c.—*Dictionnaire de Bayle*. Art. Kepler.

ART. VIII.—*Critical History of the Doctrine of a Future Life, with a complete Bibliography of the Subject.* By WILLIAM ROUNSEVILLE ALGER. 8vo. pp. 913. Philadelphia: George W. Childs. 1864.

ALTHOUGH the question of a Future Life is amply and ably discussed in this volume, it is proper to say, that in making the following observations we by no means confine ourselves to the views and theories of its author; it being much more our object to present our readers an essay on the same subject than to review the book, we have drawn our facts and illustrations from various sources, but we shall not be the less willing on this account to give a fair and liberal estimate, before we close, of a work which is evidently the fruit of extensive research, patient and thoughtful industry, and accomplished scholarship.

There are many who doubt the fall of man, many who deny it, many who doubt or deny the existence of Satan or of Hell: but none can doubt or deny the fact of death, and there are none to whom it does not come home with a supreme and personal interest; and in the fact of death is involved the mystery of a Future Life. Even to those who believe, the interest of the fall is remote and vague: but the fact of death, though ever certain, is ever startling, ever impressive; and believe, doubt, or deny, the soul's immortality—the doctrine of a future life has still a hold on human consciousness, which cannot be broken by the logic of scepticism or the science of materialism. The interest of the subject is therefore at once individual and universal.

If the readers of Mr. Alger's book miss variety, they must be hard to please. They have myth, marvel, story, legend, speculation, description, picture, poetry, science, philosophy, theology, and all brought to bear on one great fact; the common destiny of all the race, and one great idea which lies at the centre of all the supreme hopes and fears of man. Our attention is first directed to the human soul itself—this sublime and mysterious entity—that ever reveals itself and ever hides itself, that defies all explanation; that scorns all the searchings of science. This wonderful thing of undiscovered and undiscoverable life, to whose consciousness the universe exists, and without which consciousness—so far as this region of being is concerned—there would be no existence, but instead of a peopled earth and a glorious kosmos, blank nothingness. It is to the conscious soul that all things *are*; it is to the reasonable soul that all things reveal the law and order of their being; it judges all, and yet is judged of none. How did it originate? Why is it here? Whence did the soul come? Whither does

it go? What has become of it—when the heart is still and the hands are stiff; when the eye can see the light no more, and the ear is alike deaf to laughter or lamentation?

Some striking observations occur in this portion of the volume on the nature and meaning of death, on the grounds for believing in the soul's survival, and on theories concerning its destination. Next we have interpreted to us the dim vision of a future in the gross instinct of the savage. We are carried, then, to the oak forests of Gaul or Britain, and we listen to the low and mystic voices of the Druids in their midnight meetings; or we find ourselves in the wilds of Scandinavia, and we hear the exultant yells of drunken Jutes or Danes, as they swallow down their mead or beer, with the hope that they will quaff immortal drink in the cloudy Valhalla, in the presence of Odin, and to the glory of the mighty Thor. We call up next the long dead Etruscans, and we question them amongst their tombs as to what they thought when on this side of them on the great mystery beyond. They cannot speak, and they have left nothing that we can read: but these shadows of the past point us to pictures on their urns, and to symbols on their monuments, which tell us that they cherished this life and believed in another. We, then, transport ourselves to Egypt, muse by the banks of the Nile, wander amidst gigantic and gloomy structures, and feel that man is old and hath looked on many changes. We pace through the vast spaces of palaces and temples, but if we call on those who built them, no voice from the dead will break the silence that surrounds us: from the palace-banquet or the temple-worship there comes back no echo to disturb the solemn stillness. Yet, if we look down into the mummy-pit and examine learnedly the pictured, sculptured, and storied tomb, we shall be informed that these people not only trusted in the immortality of the soul, but also did their utmost to confer immortality on the body. And so the author leads us into the wild and legendary poetry and philosophy of India; into the symbolic rites and worship, the profound doctrines and abstract systems of Persia; into teachings of Hebrew tradition, legislation, worship, and prophecy; into the mazes of Rabbinical invention, ingenuity, fable, poetry, and speculation; into the classical materialism of Greece, and the political machinery of Rome; into the voluptuous dreaming or the fanatic threatening of Mohammed; and having guided us over the whole space of antiquity, he stops with us to survey the field. He then goes through the New Testament, distinguishing the doctrine, or modification of doctrine, of each separate writer, and unfolding in an especial manner the doctrine of Christ himself.

Our author maintains that the doctrine of a Future Life was taught in the ancient Mysteries in connection with a pure morality, and he strenuously vindicates those venerable institutions from the charges which some have brought against them of being ministries to gross or vicious passions. The doctrine of a future life in its relation to that of the transmigration of souls, is the subject of a chapter which is the result of much research. The doctrine of future punishment and the idea of a hell gives occasion to a very acute critical and philosophical discussion. The chapter on theoretic modes of salvation comprises the essence of all systems of orthodox theology. The recognition of friends in a future life is a question which connects itself with all our deepest feelings and affections. It is the emotional element in the idea of immortality, and is not so much a deduction of logic as an anticipation of instinct and of faith. Sever it from the idea of immortality—that idea would then be emptied of its living humanity; it would be little more than a metaphysical abstraction, void of power or reality—and to many a soul it would stand only for endless and immeasurable desolation.

The history of the doctrine of a future life must, in a great measure, be the history of man's inner nature, and of all the several activities and expressions of that nature. The religious element in man—whether as instinct, sentiment, or idea; whether as philosophy or faith; or whether as all these in their concrete unity—is radical and essential to humanity; therefore it is innate, perpetual, universal. As thus radical, essential, innate, it is an inherent power in every faculty of man; as it is perpetual, it is involved in all the successive grades and changes through which man passes; as it is universal, it is as wide as the human species, as well in all its contemporaneous as in all its successive conditions. Now, as the religious sentiment is the central force of man's inner nature, the belief in a future life is the soul and spirit of that force. Take away this belief from the religious consciousness, and what remains that we can consider as worthy of the epithet *religious*? Take away this belief from consciousness, then, we are hardly too bold in saying that the religious sentiment must go with it; for, if our consciousness could be thoroughly disconnected from belief in a future life, it would be disconnected from the sense of permanent, individual relation to the mysterious, the eternal and the infinite; and this sense is essential to the simplest existence of the religious nature. We are positive and dogmatic in making these assertions—for experience justifies them,—and after logic has done its utmost against them, the instinct which

they embody will be as strong as ever. Thus the history of the doctrine of a future life is largely the history of Religion, and the history of religion is largely the history of man.

It is the history of man's most peculiar instinct. Other animals are better secured than man for the continuance of the species, and the protection of the individual, at least so far as natural means are concerned; but when all other animals are at their highest, man is still at his lowest. *Their* highest instincts lead them no further than physical fear, antagonism, and affection; *his* lowest lead him to social communion and supernatural reverence. This last is his peculiar instinct; and it is an impassable and immeasurable gulf between the human consciousness and any attainable degree of brute intelligence. The lowest man projects his consciousness beyond his sensual appetites and enjoyments; the highest brutes are confined to them. And thence the individual brute has no mental care for life, or no thoughtful fear of death. Yet the human mother will not defend her baby with more energy than a bear will defend her cub, or show more anguish over the lifeless body; but the brute soon forgets the pain, while the human mother carries the image of her baby in her heart; and if her soul has any of the grander beliefs, she hopes to meet it in heaven, angelically transformed. The belief passes from instinct into intellect. There is always in thought an infinite BEYOND. Immortality seems to be asserted in every general proposition. In the verb *To be*, alone, the human intellect has condensed its consciousness of the Past, the Present, and the Future. And this is embodied in every affirmation: the *copula* is the soul of the sentence, and even the negative implies the positive.

There is no activity of thinking which admits or contemplates cessation or an end. Every natural endeavor of the mind is after truth; after truth as *that* which indicates a changeless order, and belongs to an immortal essence in the thinking subject. Every demonstration of science is an eternal truth, and seems to reveal a corresponding eternity as belonging to the intellect which conceives or unfolds it. Every enduring discovery, every practical invention, reveals some permanent law, and the mind's power to divine it. The activity which thence arises is ever in the direction of advancement, and negatives the possibility of extinction; yet more profoundly is the religious element, and in it the belief of a future life, the inspiration of conscience. We do not say that the sense of right and wrong depends on the direct recognition of a Supreme Power and an immortal soul; what we do say is, that all these pertain to the spiritual constitu-

tion of man;—by virtue of that constitution he is a moral being as well as a religious being, and conscience not less than faith intimates a future. The denier, who confines man's existence to the visible and the mortal, does however confirm the strongest argument for man's continuance in a living future when he admits the authority of conscience. The strong and stern father of the transcendental philosophy seemed to shut up man's soul within a hopeless subjectivity, through which no light could pierce from God or heaven; but he spared the moral sense; he discovered in conscience not only the foundation of morality and virtue, but also that of faith and hope; and the spiritual universe, which to the *pure* reason was merely a visionary dream, became to the *practical* reason an infinite reality. And this allusion to a vision and a dream leads us further to say, that the religious element is rooted as deeply in imagination as in any human faculty. So much is this the case, that many sceptics ascribe religion entirely to that faculty. Imagination, they say, is the creator of myths, fables, and illusions; the shaper of shadows; the exciter of supernatural hopes and fears, of spiritual transports and terrors; and these, according to their view, constitute religion. Not so: religion belongs to the whole man; and imagination, as one of man's most active faculties, is indeed an agency in religion, but only a single force among many forces, and with no more than its own share of power.

The history of the doctrine of a future state, as we have said, is, in a great measure, the history of religion; and the history of religion is, in a great measure, the history of man's inner nature, and of its several activities and expressions. We have been just considering the relation of this history to man's inner nature in some of the elementary constituents of that nature; we will further consider it in relation to some of those modes of activity and expression in which such elementary constituents are made manifest in objective reality.

The kind of history, therefore, to which our subject belongs, must concern itself with the religious instinct, sentiment, and idea, in all their forms of belief and ritual. Such a history must, for this reason, be extensively a history of the most primitive traditions, and of the earliest impulses of man, to express in worship, his terror or his reverence; a terror that abases, or a reverence that exalts him; he crouches or he adores. It is thus a history of the sublimest phases of man's nature, and also of the most humiliating. It is the history of all man's grandest aspirations, and likewise of all his lowest grovellingings. It is the history of faith, as it has appeared at

every recorded stage of our race, and as it has been exemplified in all the characters that typify the most excellent spiritual qualities of the religious nature. It takes into view the changes which this faith outwardly undergoes, and the diversities of its manifestation, but it finds in them all an essential unity of principle and of life. But such a history is equally a history of idolatry—of idolatry in all its divisions, gradations, and institutions; from Fetichism, which finds a malignant demon in a shapeless stone, to Sabaism, which worships the heavens, but that cannot raise itself to the Supreme Ruler, which it believes is above them; or to classic Paganism, which despises the shapeless stone, yet bows down to sculptured marble, which, though of perfect form, is in itself as lifeless and as helpless as the rudest pebble which an African savage ever consecrated. And thus it is also with institutions: the history of religion takes account of them, in priesthood, ritual, or whatever else belongs to them; it reviews them all, from the naked monsters, who bewitch, torment, and terrify their brethren, who hold high festival in human butchery, or celebrate cannibal orgies around midnight fires; to the polished priesthood of Greece, with their graceful shows and pomp; or to the solemn-faced augurs of Rome, with their inviolable privileges and power; or to the Brahminical or Buddhistic hierarchies, with the inhumanly exclusive castes of the one, and the endless religious orders of the other. In like manner such a history is a history of all superstitions, whether of idolatry, or of modes of religion, not so called. It is not less the history of fanaticism, for fanaticism is simply the religious nature excited to the blind cruelty of passion. Fanaticism may embrace every element of the religious nature, separately or in combination: it may be an instinct, a sentiment, an idea; and be worst of all as an idea; or it may have, compactly and concretely, the vehemence of instinct, the enthusiasm of sentiment, the zeal of idea, all made one in a merciless and unsparing purpose of hatred and destruction. Fanaticism has had the same inhuman characteristics, by whatever modification of the religious nature it may have been inspired. It has always been irrational, intolerant, and murderous, whether as Jewish, Heathen, Mohammedan, or Christian: but most so as Christian. Most so, because with least excuse.

All philosophy is originally speculative, and has to find its data in subjective consciousness; and here it would at once come into union or into contest with religion. All speculative philosophy endeavors to establish some *one* absolute principle, which will explain the universe, and all that the

idea of the universe implies. This is the problem which speculative philosophy has set to itself, and at which it has been working from Thales to Hegel, and at which, in different modes, it will always continue to work. But this, speculatively, is also the problem of religion—and therefore no history of religion can exclude the history of philosophy. It may be said that Greek philosophy did not act on Greek religion. It may not for a long time have touched the gross idolatry of the multitude, but it did reach the more select minds, and in such minds often became a divine culture of aspiring desires and of sacred anticipations. At first, Greek philosophy looked outward, and was absorbed in contemplating the objective universe; but soon it was turned inward, and sought the essence of all reality in mind. We know how powerfully Anaxagoras acted in this direction on the minds of his great contemporaries; with what force Socrates demonstrated the inner realities of the spiritual and moral life; and how grandly Plato unfolded his ideas into the sublimest system of thought which human philosophy has ever been able to construct or to conceive. And this philosophy, so elevated as it seemed above the common mind, did ultimately pierce into it, and change it; distant as it seemed, from the vulgar mythology and worship, it yet acted with a hidden force, that undermined them;—and at last prepared the civilized world for the entrance of divine truth and for the day of brighter hopes; ay, and to this day the influence of Greek philosophy is felt in the teachings of Christendom, and the spirit of Plato lives in its creeds.

All Oriental philosophy—if a mixture of metaphysics and mysticisms can be called philosophy—was identical with religion; such was the Persian and the Indian. How easily and how early Christianity allied itself with philosophy, is a matter which requires only simple statement. It were strange if Christianity did not ally itself with philosophy. Christianity arose in the East, and so did philosophy; it were strange, indeed, if with this common nativity of soil, they did not mutually acknowledge kindred, and come into companionship lovingly together. Christianity has been blamed for admitting this companionship. It was unavoidable. There is in Christianity itself a profoundly speculative element; and this is proved by the fact that no other religion has ever so excited the intellectual faculty, or has had so many controversies. Many people say—"The Gospels, at least, are not abstract, but direct, practical, and plain." But those who say so overlook the intellectual element in the Gospels—and especially in the Gospel of John. In that Gospel alone are germs of the

most mystic and abstract transcendentalism. Take merely one expression: "This is eternal life—to know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." Now, life in its most simple form, is a mystery, to which no clue has yet been found. But here is eternal life adding to the mystery of simple life, the infinite mystery of eternity. Then again—the simplest knowledge is a recondite matter of dispute, as to its sources, nature, and evidence; the same may be observed respecting truth; but here besides knowledge and truth, we have presented to us—the supreme, the ultimate origin of life, of knowledge, and of truth. We have taken but one verse from the whole Gospel, and we regard it as of unfathomable intellectual depth; yet it is but one out of many. Others may find in it nothing that is abstruse; we find in it the matter of all philosophies, and the subjects of all Christian polemics and theologies. That Christianity has an element of subtlety, we discern in its ready assimilation with the most subtle philosophies. In this respect the Greek Church particularly showed that it inherited the Greek spirit. Accordingly, in the Greek Church it was that those nice distinctions of doctrine and dogma arose, which excited the keen disputations that characterised the early Christian centuries.

Nor is the history of religion less connected with ethics than with speculation. There are, indeed, principles of morality which are in themselves essential, which as such can claim to be of supreme and universal authority. But in certain conditions these are not only undeveloped and uneducated—but debased, darkened, and perverted instinct and passions assume their office and their name. The moral nature takes the mould of place and time, of circumstance and custom. Then submission to bewildering terror, to insane illusion, to grossest appetites, and to vilest and most cruel inhumanities, may be mistaken for praiseworthy obedience. So we have the Fetich conscience. Under the dictate of this conscience, a being that wears the shape of man can be all that we imagine of an incarnate demon. He can devastate, enslave, and murder without limit and without remorse; he can encrust altars with human gore; he can pluck out the palpitating heart of his yet breathing brother; he can unsluice the veins of thousands and thousands in memory of some cursed relative, until he has a lake on which he can sail in hellish sport. So, too, we have the superstitious conscience. Under the dictate of this, men can make themselves as well as others miserable, and think they do Supreme Powers service. They can be unnatural: deform their bodies, turn themselves into

idiots, excite themselves to madness; they can give themselves to be burned, crushed, or strangled; they can leave their aged parents to perish in helpless solitude, or to be devoured by wild beasts; they can even throw their own innocent offspring into the furnace of a burning idol or into the jaws of a hungry animal. They can be false. They can lie, deceive, betray; they can beguile the innocent stranger, allure the unsuspecting traveller—be plausible to put him off his guard, and be mild that they may safely murder. And all these men can be, not only without the sense of guilt or of wrong, but with a sense of merit and of righteousness; but so they could only be, by the evil influence which the religious element, when partial or corrupt, has on conscience and character.

We might have likewise addressed the fanatic conscience. It was unnecessary; it is enough briefly to state—that the fanatic conscience is capable of all that is worst in either the fetich or the superstitious. We have taken our examples from idolatrous conditions of life, but examples—if not similar in fact, similar in spirit—could also be found in other conditions. When man's inward nature is not counteracted by such influences as we have described, conscience cannot violate its primitive instinct or sentiment, or its best moral idea with impunity. Ethics will then be at least natural and social; they will recognise law, and decree justice; they will be civilized and human, and they will be so in the degree that the dignity of man is felt in his relation, not only to time but to eternity; not only to the visible and the finite, but to the invisible and the infinite; not only to earthly kindred, but to the heavenly creator. Only a pure and elevated religion can produce a pure and elevated conscience. A pure and elevated conscience must be enlightened, merciful and just; such is a truly Christianized conscience, in which the spirit of humanity is sanctified by the spirit of Christ. In this attainment man's grandest education is complete; in it faith and reason are made one by the sacred inspiration of trust in God as the perfection of all goodness and all truth; in it life is the emanation of an honest, loving, and heroic soul; in it conduct in motive, word, and deed is worthy of such a soul. In this stage of spiritual advancement, theology and philosophy reach their best results in the inculcation of enlightened and benign religion, and in training wise and upright character.

There is one most important sphere of life, with which religion is intimately connected, that we must not overlook, although our notice of it must be very brief; we allude to Art. Religion and art are necessarily connected in the very

nearest relations, since art may be called the offspring of religion. Religion is connected with art as art appears in letters. Divine hymns are among the earliest compositions, and poetry, the first methodical form of language, was esteemed the gift of the gods. A large portion of Greek literature was always regarded as religious—religious in spirit, intent and application. All the ancient Hebrew literature was directly religious; and to Christendom as well as to the House of Israel, it has ever been, and is, held as sacred Scripture. Jewish literature in all ages has been very largely religious, not in spirit merely, but also in subject. Most ancient writings in the East were religious; mythically, spiritually, or ethically. All studious searchers find it so in Egypt, Assyria, India, or Tartary. Hindoo letters, whether metaphysical or mythological—and such is the greater portion of Hindoo literature—have close relation to their religious ideas. Still more strictly is this the fact in reference to the Buddhists, whose books are principally made up of prayers, rituals, statements of doctrines, commentaries and legends. Mohammedanism is emphatically styled the religion of “the Book,” and much of all that Mohammedans have written has found its inspiration in the Book or has had the Book for its subject. Christianity is also a religion of “the Book;” and the literature of which “the Book” has been, directly or indirectly, the occasion or the cause is fathomless and measureless. Now all these several literatures have taken life and form from each prevalent religion; life from the spirit of the religion, and form from its influence. So it is, when the literature seems not only remote from the religion, but even when it seems to take the side of satiric and bitter opposition. Lucian, while laughing at the gods of Greece, showed that his own genius belonged to Greece, and that it had been moulded by Grecian traditions and mythologies. So it is in all times and countries. Mind and culture cannot separate themselves from the intellectual, moral, and social conditions which religious ideas have so much power in shaping.

Religion is connected with art, as art appears in form. The first gross religious instinct of the savage is to give outward shape to something which he associates with love or fear, gratitude or terror; and to which his imagination adds the attribute of beneficent or dreadful power. More enlightened man shapes to himself material representations, which emblemize or typify qualities of divinities that he either ascribes to *one* supreme being or distributes among many coördinate or subordinate deities. Qualities of nature are also thus indicated, so as to signify either living functions or general

phenomena. Such representations consist mostly of animal likenesses, mixed or simple; or of human likenesses, simple or monstrous; monstrous as complications of humanity, or monstrous as complications of the human and the brutal. Here we have the origin of symbolic art, which, in its invention, must have preceded the grosser idolatries, and which probably some few minds never confounded with them. But the full import of the representations was probably never understood by the multitude, and at last it would be lost to the greater number even of the educated. The representations would not be regarded as mere emblems and types, but as things in themselves sacred. Art, perhaps, on this very account would improve. The artist would labor to impart the utmost sightliness and finish to the sacred object to which the people directly gave their reverence. Where mind and skill modify superstition, there will be a gradual disentangling of the human likeness from the animal; and where plastic imagination and love of beauty are added to mind and skill, the human likeness will be entirely emancipated from sculptured imprisonment in the brutal, and attain to the greatest that is possible of visible perfection. It is only at this point that we have complete art, art which entrances feeling and does not offend or shock intelligence. Where symbol satisfies there is no need of art, there is no desire for art, and of course there is neither the taste nor the genius which produces art. Where mere symbol remains in its original monstrosity, there is not only a total absence of art, but also when the primitive import has been lost, there ensues the most senseless and debasing of all idolatries; an idolatry which may be the more spiritually and morally destructive, because it may belong to a people that are otherwise highly civilized and intellectual. Yet more spiritually is religion connected with art in form and color, as in painting, than it is in mere form, as in sculpture; more spiritually still with art in measured sounds, as in music; very impressively also it was once connected with art in rhythmical motion, as in dancing, for dancing formed a part of many ancient worships, and does even now in a degraded condition belong to some kinds of idolatry; most comprehensively of all is religion connected with art in structure, as in architecture. This connection has remained the most enduring and the most permanent. Wherever religion in any way connects itself with art, there is a consecrated building, and consecrated buildings have ever been the most solid, the most impressive, the most cared for, and therefore the most lasting. Go through every land, and what structures will you meet that have stood the longest and are in

the best condition? Evidently religious ones. Human dwellings pass away almost as rapidly as human generations; even massive fortresses quickly moulder, and men at no distant date may look in vain for their fragments or foundations. There remains no trace of their existence. "Cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces leave not a wreck behind"—but the temple long survives in its strength and beauty; even in decay or ruin it is venerable with hoary time; in age and delapidation it still gives evidence of the majesty and pomp it wore while yet unbroken in its grandeur, and the seams and wrinkles which centuries have deepened do not obliterate the traces of its youthful and pristine splendor. Architecture is the art which religion can the least dispense with, and which religion under no condition opposes or rejects. It may oppose or reject statues, pictures, liturgies, even music, but wherever there is an organized worship there must be a consecrated building.

Religion is not only connected with these several varieties of art, but out of its feeling gives them life, and according to its idea gives them form. Consequently, we observe that the idolatry which originates in nature-worship, first adores the animal, and then its likeness; or it combines the human and the animal elements into a single image. Such combination almost universally prevailed in the idolatries of Egypt and Assyria. The more advanced mind of Greece deified the human, and thence classic art, in general, transcendently idealized the delineation or sculpture of the human form; and in only a very few instances intermingled it with the brutal. Greek genius *humanized* art; but Christian genius went beyond this, it *spiritualized* and sanctified art; beauty under its influence became the expression of beatitude. The human figure was divested of earthly grossness, and the human face shone with a lustre divinely pure. Music has had its most primitive inspiration from religion, and the nature of the inspiration must have determined the character of the music. The most barbarous people have always had in their solemn times incantations, chaunts, hymns, dirges, and according to their stage of progress, instruments, with more or less of skill to use them. The Egyptians appear to have been lovers of both vocal and instrumental music, and to have used music in many of their religious services, as well in those of lamentation as in those of praise and rejoicing. They had a great variety of instruments, and must have acquired considerable knowledge and skill in both the science and the art of music. The Jews probably improved on the Egyptians, not only because that during their captivity they could have had the

means of learning from and excelling them, but also because they had a simple and sublime religion, which the Egyptians had not. The temple worship must have had on special occasions a music supremely grand. The Greeks, instinctively and by culture, brought actively into life all the resources of humanity. They did not, of course, omit music. The highest ideal of the Greek mind was that of harmony, and so much was this the case, that Greeks gave the name of music to all intellectual and æsthetic studies. The Greeks, we may thence infer, were as much at home in music as they were in all other forms of art. But the popular religion was too sensuous to carry music into infinite spiritualities and impassioned aspirations. Only one religion has done so—the religion born from the soul of Jesus—and music, as a divine expression of all that man most powerfully feels in relation to the mysterious and the invisible, is peculiarly the creation of Christian genius.

In no art, however, more than in architecture can we trace the ethnic and historic modifications of religion. Take for instance Egyptian sacred structures and we see in them the character of the people, and the nature of their faith: in the solidity and durability of their religious and monumental buildings, we have evidence of their strong sense of immortality; but in their efforts to *materialize* the expression of it, we observe their want of spiritual discernment. We may also in those buildings recognize their desire for the vast by the scale upon which they built; and by the fact that they supposed the vast could be best realized in stone and marble bulk or hugeness, we observe how destitute they were as to ideas of the true sublime. In their confounding unity with uniformity, and not distinguishing between diversity and variety, we have clear proof of their mental literalness; and in the heaviness and gloom of their temples we are suggestively taught that they had little of spiritual faith or of cheerful hope. The Greeks lived in the visible and for it, and thence, from their native genius, and their love of beauty, their edifices dedicated to the gods were as perfect as mortal imagination could conceive, as mortal heart could wish, as delightful as mortal eye could look on. Greek temples are therefore "beautiful exceedingly," but like all that spontaneously came from the Greek mind, they indicate the perfection of the limited, the visible, and the pleasurable. The Christian cathedral is also "beautiful exceedingly," but it indicates the unlimited, the invisible, and the unsensual. The Christian idea animates the material structure—and as the Christian idea involves the mortal and the immortal, the structure has

its foundations deeply in the earth, but gradually tapers into unseen points upwards and vanishes amidst the immensity of the heavens. Nor is it alone in the grand cathedral that we feel the influence of the Christian spirit. We feel it in the barest Quaker meeting-house, for even where all ritual is laid aside, the idea of a sublime worship consecrates the space, and makes it holy. The most refined idolatry never had such an idea. This is an idea wherein extremes meet; it attracts to itself the richest garniture of the religious imagination; it also answers to the sternest simplicity of the most Puritanically religious intellect. "God is a spirit; and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." This is the idea which Christian architecture has to embody, whether in a pontifical dome or a missionary chapel.

All that we have said of art in any form, and its relation to religion, may be said of art as it appears in letters. Religion and literature affect each other, and we can just as surely say, that England could no more have produced the plays of *Æschylus* than Greece could have produced those of *Shakespeare*. Dante and Milton were as certainly Christian writers as Homer and Virgil were Heathen ones; but all by their genius are human and immortal.

After all, every external argument must be subordinate to the spiritual one, and that from universal testimony is of value, because it proves an instinct in the human soul which gives it assurance of immortality. Universality is always the circumference of a subjective centre. In this matter we have at last to fall back upon the centre, and that is upon our consciousness and our conscience. Even miracles must be tested by these; and without these, miracles themselves would be in vain. It is because the outward report answers to the inward conviction, that the report is of any worth, or has any validity. It is because the moral sense seems to demand the continuance of the rational individual in the moral universe, that every indication that it does so continue has something like the impress of a divine authority. Besides, this subjective belief has a preciousness of which no logic to the contrary can deprive it. Suppose it merely an illusion, it is an illusion which gives the idea of infinitude to the consciousness of existence, and to the consciousness of all our relations to existence. Grant that one thinks to himself, "I am but the tenant for a moment of this passing time"—and how wretched and shadowy must all being seem to him—if thus he thinks sincerely. Grant that he thinks, he is only beginning life in this dim stage of mortality, and how differently then must duration seem to him and all that it contains? Consider the

ties of kindred, and all that the affections long after and desire! Consider the attachment to country, and all the noble passions which that attachment involves! Consider the love of knowledge, and the longing after an undying growth! Consider the devotion to truth, to virtue, and the anticipation of eternal progress! Consider the sublime anxiety for man, and the fever which burns in great souls, with the faith and hope that the weak and the wronged shall have hereafter their chances of compensation! Consider the follies, the miseries, the terrors, the tribulations, which make up the drama of public life upon the earth—and how every thoughtfully religious mind looks to futurity for the reparation of history! But let us look from the inward to the outward—and we shall still see the immensity of value which the sense of immortality gives to the sense of life. Look to the stars at night, look over the earth by day—and think how their glory would be diminished by the supposition that the living mirror in which they were reflected was but for a moment, and was in a moment to be broken! There is no landscape, no flower, no form or motion of beauty—nothing that pleases the vision of the eye, and again, nothing that delights the hearing of the ear—but has its highest power from the indwelling sense of immortality. Take this away, the dawn, the sunset, the song of birds, the bloom of fields, the solemn pomp of forests, the glory and the gloom of mountains, and the magic charm of art, would all lose their unexplainable significance and their potency of excitement. Exclude the consciousness of the immortal—the immortal in the individual—then, behold how mean and how little would all the universe become. But it cannot be excluded. That it cannot be, is shown to us by the most critical minds which appear in all history.

Not merely saints or ascetics have held to the doctrine of immortality, but the severest analysts, the shrewdest reasoners, and the hardest sceptics. It was not alone the saint in his raptures, or the martyr in his ecstasy of torture, who bore witness to this doctrine—it has been the confession of nearly all the strongest and the deepest thinkers. We need only mention the names of a few—Socrates, Plato, Pascal, Locke, Kant. As last, and as in some degree the most remarkable, we mention that of Goethe; because in Goethe were surprisingly combined the poet and the philosopher, the man of speculative acuteness and of practical activity, the man great alike in passion and in thought. Here is what Eckermann reports him to have said late in life upon the subject, in which profundity is mingled with playfulness: "I

could in no wise," he says, "dispense with the happiness of believing in our future existence, and, indeed, could say with Lorenzo de Medici, that those are dead for this life even who have no hope of another." "Let him who believes in immortality enjoy his happiness in silence, without giving himself airs thereupon." . . . "I met stupid women who plumed themselves on believing in immortality . . . and I was forced to bear with catechising on this point. They were vexed by my saying I should be well pleased to be ushered into a future state after the close of this, only I hoped I should *there* meet none of those who had believed in it here. For, how should I be tormented! The pious would throng around me, and say—'Were we not right? Did we not foresee it? Has it not happened just as we said?'"

We agree in much the author says on the benevolence of death; but we think this is felt rather as to the manner and circumstances, than as to the fact. The manner is generally painless. To this Sir Benjamin Brodie testifies after having been present at thousands of death-beds. Very few suffer pain in the supreme moment. Then also death is sudden. However long and slowly it may be coming, it is at last instantaneous. There may be the consciousness that death is near, but probably never a certainty of the moment. In this point, if in no other, death resembles sleep; we feel drowsy, we know that we are going to sleep, but no one can tell the exact instant at which he goes to sleep. Moreover, death is gradual. Gradual in the individual—and this is no contradiction to its ultimate suddenness. The individual is born with the elements of mortality in his constitution, and these in his very growth are working for his decease. After a certain term death may literally be said to have begun, and, instead of being thirty minutes or thirty seconds, a man living out his normal and natural life, is thirty years or more in dying. Likewise death is gradual in the race. Life in its different stages is always present in the world. Not only is its continuance secured, but its continuance in a regular order. Infancy, childhood, youth, maturity, age, are all contemporaries, and they are all to each other livingly related. There is not only the general presence of life in the world, but there is a prevailing harmony in it of duration and of faculty. No man outruns his race incomprehensibly in the number of his days, or gets beyond it in the measure of his powers. There is no startling irregularity in the vitality of the human family; there is no uncertain or arbitrary distribution in it of functions or forces, and thus is provided for the unity of common

intelligence and sympathy. Without such an arrangement, we might safely assert, there could be no improvement, no morals, no history, no progress. This profound harmony of life, and this mysterious gradation of death, give a coherency to humanity which reduces its diversities to trifles. Life is thus not only always renewed, but renewed in due order, and death is as much as possible kept out of sight by the instincts of the family, by the customs of society, and even by the laws of the whole living world.

We believe, however, that conscious nature *does* shrink from the *fact* of death. We do not believe that the bravest and most believing man, in full health, does more than think of death with resignation. Such a man does not indeed often have death present to his thoughts; but give him his honest choice and he would choose perpetual life. His instructed reason would tell him that such would not be best in the present condition of our world, but his instincts would forestal his reason to the contrary. This revulsion against death is not from habit, or education, or conventionalism; it is radical and natural. Honor, faith and duty can conquer it; but science, logic or philosophy are worth little in the conflict. Nor is this feeling cowardly. On the contrary, it is the very test of heroism. To what account would be the boldness of the soldier or the heroism of the martyr if death was not a catastrophe of which men had instinctive dread? It is this fact which also renders death terrible as a punishment of crime. The culprits who deserve it are usually of the hard-nerved class; yet they tremble to endure that which, without remorse, they have inflicted. This dread of death is of great use in the economy of life, and it will be found at the bottom of our deepest feelings. Take, for one, our feeling of the sublime. This is really made up of our sense of mystery and of the infinite. Such sense we have profoundly in our idea of death. Take from us our sense of the solemnity, the awfulness of death, with it departs all our emotions of the tragic in life, literature and art.

But the direct and personal fear of death depends a good deal on physical and moral temperament. There are men who seem to care nothing for life, because they have never known it in its reflective experience, have never drunk its glorious draughts of study, thought and knowledge so as to be aware how glorious the privilege is that has been given them in the permission to live. It is no wonder if coarse-bodied and coarse-minded people hold life at a "pin's fee," but the thoughtful and the sensitive would yet beat them in

any crisis which demanded a sublime courage. Let the reflective and the imaginative sentimentalize, they will whine; call them to action, they will be invincible.

It is not the pleasantness alone of the present world which makes us naturally unwilling to quit it: we cling to it in spite of sorrows, trials, infirmities and pains. "To die, to sleep," saith the melancholy Hamlet,

"No more; and by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to: 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die, to sleep,
To sleep! perchance to dream, ay there's the rub."

The wisest are constantly the fools of their instincts—and the instincts often make wise men from fools. In the knowledge of this wonderful play of nature, Shakspeare was one of the few great masters. Meditative minds, both religious and philosophical, speak much against the fear of death. Old Burton, in his way, gives us a whole chapter of moralizings on this point. The moralizings are very quaint, very musical, but nothing to the purpose. He quotes any number of authors. But can quotations from the grandest authors cure a tooth-ache? How much less can they cure the heart-ache! For the fear of death is not limited to danger to ourselves—it is even more poignant in respect to those in whom we live, and who, when they leave us, take with them portions of our life. When the bosom bleeds—will it heal the wound to tell you that the daughter for whom you weep, might have been, through her very beauty, your curse and your calamity? Or will it console you when you weep over your infant son stiffened in his cradle, with the smile of death upon his angelic face—that "he might have proved a thief, a rogue, a spend-thrift—a disobedient vagabond, and vexed and galled thee more than all the world!" "It is a symptom of melancholy," says Sir Thomas Browne, "to be afraid of death, yet sometimes to desire it; this latter I have often discovered in myself, and think no man ever desired life as I have sometimes death. I honor any man that contemns it; nor can I highly love any that is afraid of it: this makes me naturally love a soldier, and honor those tattered and contemptible regiments that will die at the command of a sergeant." The sceptical Montaigne is as eloquent as the believing Sir Thomas Browne in this eloquence of the grave. "Of all the benefits," he says, "which virtue confers upon us, the contempt of death is one of the greatest." The Romans, he says, by reason that this poor syllable, "death," was observed to be so harsh to the ears of the people, and the sound so ominous, found out a way to

soften and spin it out by a periphrasis, and instead of pronouncing it bluntly, "Such a one is dead"—to say, "Such a one has lived," or, "Such a one has ceased to live." He then enumerates a number of cases to illustrate the uncertainty of life, and the vanity of calculating on it. In another place, he dwells impressively on the instances in which persons, and even whole collections of persons, have gladly rushed out of life. He says indeed truly and profoundly—"The day of your birth is one day's advance towards the grave." "There is nothing," he had already stoically said, "evil in life for him who rightly comprehends that the loss of life is no evil." But yet more impressively than all, he observes—"Every day travels towards death, the last only arrives at it." But who is he that cannot read under such moralizings, the natural repugnance to death? No one uses eloquence to urge a hungry man to his dinner. Festivals and sports need not to be defended against resisting dislike. They are attractive in themselves, and the instinctive love of the pleasurable will always secure to them rejoicing crowds. But only reason, faith, and sentiment—except pain and misery stupify thought or torture life—are sufficient against innate repugnance to death. We could have quoted passages in the tone of the few we have here presented, that might fill a large volume. All the philosophers and theologians abound in them—and Pascal, Jeremy Taylor, Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Massillon, and Baxter, would in themselves yield a goodly collection. The truth is, that in this matter, as in many others, the flesh is against the spirit, and it is only the higher mental and moral forces that reconcile humanity to its solemn and inevitable destiny.

We have gone into these reflections merely to show that the repugnance to death is a natural one, and that it holds, and ever must hold, its power independently of faith, reasoning, or reflection. But if this be so, what shall we think of social conditions in which life itself is represented as the most wretched of burdens? How miserable beyond all that we ordinarily conceive of misery, must those Oriental states of society have been, in which to get rid of personal consciousness was thought to be worth eternities of torture? Such beliefs are in themselves evidences of extreme unhappiness. The Hindoo Brahmin reserved the privilege of distant extinction to his own caste, and to that even, as he teaches, it comes only after the endurance of agonies through periods, the measurement of which mock even the transcendental calculus of modern astronomy. "Emancipation from all existence," says the 'Vishnu Purana,' "is the fulness of felicity." In plain words, to be rid of personal consciousness, is to be rid of that which

is continual torment. "To be or not to be?" is not with the Hindoo saint a question—but *not* to be is with him a passionate desire—and to gain that desirable consummation, after millenniums of affliction, is the utmost of his hopes. How delighted he would then be, could he be assured that when he breathed his last earthly sigh there was an absolute end of his pleasures and his pains. These beliefs, as coming out of India, are an awful revelation of the cheapness and pain of life, which must have been long in that region the general experience. There was fatigue of life there from the instability of society, and there was apathy of life in the general uniformity. Evidently these two apparently contradictory principles have for many ages ruled in India. Conquerors changed, but society did not, and men got tired of life, because it had neither variety nor security. The ascetic writers of Christian theology have given terribly sad pictures of human life. If these were brought together, they would seem as if they were the choral responses to Job's cursing the day of his birth. Catholic writers and Protestants are in this agreed—for if among the Catholics you can name men who give the gloomiest view of human nature, you can mention quite as many among the Protestants. But the saddest of these men are cheerful, when contrasted with Hindoo speculators on human destiny. "As long as man lives," says one of these, "he is immersed in afflictions. . . Where would man, scorched by the fires of the Sun of this world, look for felicity, were it not for the shade afforded by the tree of emancipation? Travelling the path of the world for many births, man attains only the weariness of bewilderment, and is smothered by the dust of imagination. When that dust is washed away by the bland water of real knowledge, then the weariness is removed. Then the internal man is at peace, and obtains supreme felicity."

Buddhism arose as a great protest against Brahminical exclusiveness. It was, in its way, a sort of Hindoo Christianity. It recognized human equality and human brotherhood, and it proclaimed the rights and duties of life, founded on these principles. Among the rights common to all, it admitted the right of all to the privilege of extinction. We know that our author contends, that this is not the meaning of the term *Nirwana*, and we admit that it may not have had this meaning to all minds; but, logically analysed or apprehended, it must mean extinction, and nothing less. Such abstract terms will always be interpreted variously by sentiment and imagination, but when tested by thought, they must be taken in their severest meaning. *Nirwana*, when

thus taken, as explained by our author, or any other writer that we have read, *does* mean extinction. A dreamy remnant of belief in consciousness is, no doubt, involved in the thoughts of nearly all who ever took it for the watchword of their faith, but their most intelligible conviction must have been the desire for an absolute cessation of consciousness. It would not be possible, considering man's attachments to life, that his wish for its continuance should be entirely extinguished; but, so far as philosophy can explain it, *Nirwana* seems to mean the extinction of the individual. And Buddhism did not confine this boon to any caste. It proclaimed it freely to all. It was not for the Brahmins alone: it was for the lowest *pariah* that Brahmin ever branded with his curse. The poor wretches who dare not listen to the Vedas or the Shaster, had the glad tidings, that they, as well as the proudest of the priests, were not excluded from the ultimate blessing of annihilation. And this was a gospel to the oppressed, the careworn, miserable Oriental world. It was the gospel of the hopeless and the enslaved. It was very like that gospel of "content" and "resignation" which it used to be the fashion once to preach to the suffering and the Christian poor. But the Buddhist preachers were different from those Christian preachers; they believed in their doctrine, and they practised it. They were not of that class of ungracious pastors "who show the steep and thorny path to heaven, but take themselves the primrose path of dalliance." Sad as this gospel was, the multitudes embraced it; and the Brahminical potentates, who wished to keep extinction to themselves, chased away the Buddhistic radicals, who declared that it was attainable by all. But still ever comes back the thought as to the wretchedness of this Oriental world, to which final and eternal extinction was a hope, and in whose creed "the laws of mortality, misery, and mutability" were the leading articles. Buddhism, excommunicated by the Brahmins, has become the religion of more than a third of the human race. It is at the same time sensual and mystical. The sensual part of it is grossly idolatrous and answers, with imposing ceremonies and fables, to the cravings of the ignorant and the credulous. The mystical part has a hidden import which satisfies the more instructed and reflecting minds; and this part holds the secret, which every system of civilized Heathenism has contained—and that is, the secret of a pantheistic theory of the universe.

The barbarian or the savage shapes to his thoughts a barbarian or savage future. The full enjoyment, without injury, of his instincts, appetites, and passions, makes his heaven;

the opposite to them, his hell. Some of these notions are curious enough. "Shungie, a celebrated New Zealand king, said he had once eaten the left eye of a great chief, whom he had killed in battle, for the purpose of thus increasing the glory of his own eye when it should be transferred to the firmament." "Some (in the Sandwich Islands) thought spirits were destroyed in the realm of darkness; others, that they were eaten by a stronger race of spirits there; others still, that they survived there, subsisting upon lizards and butterflies." "The Kamtschadales send all their dead alike to a subterranean elysium, where they shall find again their wives, clothes, tools, huts, and where they shall fish and hunt. All is there as here, except that *there* are no fire-spouting mountains, no bogs, streams, inundations, and impassable snows; and neither hunting nor fishing is ever pursued in vain. This lower paradise is but a beautified Kamtschatka, freed from discommoding hardships and cleansed of tormenting Cossacks and Russians. They have no hell for the rectification of the present wrong relations of virtue and misery, vice and happiness. The only distinction they appear to make is that all who in Kamtschatka are poor, and have few small and weak dogs, shall there be rich, and be furnished with strong and fat dogs." "The Esquimaux betray the influence of their clime and habits in their ideas of the life to come, as plainly as the Kamtschadales do. The employments and enjoyments of their future state are rude and earthly. They say the soul descends through successive places of habitation, the first of which is full of pains and horrors. The good—that is the courageous and skilful, those who have endured severe hardships and mastered many seals—passing through this first residence, find that the other mansions regularly improve. They finally reach an abode of perfect satisfaction, far beneath the storms of the sea, where the sun is never obscured by night, and where reindeer wander in great droves beside waters that never congeal, and wherein the whale, the walrus, and the best sea-fowls always abound." The Jesuits recognised the fact that the idea of the future life is shaped by the experience of the present, and acted on it in their missions. They used, Cotton Mather says, to tell the Indians of New England that hell is *cold*. Mather abuses them for this as falsifiers of the truth. But were they such? They were not so as to intention. Rude men are affected through their senses and imagination. Men who knew life as the New England Indians did, in a long winter and a short summer, would not have been easily terrified as to the matter of *heat*. Their sense of extreme warmth it would be hard to reach, and the idea of con-

stant ignition, might be to them, not a threatening but a promise. An eternity through which they would never shiver, might seem to them the perfect blessedness of life. The pain therefore of which they had the severest experience in this life, was that which honest and thoughtful missionaries might hold forth as the most terrible penalty of the next.

This analogy of the world to come from the life which now is, does not alone belong to the faith of the barbarian or the savage. It belongs just as much to men of the highest civilized beliefs. They too shape their expectations according to their experience. The saint hopes to pray and praise. The sage hopes to meditate and think. The painter has wondrous visions that other spheres will reveal, and they are his dreams as he falls asleep into eternity. So there are surpassing forms to the sculptor's inward eye, and mighty structures, that rise with infinite sublimity on the genius of the architect. The poet must think of song—and the musician must anticipate harmony. That in us which we suppose will live, we fancy as the projection of *that* in us which *has* lived. This projection is more or less materialised. The doctors of the church have done much in this way. The poets have done more. Dante has described the other world as if he was a general visitant with a regular commission to see the condition of the universe. Milton in his materialism is more vast and visionary. But doctor, poet, thinker, enthusiast, and dreamer, seem to have been united in Swedenborg. He, more than any man, seems the most to have *materialised* the ideas of a future life. He gives distinct account of all its persons, places, doings. There are none of them strange to him. He is at home in all the spheres, and wherever he is, he meets intelligent guides and friendly companions. He chats agreeably with archangels, and not less so with disembodied Mrs. Grundys. He knows the mighty agents that live among the planets; but he is also pleasant, civil, and familiar, when he meets in his journeyings the gay old woman, who is going to sweep the cobwebs off from the sky. Without going into these details, Isaac Taylor has speculated on the physical theory of another life; but we think that with whatever eloquence he has done this, he has done it with not the least philosophical success. Believing as well as speculative minds have come to the conclusion, that experience here can afford no analogies for that of the hereafter. We must be content with our darkness, and trust that out of it we shall issue into light—into marvellous and eternal light. We may have the assurance of faith, we may have the strong prophesy of consciousness; but still as to our relation between the visible and the invisible, the Egyptian

sphinx must be our symbol—our animal nature holds us strongly to the earthly present, while with the visions of the soul, we look forward into the infinite and immortal future.

Now, a brief word as to the general characteristics of the book which has formed our text. We wish that all who undertake to instruct the public were as studious, industrious and patient as its author; then, indeed, our new books would be worth reading. They might still contain faults, and deserve censure on various grounds, but even their errors would be likely to set the reader to think, and thus contribute to that vivifying intellectual activity by which the greatest deeds are accomplished. That Mr. Alger has read much and well on the belief of a future life is everywhere evident in his book; indeed, the extent of his researches is such that, could it be estimated by any descriptive words, it would seem to border on the fabulous. To this we need hardly add that the work embraces an immense variety of curious and interesting facts.

But having thus fully recognized the intrinsic merits of the book, we think it no less our duty to criticise its defects; although we do the latter with sincere reluctance. In the first place, we are sorry that the author has not arranged his materials so as to render them more easily available than they are in their present form. Cognate theories and cognate facts, instead of being grouped, or placed as near each other as possible, are scattered about the book, and combined with other theories and facts which are strewn about in a similar manner. True, the index remedies this to a considerable extent; but it is too meagre. And here we are reminded of the very large proportion of the volume before us which is occupied by titles of works bearing more or less closely or remotely on the subject of a future life. The department in which we are thus presented with a "Catalogue of works relating to the Nature, Origin and Destiny of the Soul," extends to three hundred and thirty-five (335) octavo pages, in double column, and small type. But the Appendix is the work of another hand. As a long list of books, pamphlets, &c., we have no fault to find with it; but, in our opinion, Mr. Alger should not have admitted it into his book. Even the publications of the Spirit-Rappers are duly set forth in this enormous list, including their newspapers. Then all this is followed by an "Index of Authors and Anonymous Works," extending to over thirty closely printed pages, of three columns each. Nor was this deemed sufficient by the indefatigable compiler, for he gives us six pages more as an index of subjects; whereas, be it remembered, the index proper—that to Mr.

Alger's work—extends only to fourteen pages, double column. True, these long lists of books and pamphlets do no harm to the "History of a Future Life," although the large majority of them scarcely possess any value. Supposing that Mr. Alger would write a book a year hence on the human body, and that Mr. Ezra Abbot would at the same time get up a catalogue of the works written on the same subject in various languages, ancient and modern, who doubts that the latter would be many times larger than the former, if our compiler only proved himself half so diligent and industrious as he has in the present case. But to what extent is the value of Mr. Alger's very curious, interesting and able work enhanced by Mr. Abbot's appendix? In our opinion, it is but very slightly, if at all. And, in fact, had it been otherwise, it would not have been necessary for Mr. Abbot to have visited those various public and private libraries, and put himself to the further trouble of thanking and praising the librarians and owners thereof. If a long list had been needed, he had only to write to some friend or literary agent in Paris, and induce him to send him a copy of that part of the *Index raisonné* of the Imperial Library which relates to a future life. In this, indeed, he might not have found the weekly organs of the spirit-rappers, or many other papers of kindred character, whose titles are given *in extenso* in the catalogue before us; but we can assure him that there is no work on the subject which it would be worth while to consult which it does not contain. We have great respect for the science of bibliography, but here we are treated to an overdose.

But we have to return for a moment to Mr. Alger. We have no doubt that our author is very liberal in his feelings towards those who differ with him in opinion; but he makes frequent remarks which, if they do not imply the contrary, are, at all events, to be regarded as blemishes in a philosophical work—we allude to his disparaging comments on different Christian sects. In our opinion, such comments are entirely out of place in a work which is addressed, not to the members of any particular sect, but to all who either believe in a future life, or take an interest in the belief of others. In order to be fair, however, we must let Mr. Alger speak in his own words, although he has to be very brief, especially as in doing so he will also give our readers an idea of his style, which is sometimes rather ambitious and not very lucid. "The Unitarian," he says, "overlooking the objective justification, or offered redemption, *from the death-realm to the sky-home*, which—whether it be a truth or an error—is surely in the epistles, makes the subjective sanctification all in all.

The Calvinist, in his theory, *comparatively scorns* the subjective sanctification which Paul insists on as a necessity for entering the kingdom of God; and having *perverted the objective justification from its real historic meaning*, exaggerates it into the all in all."—(p. 284.) This, however, is complimentary, compared to the language in which Roman Catholics are spoken of in various parts of the book. We will note an instance or two. Thus, after speaking of certain Pagan rites and ceremonies, Mr. Alger observes: "The incredulity of a doctrine is no obstacle to a popular belief in it. Whosoever thinks of the earnest reception of the dogma of transubstantiation—the conversion of a grain of wheat into the infinite God—by nearly three-quarters of Christendom at this moment, must permit the paradox to pass unchallenged."—(p. 205.) A page or two further on, our author remarks: "The Maronites, a sect of Catholic Christians in Syria, purchase of their priests a few yards of land in heaven to secure a residence there when they die."—(p. 209.) Again, "The rival mendicant orders, the Franciscans and the Dominicans, acquired great riches by the traffic in indulgences. They even had the impudence to affirm that the members of their orders were privileged above all other men in the next world."—(p. 418.) "Suffice it to say, the monks appeared at midnight in the cells of various persons, now impersonating devils, in horrid attire, breathing flames and brimstone, now claiming to be the souls of certain sufferers escaped from purgatory, and again pretending to be celebrated saints, with the Virgin Mary at their head," &c.—(p. 419.) Language of this kind is offensive to a large class of Christians; and we do not see that it is calculated to do good to any class. It seems to us that the doctrine of a future life could have been discussed quite as well as it is without giving offence to any sect. It is unworthy of Mr. Alger not to have remembered that some of the most illustrious, as well as most learned men the modern world has produced have been Catholics; and he should also have remembered that many statements have been made against monks, priests, &c., in regard to their conduct and belief which had no foundation in truth. But this is the worst we can say against the work before us; which, with all its faults, will amply repay perusal, and secure a permanent place and no inferior rank in the department of philosophical history.

ART. IX.—NOTICES AND CRITICISMS.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

Three Months in the Southern States: April—June, 1863. By LIEUT.-COL. FREMANTLE, Coldstream Guards. 12mo., pp. 309. New York: John Bradburn (successor to M. Doolady). 1864.

Col. Fremantle is not a graphic or elegant writer, nor can it be said that he is unprejudiced; yet he has managed to compress a good deal of interesting information into this volume. Although decidedly in favor of the South, he makes important revelations, some of which it would not be yet too late for our generals to avail themselves of. The book derives its chief attraction, however, from its gossiping sketches of men and things. The author tells us in his preface that he was first indifferent as to what side would win, and that if he had any bias his sympathies were in favor of the North, on account of southern slavery. But soon he was led to change his mind, by the gallantry, &c., of Southerners, "together with the unhappy contrast afforded by the foolish bullying conduct of the Northerners," &c. The remark we have quoted shows by itself what his feelings are. He tells us, however, that he "has not attempted to conceal any of the peculiarities or defects of the southern people;" and it must be admitted that this seems true in the main; at least he does not scruple to give his readers an insight into certain habits and customs which may be fairly ranked in the category of "defects." But it is his remarks on military affairs and those who take a prominent part in them that possess most interest at the present moment, and we proceed accordingly to learn from them what we can. The diary form in which the book is written has many advantages; but it has at least one grave fault, especially in the present instance, *i. e.*, it is too fragmentary. The Colonel's narrative has as many turnings, crossings, haltings, &c., as the crooked, tortuous journey during which it was penned; at the same time we must do him the justice to say that there are but few passages in his book which the lovers of novelty and friends of free discussion would ask to expunge. However, we deem it our duty to warn the reader that the first fifty pages are decidedly the least attractive part of the book. Our author entertains a high opinion of General Magruder, of whom he speaks as follows:—

"After we had agreed to do this, I had a long and agreeable conversation with the General, who spoke of the Puritans with intense disgust, and of the first importation of them as '*that pestiferous crew of the Mayflower*;' but he is by no means rancorous against individual Yankees. He spoke very favorably of McClellan, whom he knew to be a gentleman, clever, and personally brave, though he might lack moral courage to face responsibility. Magruder had commanded the Confederate troops at Yorktown which opposed McClellan's advance. He told me the different dodges he had resorted to, to blind and deceive the latter as to his (Magruder's) strength; and he spoke of the intense relief and amusement with which he had at length seen McClellan with his magnificent army begin to break ground before

miserable earthworks, defended only by 8,000 men. Hooker was in his regiment, and was 'essentially a mean man and a liar.' Of Lee and Longstreet he spoke in terms of the highest admiration."—pp. 35, 36.

During his travels in Texas he met with Gen. Houston, but as the hero of San Jacinto has taken but little part in the war against the Union, he receives but little attention at the hands of the Colonel; this little, however, is to the point, and we quote accordingly:—

"In the cars I was introduced to General Samuel Houston, the founder of Texan independence. He told me he was born in Virginia seventy years ago, that he was United States Senator at thirty, and Governor of Tennessee at thirty-six. He emigrated into Texas in 1832; headed the revolt of Texas, and defeated the Mexicans at San Jacinto in 1836. He then became President of the Republic of Texas, which he annexed to the United States in 1845. As Governor of the State, in 1860, he had opposed the secession movement, and was *deposed*. Though evidently a remarkable and clever man, he is extremely egotistical and vain, and much disappointed at having to subside from his former grandeur. The town of Houston is named after him. In appearance he is a tall, handsome old man, much given to chewing tobacco, and blowing his nose with his fingers."—pp. 68, 69.

However much our author dislikes slavery, he has but little respect for negro valor; and it seems that those who know the negro best concur in this estimate. If we are to believe the Colonel, "the Yankees" are held in great detestation by the slaves:—

"12th May (Tuesday).—Shortly after daylight three negroes arrived from Harrisonburg, and they described the fight as still going on. They said they were 'dreadful skereed'; and one of them told me he would 'rather be a slave to his master all his life, than a white man and a soldier.'

During the morning some of the officers and soldiers left the boat, and determined to cut across country to Harrisonburg, but I would not abandon the scanty remains of my baggage until I was forced to do so.

During the morning twelve more negroes arrived from Harrisonburg. It appears that three hundred of them, the property of neighboring planters, had been engaged working on the fortifications, but they all with one accord bolted when the first shell was fired. Their only idea and hope at present seemed to be to get back to their masters. All spoke of the Yankees with great detestation, and expressed wishes to have nothing to do with such 'bad people.'"—pp. 92, 93.

Gen. Polk, Bishop of Louisiana, is esteemed as not the less a gentleman and a man of honor for having a large number of slaves. What a wonderful change British opinion has undergone in this respect since the present war commenced! Who forgets the time when slaveholder and gentleman were incompatible terms in the vocabulary of the English aristocracy? It seems that fighting agrees much better than preaching with the gallant and pious Polk:—

"Lieutenant-General Leonidas Polk, Bishop of Louisiana, who commands the other *corps d'armée*, is a good-looking, gentlemanlike man, with all the manners and affability of a 'grand seigneur.' He is fifty-seven years of age—tall, upright, and looks much more the soldier than the clergyman. He is very rich; and I am told he owns seven hundred negroes. He is much beloved by the soldiers on account of his great personal courage and agreeable manners. I had already heard no end of anecdotes of him told me by my travelling companions, who always alluded to him with affection and admiration. In his clerical capacity I had always heard him spoken of with the greatest respect. When I was introduced to him he immediately invited me to come and stay at his headquarters at Shelbyville. He told me that he was educated at West Point, and was at that institution with the President, the two Johnstons, Lee, Magruder, &c., and that, after serving a short time in the artillery, he had entered the church."—pp. 133, 140.

The portrait we have of Gen. Bragg is anything but flattering. We can only make room for a fragment:—

"At 6.30 P. M., I called on General Bragg, the Commander-in-Chief. This officer is in appearance the least prepossessing of the Confederate Generals. He is very thin; he stoops, and has a sickly, cadaverous, haggard appearance, rather plain features, bushy black eyebrows which unite in a tuft on the top of his nose, and a stubby iron-grey beard: but his eyes are bright and piercing. He has the reputation of being a rigid disciplinarian, and of shooting freely for insubordination. I understand he is rather unpopular on this account, and also by reason of his occasional acerbity of manner. He was extremely civil to me, and gave me permission to visit the outposts, or any part of his army. He also promised to help me towards joining Morgan in Kentucky, and he expressed his regret that a boil on his hand would prevent him from accompanying me to the outposts."—p. 145.

But we find that the limits we had prescribed for this review have already been passed. We had marked sketches of Beauregard, Ewell, Longstreet, Lee, &c., and several passages embodying important facts or interesting views, but we can now only refer the reader to the work itself. We cannot conclude, however, without transcribing the author's account of the means by which the ranks of the southern army are kept so well filled, as all accounts show they are:—

"But this difficulty of recruiting the southern armies is not so great as is generally supposed. As I have already stated, no Confederate soldier is given his discharge from the army, however badly he may be wounded; but he is employed at such labor in the public service as he may be capable of performing, and his place in the ranks is taken by a sound man hitherto exempted. The slightly wounded are cured as quickly as possible, and are sent back at once to their regiments. *The women take care of this.* The number actually killed, or who die of their wounds, are the only total losses to the State, and these form but a small proportion of the enormous butcher's bills which seem at first so very appalling.

I myself remember, with General Polk's corps, a fine-looking man who had had both his hands blown off at the wrists by unskillful artillery practice in one of the early battles. A currycomb and brush were fitted into his stumps, and he was engaged in grooming artillery-horses with considerable skill. This man was called an *hostler*; and, as the war drags on, the number of these handless hostlers will increase. By degrees the clerks at the offices, the orderlies, the railway and post-office officials, and the stage-drivers, will be composed of maimed and mutilated soldiers. The number of exempted persons all over the South is still very large, and they can easily be exchanged for worn veterans. Besides this fund to draw upon, a calculation is made of the number of boys who arrive each year at the fighting age. These are all 'panting for the rifle,' but have been latterly wisely forbidden the ranks until they are fit to undergo the hardships of a military life. By these means, it is the opinion of the Confederates that they can keep their armies recruited up to their present strength for several years; and, if the worst comes to the worst, they can always fall back upon their negroes as the last resort; but I do not think they contemplate such a necessity as likely to arise for a considerable time."—pp. 306, 307.

This passage has been written much more for the people of the North than for the English; but if its design is to show Northerners that it is idle for them to hope that the South can be forced to submit for want of troops, the question may be asked, in reply: Could not the Federal Government have recourse to similar means to overpower the South? But it is not necessary; there are men enough in the North who are whole and in perfect health to preserve their country from dissolution. Were it otherwise, we should think it much more logical and more judicious as well as more humane, to withdraw at once from the contest. The fact that a belligerent is obliged to force those maimed and mutilated in his service to continue to perform the labor of strong and healthy men, affords *prima facie* evi-

dence that his resources are pretty nearly exhausted. We have no disposition, however, to exult in so deplorable a state of things; on the contrary, it is a source of sincere and heartfelt regret to us that an enlightened and generous people should be so misguided as to persist at such fearful cost in a rebellion against a Government under which they had enjoyed the utmost prosperity, and whose mildness and liberality had rendered it famous throughout the world.

Dalsth; or, the Homestead of the Nations. Egypt Illustrated. By EDWARD L. CLARK. 8vo., pp. 239. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1864.

We are always glad to see a work that reminds us of the greatness of the past; since there is no better cure for the inordinate vanity of the present, if, indeed, it can be said to be curable at all. This is particularly true of mementos which come in so beautiful and chaste a form as this truly elegant and tasteful volume, the paper, typography, and illustrations of which are models. Nor are the contents unworthy of the scrupulous care thus bestowed on the book; although the author modestly tells us in his preface that "his most ambitious hope has not ventured beyond the finding and grouping of scattered hints which may illustrate the works of others."

As we proceed to examine the work we cannot help wishing that he had formed a different resolution, for we have evidence throughout his pages that he would have succeeded in a much more elaborate attempt. To this observation we need hardly add that in our opinion the greatest fault of "Daleth" is that it reveals to us too little of what all would be the better for knowing; and yet we are presented a large amount that is curious and suggestive—perhaps a larger amount than the whole range of modern civilization could afford were it obliged to justify its champions in their boastings by exhibiting specimens of its fruits; for among the contents we have sketches of the Pyramids, Thebes, the Tombs of Thebes, Philæ, Heliopolis, &c.; and among the illustrations we have such as the statue of Rameses in Memnonian, Andro-Sphinx, Sphinx and Pyramid, Memphis, Isis and Osiris, Inner Court of Temple at Philæ, the Genii of Amenti, Gateway of Luxor from the North, Luxor from the South, &c.

Several of these illustrations are colored in a style which we do not often meet in American books. We have seldom seen better executed representations of the renowned Temple of Karnac and the scarcely less famous obelisk of Heliopolis. In commenting on the glory of the former, the author observes, "How does the wonder increase when we pass out beneath the gateways, beyond the majestic and solitary pylon of Ptolemy Euergetes, beyond that temple of Rameses IV., which is one of the ten side-chapels of Karnac, until the avenue of Sphinxes appears. Here was a royal street, half a hundred feet wide, adorned with

crouching Sphinxes having the head of a ram. They were seventeen feet long, with a human figure standing mace in hand before them, but are now headless. We may count nearly sixteen hundred."—(p. 208). To this we can only add that we hope the work will be extensively read; for we repeat that there is no study so well calculated to diminish the overweening self-importance of the present generation as that of the antiquities of nations like Egypt, Assyria, Greece, and India.

Biographical Sketch of the Most Rev. John Hughes, D.D., Archbishop of New York. With Portrait. 8vo. pp. 61. New York: Office of "Metropolitan Record." 1864.

The life and character of the illustrious Catholic Archbishop of New York has been so fully discussed since his decease, more than two months ago, that it were sufficient for us to allude, at this distant day, to the event of his death, and sincerely sympathize, as we do, in the regret of the generous and liberal of all denominations for departed greatness and worth. We must claim the privilege, however, of making an additional observation or two, even at the risk of repeating what has already been said, and is known to all; and the first idea that occurs to us is, that the citizens of New York have done themselves great honor by the profound respect which they have universally evinced for the memory of Archbishop Hughes.

Of all kinds of narrow-mindedness, that is the most reprehensible which would refuse to do justice to genuine merit because its possessor entertains religious views different from our own. Nothing is more illogical; nothing proves so clearly want of thought, or inability to exercise our reasoning faculties, since the least reflection would satisfy us that if our neighbor is wrong in his opinions—especially in his religious faith—he, not we, is responsible for it. We have no more right to blame, much less hate, one for differing from us in religion, than we have to blame him for having better or worse health than our own, a different style of features, or any other characteristic, natural or acquired. It is not Religion that prompts any such feeling, but Fanaticism, her illegitimate child. We are much pleased, therefore, to regard the recent manifestation of the public sentiment as a proof of improved enlightenment; for but few years have passed since religious prejudice and bigotry had a deplorable ascendancy even in New York.

The pamphlet before us gives a more accurate and comprehensive sketch of the Archbishop's life than any other publication we have yet seen; and, accordingly, we refer to it all who desire to preserve a record of the principal details in a convenient form. It will be sufficient for us to observe here, in general terms, that he was born in Tyrone, in the North of Ireland, in 1798; that he emigrated to this country at an early age, with his father, who settled permanently in Pennsylvania, near

Chambersburg, where he purchased a small farm. Soon after we hear of the son as a student in the Theological Seminary of Mount St. Mary's, Emmittsburg, Md. That he was already recognized as a scholar is sufficiently evident from the fact that he defrayed the expenses of his theological education from the salary which he obtained as a teacher in other departments. It is but seldom that self-educated men fail to distinguish themselves in after life; and, accordingly, we find many predictions as to the future greatness of the young Irish student of Emmittsburg. Since he spent seven years in this institution in the two-fold capacity of teacher and pupil before he entered the Church, we might reasonably suppose, in the absence of any further evidence, that the late Archbishop was a learned man; but we have abundant proofs of the fact both in his writings and speeches. There are but few in this country who are not more or less familiar with his clear, vigorous, and trenchant style, for there are few subjects in which the Roman Catholics of this country have any interest which he has not discussed to a greater or less extent, and always with distinguished ability. Having enjoyed the privilege of listening to three or four of his discourses, at different times, we can bear testimony to the accuracy of the following estimate of him as a pulpit orator, which we extract from the pamphlet before us:

"As a preacher, the Archbishop was logical and argumentative rather than florid or impassioned. He was clear, calm and convincing—eloquent, not ornate; not the spurious eloquence of glittering words, but the genuine eloquence of original ideas; not emotional, yet affecting in no ordinary degree. His voice, clear, sonorous, musical, and tenderly sympathetic, found its way at once to the heart. And, while penning these lines, the writer almost imagines he hears the melodious tones echoing in his ears, and sees the keen yet kindly grey eyes overlooking the congregation from the pulpit of the Cathedral. We can recal, as it were but yesterday, the first time we heard the Archbishop preach, (and his was the first sermon we ever reported,) and closing our eyes, we see before us the imposing figure, clad in episcopal purple, the magnificently developed head covered with a velvet skull cap, from underneath which the scanty grey locks fell, shading the massive temple, and softening down the severe yet benignant features; the winning smile, the graceful action, the eagle face and the manly form. His graceful, appropriate action, and his exquisitely modulated voice, added not a little to the charms of his sermons. He was, in short, one of the first ecclesiastical orators of the age, and his sermons never fell on dull or inattentive ears."—p. 7.

Nothing need be added to this on the present occasion; but we would advise the young to profit by the example of Archbishop Hughes, in resolving to secure the benefits of a liberal education in spite of all adverse circumstances. It may be regarded as an axiom, that if one out of every hundred of those who despair of becoming educated, because their parents happen to be unable to defray their expenses, would determine, like the late illustrious Archbishop, to educate themselves, there would be vastly less ignorance, vice and misery in the world than there is, and thus, as the Roman poet expresses it, we should have daily proofs of the powerful effects of culture on the human mind:

"Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam
Rectique cultus pectora roborant."

Impolicy of Building another Railroad between Washington and New York. Letter by S. M. FELTON, Esq., Prest. of P. W. & B. R. Co. Philadelphia. 1864.

It will be remembered that some efforts were made, early in January last, by a certain clique of speculators, to induce the Federal Government to build a new railroad between this city and Washington. For months previously the parties alluded to had been in the habit of paying daily visits to Wall street and other localities where money is supposed to be abundant. During the same period some three or four deputations were sent to Trenton and Newark, with the view of securing the good will of the New Jersey Legislature. For a time all seemed to promise well. Two or three leading capitalists permitted themselves to be so much influenced by fair speeches and fine promises that they signed their names, with the understanding that they would become stockholders to a large amount; for the leading theory was that the Government would entrust both the building and management of the road to those who had taken so much pains to establish it.

In the meantime, arrangements were made to influence public opinion against the existing road. It was thought that this could be best effected through the medium of Congress, and accordingly a western member was induced to deliver a sort of indignation speech against "the monopolies"—the object of going to the West for a champion rather than employing one nearer home being that the latter might be supposed to be actuated by some more selfish motive than patriotism, or the laudable desire of accommodating his constituents. But just as success began to appear almost certain, one of the capitalists, who had signed, learned that those who took most interest in the new scheme, were the very parties who had spent two years in using every influence they possessed, by fair and foul means, to secure the monopoly of a railroad through Broadway. On ascertaining this fact, the gentleman alluded to withdrew his name at once, and several others followed his example; the Government, also, soon took the hint, and we believe was led to abandon the project; so that, on the day the western member delivered his memorable oration against "the existing monopolies," the whole speculation had already proved a failure.

These few preliminary remarks are necessary to enable such as have not hitherto paid any attention to the subject to appreciate the facts so clearly and forcibly set forth in Mr. Felton's pamphlet. As we find the question ably and candidly discussed, and that it is one in which the public at large is more or less interested, since there are few of our citizens who do not intend to visit Washington sooner or later, we will extract a few passages from the brochure before us. This we do all the more cheerfully because it contains incidental allusions which shed considerable light on the effects of the war on various branches of the manufacturing industry

of the country. Thus we learn from the following paragraph that we have to get our rails from England :—

"The establishment of a double track between Philadelphia and Baltimore is already far advanced; twenty-seven miles of the second track have been completed; the permanent way has been graded for the additional distance of thirty miles, on which the rails will be laid as soon as they arrive from England, where they were purchased on account of inability to procure them in this country, and the work will be consummated with the utmost diligence."

In speaking of the demand for men for the army and navy and its effect on the working of railways, Mr. Felton makes some observations, the force and pertinence of which will be readily acknowledged :—

"Engine-drivers and machinists have entered the Government service, and their places have necessarily been supplied by men possessing less skill and experience. The loss of so many of these trained men and the substitution of less experienced employes have tended to derange railroad operations generally and interfered with their proper management.

The scarcity of raw materials, the demand for railway equipment and supplies, and the extensive employment of skilled labor by the Government, not only augment prices but induce the use of inferior materials and the employment of less skilful workmen in the manufacture of locomotives, cars, rails and equipments.

Such defective materials and workmanship have proved a prolific source of accidents and caused irregularity and confusion in the movements of trains, for which the railroad managers are personally censured, notwithstanding they strain every nerve and lavish money to overcome the difficulties incident to the disturbed condition of the country."—pp. 7, 8.

Mr. Felton is equally decided and successful in rebutting the charge of extortion, made against the New York and Washington road by the champions of the proposed rival line :—

"In a letter to me, dated 'War Department, April 25th, 1861,' the Secretary of War thus acknowledged the value of the services rendered in this emergency :—'I hasten to express my thanks for your energetic, patriotic and prompt conduct, in connection with Messrs. Thompson and Sanford, in pushing forward men and supplies for the defence of the Capital. Let me assure you that this Department has the highest appreciation of your meritorious conduct, and that the Government will assume, fully, the pecuniary responsibility which you have incurred.'

Instead of charging 'four times the usual rates for Government service,' as has been falsely alleged, this Company, in connection with the Camden and Amboy Railroad, voluntarily reduced the price of transportation for troops and supplies to two-thirds of their usual rates, notwithstanding the business of the Government was spasmodic and generally in one direction only, requiring empty trains one way and a large surplus of cars to be kept in readiness for the public service; so that in reality the business of the Government netted the Company little more than one-third the revenue which would have accrued from its usual business."—pp. 16, 17.

We can only make room for one extract more :—

"The present route between Washington and New York through Philadelphia and Baltimore is the most direct line practicable. It varies but little from an air line, and that only where such variation is necessary to retain the railroad on fast land and avoid running many miles in the waters of the Chesapeake Bay, through which a straight line between these two cities would pass, from a point considerably east of the Susquehanna river to a point west of Baltimore, a distance of more than forty miles, and would, therefore, be utterly impracticable. The nearest approach, consequently, to a straight line that can be attained is the existing route, passing through Philadelphia and Baltimore. Any route avoiding those cities would not only be longer than the present line, but would obtain a part only of the through business between Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, and would prove unproductive to its proprietors if they were individuals, still more so if owned by the Government.

Independent of these considerations, there are other grave objections to the scheme for a rival railroad to be constructed by the Government. With the country

burdened with debt increasing at the rate of nearly two millions of dollars per day, and the industry and property of the citizens subjected to onerous taxation to sustain the national credit, it would be unwise policy for the Government to embark in a project of little or no practical utility, and involving an outlay exceeding fifty millions of dollars. *If the Government were in a condition to engage in the construction of railroads, the public interest would be better subserved by building the Pacific Railroad and lines traversing the now inaccessible regions of the West and Southwest, thereby opening immense tracts of fertile lands to settlers, and developing their resources to the advancement of the general welfare and prosperity, rather than by building rival railroads through populous districts already provided, by private enterprise, with facilities for intercommunication.*"—pp. 21-23.

We imagine that few unprejudiced persons will be disposed to question the truth and justice of these remarks. There are many well-meaning people who think that there is nothing worse than a monopoly, especially in the railroad business; and that anything calculated to destroy, or impair that monopoly, must necessarily do good. Experience proves, however, but too conclusively, that this is a great mistake. We could adduce many examples, but one or two will be sufficient for our present purpose. Thus, we have two railroads between this city and Albany; but who that has had any opportunity of judging would compare either to the Camden and Amboy line between this city and Philadelphia, or to the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore line? The contrast is really as great in all that concerns the comfort and convenience of the travelling public as if the different roads mentioned were situated in the most enlightened part of France and in the wilds of Russia, respectively. More than once we have been two hours late on the New York and Harlem line, and have had to suffer at the same time from cold and other inconvenience arising from mismanagement, or neglect, on the part of the Company's officers. The last time we were in Troy—not three months ago—we resolved on this account to return by the Hudson River line, but so precious were the officers of the Company's cars—all of the few they had on being densely crowded—that we were obliged to stand on one of the platforms outside, of a cold, frosty night, while going from Troy to Poughkeepsie, the only alternative being either to do that or cram ourselves into one of the baggage cars, the odor from which did not allow us to hesitate for a moment to brave the inclemency of the weather, and the danger of standing for hours on the platform of a car travelling at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour. Then, there are several lines between this city and Boston. The New York and New Haven line is no monopoly, but if we were asked in what respect is it superior to the New York and Harlem, or to the Hudson River line, we should have considerable difficulty in answering. We fear we should say it is worse if possible than either.

These are no random statements, but facts which we could prove by several witnesses. Now, who could make similar charges, with any regard to justice against either the Camden and Amboy, or the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore line? We have been travelling over both ourselves at intervals, for more than ten years past, and we have never yet had to complain of cold, the want of a seat, or the lack of any

accommodation which a passenger had a right to expect. Others, it is true, may not have been equally fortunate; but if we are not much mistaken the general verdict of the travelling public would be pretty much the same as our own; nor do we think it will be otherwise in the future, under the auspices of such officers as S. M. Felton and Wm. H. Gatzmer.

BELLES-LETTRES.

Sordello, Strafford, Christmas Eve, and Easter Day. By ROBERT BROWNING. 16mo. pp. 412. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1864.

We are glad to see Robert Browning so appropriately introduced to the American people. Hitherto he has not been so well known in this country as his merits claim. One reason of this is, that his late gifted wife, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, has to a great extent obscured his fame. This is rendered all the more strange, by the fact that scarcely any two poets, male or female, are more alike in their style of thought and expression than the authors of "Aurora Leigh" and "Sordello." The poetess is more read than the poet, and, upon the whole, she has a purer inspiration than he; although there are not a few whose opinions are to be received with deference that think the contrary. Be this as it may, Robert Browning is entitled to a respectable rank among the poets of our time. He is not as much read in England as Tennyson; but those who do read him—and the number is by no means inconsiderable—are the best competent to appreciate true merit. In other words, Tennyson is more read by the ladies, and by those of the other sex who have a preference for light literature; but those who, instead of being too indolent to think, or unequal to the effort for more than a few minutes at a time, like to exercise their thinking faculties, have a decided preference for Browning, notwithstanding those obscurities in most of his writings which have excited the ire of so many well meaning critics. Far be it from us to disparage the lyrical genius of Tennyson—nor do we deny that there is more melody and attractiveness in his verses than in those of Browning—but there is more passion, more intense earnestness, and more grandeur, not to say sublimity, in those of Browning.

We should not have said so, however, perhaps, had we based our opinions exclusively on the contents of the present volume; for the author is much more happy in his "Paracelsus," "Pippa Passes," "Colombe's Birthday," "The Blot on the Scutcheon," and "The Return of the Druses," than he is either in "Sordello" or "Strafford." This difference is so well known in England, that in two separate editions of Browning's works which we have seen, neither "Sordello" nor "Strafford" appeared at all. Thus, for example, neither is given in Chapman & Hall's edition, in two volumes, of 1849. Other American publishers would have given us the author's most attractive pieces first, but Ticknor & Fields think it best to give the most thoughtful and most elaborate, and depend on public taste

for the rest, and who will deny that they are right? Others, too, would have taken the best without recognizing any right on the part of the author, but in the present instance it is different, as we see from a note to the publishers, copied on the fly-leaf. "I take advantage," says Mr. Browning, "of the opportunity of the publication in the United States of my Poems, for printing which you have liberally remunerated me, to express my earnest desire that the power of publishing in America this and every subsequent work of mine may rest exclusively with your house." We do not copy this because it is anything new on the part of Ticknor & Fields to remunerate foreign authors, for it is their regular habit to do so; and need we say that they prosper at least as well as those who as habitually pursue the opposite course. Our only object is to endeavor to induce less scrupulous publishers, by the force of good example, to learn, even at the eleventh hour, to observe the Eighth Commandment.

The genius of Browning is preëminently dramatic; even his lyrics assume that form. It is the long monologues in "Sordello," and their abrupt transitions, which render it so difficult for an ordinary reader to understand it. He rarely, or never, makes those introductory observations so much relied upon by most modern poets of the second and third class, but enters at once *in medias res*, as if he took it for granted that the reader can anticipate his thoughts. Thus, for instance, "Sordello" opens as follows:

"Who will, may hear Sordello's story told:
His story?"

and then, after giving us some eight lines in a similar, incoherent style, he begins a new paragraph:

"Appears
Verona . . . Never, I should warn you first,
Of my own choice had this, if not the worst
Yet not the best expedient, served to tell
A story I could body forth so well
By making speak, myself kept out of view,
The very man as he was wont to do,
And leaving you to say the rest for him.
Since, though I might be proud to see the dim
Abysmal Past divide its hateful surge,
Letting of all men this one man emerge
Because it pleased me, yet, that moment past,
I should delight in watching first to last
His progress as you watch it, not a whit
More in the secret than yourselves who sit
Fresh-chapleted to listen."—pp. 3, 4.

Still, we must not take leave even of "Sordello" without extracting a passage which may be regarded as a tolerably fair specimen of the poem. Such, indeed, is not easily found; there is such endless variety in the "story," that it would require much more time than we can devote to a notice in this department of our journal to select a characteristic fragment. What makes the nearest approach to such, of anything we can

avail ourselves of just now, is that in the First Book, in which the poet proceeds to describe his hero :—

“ And first a simple sense of life engrossed
Sordello in his drowsy Paradise ;
The day's adventures for the day suffice—
Its constant tribute of perceptions strange,
With sleep and stir in healthy interchange,
Suffice, and leave him for the next at ease
Like the great palmer-worm that strips the trees,
Eats the life out of every luscious plant,
And, when September finds them sere or scant,
Puts forth two wondrous winglets, alters quite,
And hies him after unforeseen delight.
So fed Sordello, not a shard disheathed ;
As ever, round each new discovery, wreathed
Luxuriantly the fancies infantine
His admiration, bent on making fine
Its novel friend at any risk, would fling
In gay profusion forth : a ficklest king,
Confessed those minions ! Eager to dispense
So much from his own stock of thought and sense
As might enable each to stand alone
And serve him for a fellow ; with his own
Joining the qualities that just before
Had graced some older favorite.”—pp. 25, 26. 7

We remember to have seen “Strafford” performed in London twenty years ago. It was well received—repeated several nights in succession to crowded houses ; yet it can hardly be called a successful drama ; its greatest fault on the stage is that exaggeration which, although less apparent to the reader, is still a prominent feature in the piece. It is otherwise, however, with “Christmas Eve,” which we would gladly quote from for the benefit of those who may not see the book ; but our rapidly diminishing space admonishes us that we must close abruptly, and at the same time we are reminded of one of those mystical passages in our author's “Return of the Druses,” which are so much praised by his admirers, and with which we close these hurried remarks :—

“ The moon is carried off in purple fire,
Day breaks at last !—Break, Glory, with the day,
On Djalal's dread incarnate mystery,
Now ready to assume its pristine shape
Of Hakeem !—As the Khalif vanished erst,
In what seemed death to uninstructed eyes.
One red Mokattam's verge :—our Founder's flesh,
As he resumes our Founder's function !”

Agnes Hilton ; or, Practical Views of Catholicity. A Tale of Trials and Triumphs. By MARY I. HOFFMAN. 12mo., pp. 447. New York : P. O'Shea. 1864.

Our attention has been called to this work by a gentleman in whose taste and judgment we have entire confidence. His estimate of its merits had led us to anticipate much pleasure from its perusal ; and now that we have carefully read it we feel it incumbent on us to say that, if we have

experienced any disappointment, it is that of finding it much better than we had expected. Although the recommendation of our friend satisfied us, as we have said, that it was well written, yet it is so rare to find a religious novel lively and attractive that we had still our misgivings as to the effect it would be likely to produce. Nor were our doubts entirely removed until we had read nearly half the book. We do not mean at the same time that "Agnes Hilton" is faultless, or that it makes any very near approach to perfection. This it were too much to expect from the first literary effort of a young lady. The faults are such as are inseparable from the productions of youth and inexperience; but they are by no means of a grave character. Indeed, the worst we could say of the work, were we even inclined to disparage it, is, that it contains some passages here and there that are rather ambitious in style, and too many repetitions of "pet phrases." But these form but a small proportion of the whole, and we have proofs everywhere in the rest of the book, that those defects are not to be attributed either to want of talent, or want of culture. In other words, it is sufficiently evident that the authoress can easily avoid such faults in any future efforts with which she may favor the public.

The plot of the story is simple, yet so skilfully constructed that it awakens our interest almost at the outset, and, what is more, it retains it to the end. Most of the characters are well delineated; those, for example, of Agnes, the heroine, Becky, Pauline Simpson, Father Joseph and Mark Clement are genuine transcripts from life, although sometimes their peculiarities seem exaggerated. But before making any further remarks we will give the reader an opportunity of judging for himself of Miss Hoffman's style. The following graphic and chaste sketch of the heroine is in agreeable contrast with the inflated caricatures so much relied upon by the manufacturers of sensation novels of the present day:—

"Her parents were wealthy, and she moved in society with a proud, lofty bearing that told of conscious superiority. Whether it belonged to her nature, or was the effect of the flattery and homage paid to her as a wealthy and beautiful heiress, it was impossible to say; but there was an imperiousness about her that strangely contrasted with her mother's gentle bearing, and her father's pleasant, unassuming manners. In the presence of male acquaintances she took but little pains to render herself agreeable, treating them with a coldness that forbade their too often intruding themselves upon her. She numbered but few in her list of intimate friends, but, with all her pride, these few were chosen, not because they offered adulation at her shrine, but because she saw in them qualities really commendable. Her mind was of a reflective cast; she cared not for the gay routine of pleasure. While others were toiling and wearing themselves out in the dissipations of fashionable life, she would be in her own room, poring over some favorite volume, engaged with her tapestry, practising some difficult piece, or, crayon in hand, trying to reproduce on paper some of the fanciful visions that flitted through her brain, or copying some of the gems she had carefully gathered together. Her portfolio was filled with these drawings, while the pencilling in her books proved her library was not for mere show. Her character would have been irreproachable had it not been for pride, which cast a shade over all the finer qualities of her heart, and made her tenacious of her own will, haughty, and exacting. Glancing round her elegantly furnished room, you saw hung on the walls pictures which spoke in eloquent language to the soul of the humble duties of a Christian. Turning to her books, you read the names of the works intended to raise the mind from the fleeting vanities of the world, and impress upon it the *great truth*, that without humility none can be pleasing to God."

—pp. 5, 6.

The authoress is warmly attached to the Catholic Church, and she omits no opportunity to prove as best she can that all others who expect to be saved should entertain similar views. Nor can it be denied that she is an adroit logician. The ingenuity and cleverness with which she intertwines her arguments in favor of Catholicity with the thread of the story has often amused us, and at other times led us to exclaim: How eloquent a lady of talent and culture can be in favor of any cause which she conscientiously believes to be that of truth and justice! It would ill become us, however, as Protestants to be afraid of argument; we, whose chief pride and greatest boast it is that we are in favor of free discussion, in matters sacred as well as matters profane. At all events, it is no part of our business to concern ourselves with the theological opinions of our readers. Those, however, who are afraid that they might be converted by Miss Hoffman's book had better not read it; but to all who like a sprightly, fascinating story, in which the lights and shades of human life are happily blended, without caring much whether the author is Catholic or Protestant, we would unhesitatingly recommend "Agnes Hilton."

Lyrics of Loyalty. Arranged and edited by FRANK MOORE. New York: George P. Putnam. 1864.

We presume there are few, if any, of our readers who have not read more or less of the numerous effusions contained in this little volume. There are certainly none that take any interest in the great pending national struggle, who will not be pleased with many of the "Lyrics," and with not a few of those that have least pretensions to poetical merit. It would be too much to expect that in so large a variety, there should be poetry in all. Nay, the most sanguine should be satisfied to find true inspiration in one-tenth part; and we cheerfully admit that quite in this proportion the volume before us contains pieces which are fairly entitled to the character of poems. Considering the wide field from which the editor had to make his selections, in order to give an approximately correct idea of the popular sentiment throughout the loyal States in regard to the rebellion against the Union, it must be acknowledged that he has exhibited much taste and judgment, for, if he has in some instances inserted pieces which are destitute of all literary merit—which are in fact but indifferent prose in the form of doggerel verse—we must remember that even these help to give us an insight into the workings of the great public heart, though it be only as children and silly adults are said to tell the truth more readily than the mature and wise. A specimen or two of each kind will serve to illustrate our remarks, and at the same time to gratify or amuse the reader. Among the effusions calculated to excite most enthusiasm among the gallant and brave, is one by Phæbe Cary, entitled "Voice of the Northern Women." This, it will be seen, is both logical and poetical:

"Rouse, freemen, the foe has arisen,
 His hosts are abroad on the plain;
 And, under the stars of your banner,
 Swear never to strike it again!
 O, fathers, who sit with your children,
 Would you leave them a land that is free?
 Turn now from their tender caresses,
 And put them away from your knee.
 O, brothers, we played with in childhood,
 On the hills where the clover bloomed sweet;
 See to it, that never a traitor
 Shall trample them under his feet.
 O, lovers, awake to your duty
 From visions that fancy has nursed;
 Look not in the eyes that would keep you;
 Our country has need of you first.
 And we, whom your lives have made blessed,
 Will pray for your souls in the fight;
 That you may be strong to do battle
 For Freedom, for God, and the Right.
 We are daughters of men who were heroes;
 We can smile as we bid you depart;
 But never a coward or traitor
 Shall have room for a place in our heart.
 Then quit you like men in the conflict,
 Who fight for their home and their land;
 Smite deep, in the name of Jehovah,
 And conquer, or die where you stand."—pp. 325-6.

The piece entitled "After the Battle," gives a graphic and startling picture of the miseries of war:

"The cannon's thunders ceased to swell—
 The whistling shot and shrieking shell
 No more with vengeful fury sped
 Amid the mangled and the dead.

A sullen silence broods around—
 For on that dark and bloody ground
 The gallant champions of the Free,
 Fought, bled, and died for Liberty!

Perchance a brother's fate was sealed,
 Upon that solemn battle-field:
 And, e'en while in the arms of Death,
 A prayer for home—his latest breath!

Where raged the fury of the fray
 Two warriors—side by side they lay—
 All rent with many a ghastly wound,
 Their life-blood bathed the crimson
 ground.

Fierce foes in life—the cannon's roar
 Will rouse their bitter ire no more;
 They perished in a dead embrace,
 With eye to eye, and face to face.

The war-steed wanders o'er the plain,
 Seeking amid the heaps of slain
 The form of him whose hand would
 guide
 His courser through the battle-tide.

The chieftain's sword, grasped in his
 hand,
 Still seemed to beckon on his band;
 He fell—while rose the joyous cry,
 The mighty shout of victory.

Close by yon straggling mass of wall,
 A youth was seen to reel and fall,
 Where fiercest lead and iron rained—
 His purple gore his colors stained.

With dying shout he partly rose,
 And waved the banner at his foes;
 Then strained it to his bloody breast,
 Smiled a glad smile and sunk to rest.

O, piteous sight! Yet Freedom gave
 A Hero's shroud, a Martyr's grave
 To the loved ones, whose blood shall rise,
 To Heaven, a holy sacrifice.

Their noble deeds of valor done,
 A Patriot's name, immortal, won!
 And on our hearts will e'er remain
 The memory of the gallant slain.

A nation's tears will greet the dead,
 Whose blood for Freedom's cause was
 shed;
 Her blessings greet the brave, who
 passed
 Safe from the fury of the blast."—
 pp. 35-7.

It is worthy of remark that the best effusions are those that bear no name; it is not strange, however, since it is mediocrity and the different degrees below it that are always fondest of display. The following anonymous piece is simple and unpretending, but tender and musical :

"The whip-poor-will is calling
From its perch on the splintered limb,
And the plaintive notes are echoing
Through the aisles of the forest dim:
The slanting threads of starlight
Are silvering shrub and tree,
And the spot where the loved are sleeping,
In the woods of Tennessee.

The leaves are gently rustling,
But they're stained with a tinge of red—
For they proved to many a soldier,
Their last and lonely bed.
As they prayed in mortal agony
To God to set them free,
Death touched them with his finger,
In the woods of Tennessee.

In the list of the killed and wounded,
Ah, me! alas! we saw
The name of our noble brother,
Who went to the Southern war.
He fell in the tide of battle
On the banks of the old 'Hatchie,'
And rests 'neath the wild grape arbors
In the woods of Tennessee.

There's many still forms lying
In their forgotten graves,
On the green slope of the hill-sides
Along Potomac's waves;
But the memory will be ever sweet
Of him so dear to me,
On his country's altar offered,
In the woods of Tennessee."—pp. 17-18.

We must give one more specimen of the good kind—the best of all. We take the more pleasure in doing so, because it reminds us so charmingly that the author of "Woodman, Spare that Tree," is not only as patriotic, but also as melodious now, as he was forty years ago :

THE UNION—RIGHT OR WRONG.

BY GEORGE F. MORRIS.

I.

"In Freedom's name our blades we draw,
She arms us for the fight!
For country, government, and law,
For Liberty and Right.
The Union must—shall be preserved,
Our flag still o'er us fly!
That cause our hearts and hands has nerved,
And we will do or die.

CHORUS.

Then come, ye hardy volunteers,
Around our standard throng,
And pledge man's hope of coming years—
The Union—right or wrong!
The Union—right or wrong—inspires
The burden of our song;
It was the glory of our sires—
The Union—right or wrong!

II.

It is the duty of us all
 To check rebellion's sway ;
 To rally at the nation's call,
 And we that voice obey !
 Then like a band of brothers go,
 A hostile league to break,
 To rout a spoil-encumber'd foe,
 And what is ours, retake.

CHORUS.

So come, ye hardy volunteers,
 Around our standard throng,
 And pledge man's hope of coming years—
 The Union—right or wrong !
 The Union—right or wrong—inspires
 The burden of our song ;
 It was the glory of our sires—
 The Union—right or wrong !"—pp. 169-70.

Specimens of the opposite kind are, as already intimated, sufficiently numerous: when more than eighty persons, ambitious to be regarded as poets, give their names in full in connection with their productions, we must be prepared for a good deal of foolish matter in the shape of verse. We are sorry to be obliged to include our friend A. D. F. Randolph in the category of the silly ones; but as advice sometimes does good even when most unwelcome and unpalatable, we venture to suggest that writing poetry is not the forte of Mr. R. One may be very skilful and highly successful in manufacturing baby-books at from five to fifteen cents a piece; and still be a wretched poet. We will condemn no one, however, without a hearing, or without enabling the reader to judge for himself. It will be admitted that a soldier may have the utmost respect and love for his mother, and at the same time be more influenced by his "lady love" in the hour of battle than by her. A spirited mother would herself despise the son who would thus cling as it were to her apron strings on the battle-field, as if he were not yet done with the breast-milk or paregoric. No poet worthy of the name has ever been guilty of outraging nature so much as to make his hero whine for his mother rather than sigh for his mistress, either while combating the foeman or suffering from his wounds. But let us hear Mr. Randolph. We cannot make room for his whole "Color Sergeant," a veritable curiosity as it is; but a stanza or two will give a sufficient idea of its character:

"And if he was true to his mother,
 Do you think he his trust would betray,
 And give up his place to another,
 Or turn from the danger away?
 He knew while afar he was straying,
 He felt in the thick of the fight,
 That at home his poor mother was praying,
 For him and the cause of the Right!"—p. 292.

This would be no compliment to any soldier; on the contrary, it would be suggestive of anything rather than bravery. Then in the next stanza, the Sergeant is made to say, in italics:

"When he died he was praying for you!"

But we will give the concluding lines of another stanza :

"When he asked, *through his tears, should he linger*
From duty, I answered him, Nay;
And he smiled, as he placed on my finger
The ring I am wearing to-day."

In the first place, the hero cries like a woman, and seems only to want an excuse to stay at home with mamma, and like a woman he smiles the next moment, and at the same time places a ring on his mother's finger! Thus our friend Randolph is highly amusing without meaning anything of the kind; and if we had sufficient space, we could show several other instances in which the editor has taken care that if the "rhyme" is bad, and the "reason" still worse, while there is no poetry, the very absurdities and *gaucheries* of the writers justify him in printing their "lyrics." We are glad to see, therefore, from the preface, that we are soon to have a Second and a Third series, the former to embrace the songs of the soldiers and ballads of the rebellion, the latter the personal and political ballads of the war.

The Works of Francis Bacon; Collected and Edited, By JAMES SPEDDING, M.A., ROBERT LESLIE ELLIS, M.A., and DOUGLAS DENON HEATH. Vols. VIII. and IX. Boston: Taggard & Thompson. 1864.

We have so often expressed our admiration of this model edition during the last three years while it has been passing through the press, that we need only say now that one volume more will complete it. As the enterprise had but just commenced when the southern rebellion broke out, it was generally predicted two years ago that it would have to be abandoned, or at least, postponed until the restoration of peace. But the men who took it in hands do not belong to the timid or desponding class. For a while, indeed, the prospect seemed a gloomy one; those best capable of appreciating works of enduring value like those of Bacon, had little disposition to buy them at a time when a feeling of sadness and uncertainty pervaded the nation. During this period the publishers must have lost much more than they gained; but they had an abiding confidence both in the stability of the Government and in the recuperative energy of their countrymen. This encouraged them to proceed through evil report and good report; and we are glad to learn that they have been rewarded by complete success.

The two volumes now before us contain the Great Instauration, the New Organon, the Dignity and Advancement of Learning, Natural and Experimental History, &c., &c. We see it announced that as soon as the next volume is issued the price will be raised; nor can any one wonder at the fact; indeed the wonder is that it was not raised a year ago, when paper rose nearly fifty per cent.; not to mention the various other materials and appliances necessary for so magnificent an edition, which rose nearly at an equal ratio. Doubtless many will be glad to know that if they send their subscriptions to the publishers before the last volume

has been issued, they will only have to pay the old price. In short, there is not a line in any form known to have emanated from Bacon's pen which is not to be found in its proper place in this truly elegant edition.

Letters to a Lady. By WILHELM VON HUMBOLDT, with an Introduction by CHARLES GODFREY LETLAND. Philadelphia: Frederick Leypoldt. 1864.

A very agreeable, interesting volume, gotten up in tasteful style. Of the character of the "Letters," it is sufficient to say that they are such as might be expected from so profound a thinker, so warm-hearted a man, and so great an admirer of the gentler sex. There can be no doubt that the author entertained a stronger sentiment for his correspondent than mere friendship. "I now learn for the first time," says Humboldt, "how much deeper an impression I made on you than I ever imagined."—(p. 12.) With singular inconsistency, he observes in the same letter—"Confess that I passed from your thoughts almost as soon as I passed from your presence."—(p. 13.) The book will be particularly interesting to the ladies, to whom we would respectfully recommend it.

THEOLOGY.

Five Years of Prayer, with the Answers. By SAMUEL IRENEUS PRIME, Author of "Power of Prayer," &c., &c. 12mo., pp. 375. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1864.

It has puzzled us not a little to decide as to the category in which we should place this book. While we yield to none in our respect for the clergy as a body, we confess that had it fallen into our hands in time, we should have had some idea of reviewing it in the article in another part of this number, entitled "Our Quack Doctors and their Performances." This might have been a grievous error on our part, possibly a sacrilege of a very aggravated type, although our judgment alone would have been at fault. As it is, we notice the book under the head of "Theology," allowing the reader the privilege of supplying any prefix he may think proper.

We certainly have no ill-will towards the author. So far as we are aware, the Rev. Samuel Irenæus Prime is a very worthy, good-natured divine. Indeed, further than that we hear he is one of the editors of a religious paper, entitled "The New York Observer." We know nothing of the gentleman more than what he is pleased to reveal to us himself. But if we take him at his own estimate we must admit that he is one of the most wonderful men of the nineteenth century. We had supposed the age of miracles had passed, or at least that they were confined in modern times to the spirit-rappers, and to the ingenious and modest gentlemen who discover elixirs, by means of which they can cure all manner of diseases, and lengthen human life to an almost indefinite

extent for a small consideration. But this was all a mistake on our part. It seems that miracles are performed almost daily in the Fulton Street Church, in this city; ay, and no trifling miracles, but such as might be said to rival the greatest of those performed even in the times of the Apostles and the early Fathers of the Church.

Let those who doubt this be patient for a minute or two. Our author announces his present volume by entertaining us with a long eulogy on a former volume of his own:—

"Five years ago," he says, "the '*Power of Prayer*' was published. It was hailed with *wonderful interest* in this country and abroad. It was republished in England and Scotland, widely circulated in Wales and Ireland," &c.

The effect even of Mahomet's Koran was insignificant and commonplace compared with that of the Rev. Dr. Prime's book. Of this we have proof in a hundred forms:—

"In many places," says our author, "in this and foreign countries, *public meetings were held and chapters read from it*, to quicken the desire and faith of Christians . . . In a large number of villages and rural congregations revivals of religion followed the reading of these remarkable facts."—p. 7.

We are pained to think how suggestive this is of "the three last bottles" of Dr. Bolus and their miraculous effects. But we have not yet come to the genuine miracles. The latter are arranged under different heads, and make quite a formidable catalogue. In Chapter II., entitled "Special Answers to Prayers," we are introduced to the miracles as follows: "We transcribe below a record of numerous cases which have occurred within these last few years, *many of them within our own observation and knowledge*, and which have been noted down from time to time."—(p. 15.) Here follows a long series of statements which require an amount of faith almost sufficient to remove mountains. In short, everything prayed for was granted, no matter how desperate the case was. We will here note a few instances in passing, only asking the reader to bear in mind that the Fulton Street Church was the sanctuary whence the miraculous prayers ascended: A widow lady who finds her son a hopeless, incorrigible sinner, comes and implores that he be prayed for at the holy place; her request is generously complied with, and at the same instant the sinner becomes a saint. We are told that:—

"He rode into the yard and sprang from his horse and ran towards her (his mother). She exclaimed, 'Tell me what is the matter.' 'Mother,' said the boy, 'I have found the Saviour!' 'How long ago is it, my son, since you began to be anxious about religion?' 'Only about two weeks ago.' 'There! there!' said his mother, 'that was just the time when we began to pray for you, and when I sent to the Fulton street Prayer-meeting asking them to help me pray for you.'"—p. 15.

A pastor on his death-bed has nothing to disturb his holy thoughts but the apprehension that twenty-five leading men of his parishioners who were unconverted would have uncomfortable quarters in the next world. We quote the result:—

"I asked the moderator if I might, through him, ask the brother about these twenty-five men, for we all knew about the case. The clergyman heard my inquiry,
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and for some time was unable to speak. Then, with the tears flowing down his cheeks, he said: "*Brethren, every one of those twenty-five men has been converted.*"—p. 17.

Further on a young man of eighteen causes prayers to be offered up for his wicked and sinful father, and the conversion of the latter ensues *ex more*. In the volume before us the conclusion of the process is described as follows:—

"Almost immediately after sending that request for prayer I received a letter from my father. It was not a letter of four or five lines, but it was a full sheet. It told me that he was in great distress about his soul, and implored me to tell him what he should do to be saved. I am here to-day to tell you that my father is saved through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ."—p. 20.

The conversion of a large number of Catholics is prayed for, and there has not been a failure in a single instance. A German, "*of good education and great intelligence,*" happens to enter the Fulton Street Church. "He said that before he came to this country he *had never seen a Protestant and knew not what Protestantism was.*"—(p. 133.) How consistent the two statements are with each other! But this is not all:—

"To show you" (says the German of 'good education and great intelligence') "*how little I knew, I need only say that I was actually afraid of Protestants. I trembled at the name. We came, a whole family, to this country under such delusion as that. I had heard that there was such a book as the Bible, though I had never seen one.*"—pp. 136-7.

It is sufficient for us to add that he was prayed for like the rest, and with the same miraculous result. Further on we are told that—

"A Roman Catholic woman was brought before the meeting as a subject of prayer. She was represented as being in great anguish of mind, under the conviction that she was a sinner in the sight of God. The gentleman speaking with her asked if she had ever been into the Fulton street Prayer-meeting. 'No,' she said, she never had so much as heard there was such a meeting."—p. 144.

But she had been prayed for a few days previously in Fulton street, and the rest came in due course. Nor is it alone in New York that the miraculous effects of the Fulton street prayers have been thus felt—in short, they have been felt throughout the world. Thus, for example, the Fulton Street Church offers up a prayer to-day for the benefit of the good, or rather the bad, people of Bombay; and the next mail from India brings letters to "The New York Observer," in which the world is informed that Fulton street praying is as effectual in Bombay as it is in New York or Jersey City.

Now, if all those statements of our author, or any of them be correct, why were not Jefferson Davis and every member of his rebel Cabinet converted more than two years ago? nay, why have not all the rebel States been prayed back into the Union? If the Almighty attends so promptly to all other prayers offered up from the Fulton Street Church, why should he make an exception in favor of the rebels? Is it because they, too, have divines whose prayers are as effectual as those of the Fulton street divines? If the conversion of the rebels would be too large a miracle, why not pray at least for the capture of Charleston, or Rich-

mond, or even both? A prayer that would have such virtue off in Bombay ought surely to have some effect so near home as the rebel capital. Are we correct in this view of the case, or are the Rev. Doctor's miracles like Barnum's Feejee mermaids?

Heaven our Home. We have no Saviour but Jesus, and no Home but Heaven. By the author of "Meet for Heaven." 16mo., pp. 310. Boston: Robert Brothers. 1864.

There is a good deal of novelty in this volume; and it is written in a brilliant, attractive style. Books of this character will be read let their theories be what they may. We do not think the present volume will do any harm to orthodox Christians capable of exercising their reasoning faculties; although it seems to us to be decidedly Mahometan in its views of heaven. Mahomet was so accommodating as to give his followers just the sort of heaven they wanted; they liked the society of beautiful, dark-eyed girls, and accordingly the wily prophet invented the Houris. If the author of the volume before us had introduced blue-eyed damsels into his heaven, and made them as beautiful as the damsels of Mahomet, the resemblance would have been complete. But we will let him give us an idea in his own words of what his heaven is. "We are," he says in his preface, "*social beings*. A heaven from which *saint-friendship* and *social intercourse*, among those who are in glory, are excluded, is not and cannot be a suitable abode for us, who have received from God's own plastic hand those *social affections* which we are to possess for ever. A *social* heaven is accordingly the *leading* idea which I have endeavored to embody and illustrate in the following treatise."

The italics are not ours but the author's. Thus he tells us that we need a particular kind of heaven, and he proceeds to get up one for us which he thinks can hardly fail to meet our approbation. He mentions several others who constructed heavens of their own, including Richard Baxter, St. Paul and St. John; but all were more or less defective. The heaven of our author, and no other, is perfect. In this alone all the modern improvements are to be found! As to friends recognizing each other in heaven, he thinks the fact as clear as daylight, and he brings forward "eight proofs" to establish it beyond all cavil. He also proves, at least to his own satisfaction, that those in heaven feel a lively interest in those they have left behind them on earth. But so far as we have seen, and we have read the book pretty carefully, our author has forgotten to give us any account of the sort of intercourse maintained on the fire and brimstone side of the great gulf. If he can describe the former place, why not the latter? One of the strongest of the "eight proofs" adduced to show that mortals recognize each other in heaven, is that man was created a social being. If this proves recognition in one place, why not in another? But the book must be read in order to be appreciated. It is one of a series of three, the titles of the others respectively

being, "Meet for Heaven" and "Life in Heaven." We have not had time to read more than the one whose title stands at the head of these remarks; but this we would cheerfully recommend to those who like novelties in an attractive form, and do not much care whether the author is orthodox or heterodox.

The Origin and Compilation of the Prayer Book, with an Appendix containing various Historical Facts and Documents connected with our Liturgy. By Rev. W. H. ODENHEIMER, D.D. 18mo., pp. 127. New York: Gen. Prot. Epis. Sunday School Union. 1864.

This little volume is much more interesting than its title would imply, although there is no intelligent person who is not aware that the "Book of Common Prayer" embraces the happiest efforts of the most eminent divines, including those of the early Fathers of the Church. The extracts from the works of the latter given in the Appendix, are particularly interesting as historical fragments, altogether independently of their religious character. In the same part of the book we have extracts from the canons of the Councils of Nice and Ephesus, and from various other ancient records which are accessible only to the industrious and investigating few. In short, it is a work which, small and unpretending as it is, the most intelligent cannot read without adding to their stock of interesting facts.

1. *The Pillar of Fire, or Israel in Bondage.* By Rev. J. H. INGRAHAM. 12mo., pp. 600.
2. *The Throne of David, from the Consecration of the Shepherd of Bethlehem to the Rebellion of Prince Absalom, &c.* By Rev. J. H. INGRAHAM. 12mo. pp. 603.
3. *The Prince of the House of David; or, Three Years in the Holy City, &c.* By Rev. J. H. INGRAHAM. pp. 472. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1864.

Those of which the above are new and improved editions are undoubtedly curious books; they are written much more in the style of romance than that of grave and authentic history; and this is the chief reason we can assign, after a pretty careful examination of their contents, for their remarkable popularity among a large class of our people. The first is dedicated "To the Men of Israel, Sons of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, kindred of Moses, the great Lawgiver," &c.; the second to "the American Hebrews;" and the third to "the Daughters of Israel, the countrywomen of Mary, the Mother of Jesus."

To us they seem very much like the historical novels of Bulwer, with the exception that Mr. Ingraham's style is not quite so chaste or classic as that of the author of "The Caxtons," although it is proper to add that we mean no disparagement of the volumes before us by the comparison; for, in our opinion one who undertakes to illustrate sacred history has as

good a right to avail himself of the powers of his imagination to embellish his facts and render them attractive to the class of readers to which he addresses himself, as the illustrator of profane history, provided he takes care that his statements are substantially true. We have the authority of Christ himself for this, who frequently avails himself of parables as the best means of rendering his divine precepts intelligible to the Hebrew masses.

The three volumes are written in the epistolary style, the correspondents being personages no less distinguished and classic than Sesostris and his mother, Queen Epiphia, Remises (Moses) Arbaces the Ambassador to Belus, king of Assyria, &c. The Letters are neither so well written, nor so amusing as Montesquieu's *Lettres Persannes*, or those of Goldsmith's "Citizen of the World;" but the former are intended for a different class of minds. The hundreds of thousands throughout the great West who read the "Pillar of Fire," "Throne of David," and the "Prince of the House of David" with avidity, and regard the author as one of the greatest geniuses of the age—especially when illustrated as are the present editions—would have little appreciation for the keen irony and sarcastic wit of Montesquieu, or the quaint and subtle humor of Goldsmith. It is not the less true, however, that all who take an interest in the history of the Bible, or in the antiquities of Egypt and Assyria, should read Mr. Ingraham's works.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Annual Reports of Insurance Companies; Insurance Papers; Pamphlets on Insurance, &c. New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Hartford. 1864.

There is much to be learned from these various sources; but they require close and careful examination. It is no popular error that figures will tell the truth if intelligently questioned; at least they will make the nearest approach to it of any other artificial means of expression which the human mind has yet discovered. Hence the mystic power attributed by the ancients to the simple numerals; and it is only those who have no knowledge of their properties that smile at the idea. Those who doubt this have only to learn, if they can, how it is calculated to a very small fraction how many life policy-holders will die in a given number of years, and consequently what will be the amount of gain or loss during the same period on the part of the Company that issued them.

Few are aware of the complicated formulas necessary for this purpose. There are, indeed, tables that enable persons of ordinary attainments in mathematics to make all the necessary calculations for the purposes of life insurance, but those tables have been constructed by the most eminent mathematicians and from the labors of the most illustrious astronomers. The celebrated Kepler found it as difficult to reduce what is called the doctrine of chance to an analytical system as to discover the Laws of the

universe which bear his name. He tells us himself that he required more abstruse and more elaborate calculations for the former than for the latter. Laplace also had more trouble with his calculations on the same doctrine than with any of his great astronomical discoveries, and it is the former which form the chief basis of the present system of life insurance. No other works are so much relied upon for discovering the present value of insurance policies, and of payments in annuities as his *Théorie Analytique des probabilités*, and his *Essai philosophique sur les probabilités*.

If those desiring to insure their lives were acquainted with these works, and with one or two English works, such as Baily's "Doctrine of Life Annuities and Assurances," and Moivre's "Doctrine of Chance," they would be able, for example, to estimate the value of statements like those put forward periodically in various forms by the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York. True it is not to be expected that all wishing to provide for their wives and families should be capable of examining the fundamental principals of life insurance; but if the government will not take the matter in hand, associations like the Chamber of Commerce should keep competent mathematicians in their service whose duty it would be to call their attention to any attempt on the part of an insurance company, or other corporation, to impose on public credulity by making false representations as to the average duration of life among its policyholders, &c. Mathematicians are employed for this purpose in almost every country in Europe, and why should they not in this? The Board of Underwriters would do well to consider the question. We beg leave to direct the suggestion to its Secretary, Mr. Ellwood Walter, whose experience, intelligence, and sense of right render him peculiarly qualified to inaugurate so important a reform.

Until some such means are adopted the semblance will be taken for the reality, even by those who ought to know better; and if a journalist undertakes to put his readers on their guard, a pack of insurance donkeys are employed at five dollars a piece to bray after him with all their might, in the hope that he would be so frightened as to keep silent in future. In general the plan succeeds quite well; it is but rarely that parties are found who are willing to brave that sort of attack, entirely harmless though it be in reality, especially when they are presented some inducement to "let the Company alone." This connivance on the part of those who ought to be true to their judicial pretensions force private individuals to take the law into their own hands; and inflict castigations on the offenders by means of pamphlets, circulars, handbills, &c.

Several of these have been sent to our office from time to time; and we have one now before us which will serve as a specimen. It is printed in double column on a large quarto sheet, dated January 1, 1864, and entitled, "A few Remarks to those who have been misled by the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York." It is now nearly two years since we first took the liberty of criticising some of the curious statements

of this Company, and we have done so on several occasions⁶ since, especially those in regard to the miraculous effects of its policies in conferring longevity on their holders; nor did we overlook its modest comparisons of itself with other companies. The author of the paper now before us, who has evidently studied his subject, and is well acquainted with the business of underwriting, fully corroborates our views. That the writer is fully in earnest may easily be inferred from the following prefatory observations:—

"It has been a great wonder to thousands of insurers and insured, why the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, F. S. Winston, President, has been allowed so long to publish such flagrant misstatements, and arrogate to itself a position that is so palpably untenable as regards comparison between itself and other companies. Yet the reason to the initiated is obvious, viz: the money of the Company, and the unscrupulousness of some of its managers, have subsidized the press and gagged every person, either by fair or foul means, that dared to uncover its deformities to the community."

He does not confine himself to general assertions, but proceeds to disprove statement after statement. We can only make room for one specimen of the manner in which the subject is handled, and in doing so we select what we think embodies the less serious charges:

"Another falsehood it advertises, viz.: 'Its dividends are larger than those of any other Life Insurance Company in the United States.' This is another sweeping statement that cannot be maintained with facts. There are several other companies that exceed it annually, for the names of which the reader can look at the Massachusetts or New York state reports, as we do not propose to puff any company in this circular, only show wherein the Mutual Life systematically falsifies and slanders by attempted comparison with its betters. The Mutual Life only make dividends once in 5 years, at which time the additions are made to policies, while some companies, after the first 3 or 5 years, make annual dividends in cash, which said cash can be used towards the reduction of annual premiums, or can be used to get a paid up policy, which added to the amount insured, realize to the insurer a much larger amount than can be possibly attained by taking the *bonus* of 5 years from the Mutual Life. (Let the reader figure this out from actual calculation, and he will be surprised at the result in favor of the insured, as against the calculations of the Mutual Life Insurance Company.)"

We have suggested more than once to Mr. Winston that although his peculiar mode of doing business may be successful for a while, it will not stand the test of time. The public is slow in discovering truth when it is shrouded in bombastic "statements," which are protected from criticism by fortifications of "green-backs;" but it is pretty sure to succeed in the long run, and then woe to the party that had imposed on it so long.

Even at the eleventh hour the President of the Mutual would do well to discard miracles, and depend on plain facts like his neighbors; like those, for example, of the New York Life, or the Equitable Life, who, although they do not make as much noise as he, or pretend that their policy-holders have a longer lease of their lives than others, are as successful as perhaps it is always safe to be, since there are some whose success makes them giddy, if not silly, as well as overbearing, even though it be rather apparent than real; rather spurious than genuine. We do not indeed think that the officers of either of the two latter companies could be led by any amount of success to forget that they are gentlemen, or that prosperity and wealth have their duties as well as their rights.

In glancing at the last Annual Report of the New York Life, we find that it issued 4,675 new policies during the year 1863, insuring to the amount of \$11,339,234 45. In 1862, the premium receipts of the same company were \$759,567 58. This was regarded as a very large amount, and so it was; but the corresponding receipts for 1863 amounted to \$1,016,460 32, which indicates a steadily increasing prosperity. But it is the Company's large reserved funds which inspire most confidence, and afford the surest guarantee of fair dealing; and we see that its present assets amount to \$2,653,537 92. The Equitable Life Assurance Society is purely mutual; and is one of the best managed and most prosperous of all our companies. Its assets amount to half a million dollars, and we perceive that it realized an income of three hundred and twenty-seven thousand dollars during the year 1863. For a company that is now only in the fifth year of its existence—having been originated in 1859—this is a large sum, and would afford sufficient evidence by itself, not only that it is well established and popular, but that it is doing a prosperous business.

We are sorry that we cannot give any better account of the Washington Life than we did some months ago; although we hope it will be able to struggle on in spite of adverse circumstances until the war is over; then human life will not be so uncertain as it is at present; and the learned actuary will be able to make more correct calculations as to profits than he can at present. Although there have been but few railroad accidents resulting in breaking human limbs since the North American Life had its charter amended, its prospects of success are still rather gloomy. No company makes finer promises. Its policy-holders may commit suicide, fight duels, change both their residence and occupation, make any mistake they like about their health or their pedigree—all will be right after seven years. For our own part, we confess we should entertain serious doubts in going to fight a duel to-morrow, after having been insured, let us suppose, seven years in a certain basement in William street, whether, if we were killed, the party for whose benefit we had insured would ever get the amount of the policy.

The United States Life Insurance has done excellent work during the past year. Its assets exceed a million (\$1,052,011 35), and it has no losses due and unpaid; no claims in dispute. During the past year it paid \$55,000, claims by death; and received \$252,456 43 for policies. The Knickerbocker Life begins to exhibit renewed vitality. Its directors have made a most judicious arrangement in having Mr. John A. Nichols appointed general agent. The familiarity of this gentleman with the business of underwriting in all its features, his general intelligence, and, perhaps above all, his conciliatory manners, render him particularly qualified to secure the success of any life company possessing sufficient resources for a large extension of its business.

The Guardian Life is rather lagging. Dr. Peckham, the President, is, we believe, a good physician—one who has cured a large number of pa-

tients in his time—but we fear that he will not be equally successful in curing the Guardian Life of certain chronic ailments under which it labors. The thirteenth annual report of the Manhattan Life is encouraging to its policy-holders and friends. Its assets amount to \$1,548,849 22. During the past year it paid \$153,654 27, on claims by death, on policies and bonus, and on annuities. No other company, we believe, incurs so little expense in proportion to its capital. Some think that it carries its parsimonious ideas a little too far; since a company that wishes to do a large business can rarely succeed on the penny-wise policy. It is but justice to its officers to say, however, that it is in a prosperous condition. The *Ætna Life*, of Hartford, is causing some uneasiness to its friends; but we hope their worst fears will not be realized. No functionary could have better intentions, we are certain, than its worthy President; but he labors under the disadvantage of not being sufficiently familiar with underwriting. It is otherwise with the President of the New England Mutual Life, and his company is flourishing accordingly.

The business of marine insurance has proved quite profitable during the past year to those having the necessary resources, enterprise, and intelligence to conduct it on a large scale. Thus it is, for example, that the Columbian Marine Insurance Company exhibits assets, in its last report, amounting to not less than \$3,252,256 76. The earned premium for 1862 is \$2,362,842 02, which is an increase on the earned premium of 1862 of more than a million and a half (\$1,637,455 63). It seems that the profits to be divided among the stockholders, after reserving ample funds for unadjusted claims, amount to \$695,974 52. In short, a company that closes its sixth fiscal year with assets greater by two millions than it had at the beginning of it, and whose total dividend to stockholders for the same year is nearly, if not quite, 26 per cent., may well be regarded as an example of wonderful success.

The Mercantile Marine Insurance Company exhibits in its last report a total of premiums for the year amounting to \$1,354,003 59; total assets January 1, 1864, \$1,482,307 55. But in order to show the progress that has been made during the year, it is necessary to observe that an addition of \$44,074 49 has been made to the assets of 1862, and an addition of premiums amounting to \$97,879 70. The same Company has resolved to pay an interest of six per cent. on the outstanding certificates of profits; it has declared a dividend of five per cent., payable in cash, and an additional dividend of twelve per cent., to be paid in scrip, on the net earned premiums. It would be superfluous to say that a company having such a record as this is eminently prosperous. We should be pleased to give a similar account of another marine company bearing nearly the same name; (the Commercial Mutual, of William street;) but the facts preclude us from doing so. We should, therefore, perhaps, say nothing on the subject; but we are informed that the Commercial is sometimes mistaken for the Mercantile by country merchants, who have not time to make the neces-

sary inquiries, although we can hardly suppose that any one would mistake Mr. Drake Smith for Mr. Ellwood Walter. According to the Commercial's own account, in its last annual statement, (June 30, 1863,) its total of cash in banks was only \$70,001 80, and its total assets \$971,442 44. Even if every penny of this were forthcoming, it would not insure many ships, after paying incidental expenses, including rent of office, &c. At least such is the opinion that seems to be pretty generally entertained; and it is not in our power, however well inclined, to show that it is erroneous.

The Sun Mutual makes but slight progress if any. Its less pretentious but more energetic and enterprising neighbors on the same street nearer Broadway—such as the Mercantile Mutual and the Columbian Marine—are rapidly eclipsing it. This would not be the case, we are assured, were it not that the President of the solar corporation is too much occupied in politics and too anxious to be a prominent member of various societies to find much time for the business of underwriting. Even when at his post, he is somewhat querulous and slightly rude. This also may have something to do with those spots on the sun which have grown so large lately that they may be seen almost with the naked eye, while all the light which in connection with the eclipsing bodies alluded to they allow us to enjoy, may be readily mistaken for *moonshine*. The Washington Marine Insurance Company of Pine street reports premiums for the past year amounting to \$438,685 75, a net profit of \$80,887 26, and assets to the amount of \$476,437 18. It has resolved to pay three dividends; seven per cent. interest to scripholders, three per cent. in cash to the stockholders, and twenty per cent. to the policy-holders, free of government tax, on the net earned premiums for the year. It seems that the Neptune Insurance Company has ceased to exist—disease, chronic inanition. If we had time we should write an elegy, and try to console its policy-holders; but fortunately they are not numerous; it will therefore be sufficient to say, *sic transit, &c.*

The Report of the Washington Insurance Company exhibits a net surplus, after making due provision for liabilities and reinsurance, of \$131,441, together with several other evidences of prosperity and success. The cash received for premiums during the past year amounted to \$177,000; the aggregate income from all sources during the same period being not less than \$210,594 87. Not only this record, but the whole history of the Company, is highly creditable to the energy, intelligence and enterprising spirit of the President, and his active and accomplished assistants. The Continental seems to lag still; but we trust its energies will revive as the spring merges into summer. Its cash balance in office, January 12, 1864, is reported to have been \$87 76—an amount which would hardly pay the office rent for one month. Nor is the amount represented as in bank very large for an insurance company—namely, \$66,808 10. Need we say that one large fire would exhaust this? The Security Fire has been very silent of late, but not the less active on this account. It has made application in

due form to the Legislature for permission to increase its capital from \$500,000 to \$5,000,000. This is not the only strong company which President Walker has contributed largely to build up. The American Exchange Fire Insurance still labors under some difficulties. It has been in existence only since 1859. Mr. Brown, the President, undoubtedly means well; but underwriting is not his forte.

The Home Fire Insurance has done quite well during the past year, as may be seen from the facts that it has paid \$18,000 in dividends to its stockholders, and made an addition to its surplus of \$49,203 61, after paying all expenses. The last statement of the Excelsior Fire Insurance shows that in compliance with the requisition of the State Superintendent, one hundred thousand dollars has been paid in cash by the stockholders, and securely invested. The total assets of the Company amounted to \$263,456 02, on the 1st of January last; while the total liabilities were only \$24,000, including reinsurance.

The Vice-President of one of the most respectable companies in the city has called our attention to the present condition of the Home Fire Insurance Company of New York, assuring us that we were mistaken in some criticisms we made upon it in a recent number of our journal. As we have no disposition to be otherwise than fair and just towards the Home, or any other Company, and have full confidence in the intelligence and integrity of the gentleman alluded to, we cheerfully note the facts to which he has called our attention, and as cheerfully admit that, so far as we know, they are to be regarded as evidences of remarkable prosperity. In doing so, however, we would not be understood to relinquish to the slightest extent our right as journalists to make such criticisms, at any future time, on that Company's operations as the public interest might seem to require. We have never made any pretensions to infallibility; although our invariable rule and habit is to examine, investigate and inquire, as much as possible, before making any statement affecting the reputation or status of any party. Even then we scrupulously confine ourselves to such circumstances as the public have a right to know; in other words, however liable we may be to mistake in our criticisms, we have never meddled with any one's private character, and we trust never will. We felt we had a right to criticise the President of the Home, in his public capacity, and we did so accordingly. Now we are not the less willing on this account to do him full justice. The most prominent and important facts in relation to the Home Insurance are these:—It has increased its capital within a brief period from \$500,000 to \$2,000,000; and it exhibits a total of assets amounting to \$3,286,270 33. Nor is this any merely nominal or doubtful amount. Nearly a million of it (\$875,680) is ready money; \$700,000 of it is United States stock, &c. We believe that the truth of these representations cannot be disputed; and we are also assured that no company is more prompt in its payment of losses, or more anxious to avoid litigation.

The Phoenix Fire Insurance Company of Hartford has experienced a loss by the recent death of its President, Mr. Simeon L. Loomis. His former secretary, Mr. Henry Kellogg, succeeds him, but lacks his talent, intelligence and judgment. The new President is a fourth-rate man, whose *modus operandi* is too suggestive of wooden nutmegs; although in his own estimation he is one of the most accomplished underwriters now living. Alas! then for both the stock and policy-holders of the Phoenix. If under the auspices of so intelligent and judicious a President as Mr. Loomis the Phoenix has had such a hard struggle for life, that its capital had to be branded as "impaired" to the extent of 14.44 per cent. in 1862 by our State Superintendent,* it will be something miraculous if it saves many now, or even itself, from ruin. But the New England Fire Insurance of the same city has different prospects before it. We have already given our estimate of this well-established and energetic Company; and its last annual statement fully corroborates our views as to its prosperity.

Abstract of the Semi-Annual Report of the New York Society for the Relief of the Ruptured and Crippled. New York. 1864.

We take great pleasure in directing the attention of our readers to the benevolent objects and labors of this Society. We know, from our own observation, that it has permanently relieved several poor persons who had been utterly helpless, although it is not yet quite a year in existence. The following extract from the Semi-Annual Report affords cheering evidence of the progress of the good work :

"Whole number of cases treated, 343, of which 30 were in-door, and 313 out-door patients. Relieved, 295; under treatment, 48.

The diseases were as follows: Ruptures, 143; lateral curvature (hump-back), spinal and hip diseases, 45; deformed limbs, 39; paralysis, 33; varicose or enlarged veins of the legs, 21; prolapsus uteri and ani, 19; weak ankles, weak knees, bow-legs, white swelling and knock-knee, 16; club feet, 15; varicocele, hydrocele, and relaxed abdomen, 12."

One of the rules of the Society is, that each contributor of five dollars and upwards becomes a member, and is entitled to recommend out-door patients. There ought to be many such, since the Society is entirely dependent on the contributions of the benevolent, and on its receipts from those who can afford to pay. We trust we need hardly inform our readers that were we not satisfied that there is no charlatanism connected with it in any form, we would be the last to recommend it; but there are several members of the Board of Managers, any one of whose names would be a sufficient guarantee against all false pretensions.

* See N. Y. Ins. Rep. for 1862, p. xxi.

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| V.—Modern Civilization. | |
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TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1. All articles should be received at least a month before the day of publication.
2. The Editor claims the right of making whatever alterations or omissions may seem necessary in any article accepted.
3. No article of sectarian or political bias will be published.
4. Rejected articles will be returned, if desired, on receipt of a sufficient number of stamps to pay postage.
5. Contributions from all parts are equally welcome; they will be accepted or rejected solely according to their merits or demerits, their suitableness or unsuitableness; and the highest price paid by any similar work in America will be given for those possessing adequate merit.

OFFICE OF THE
WASHINGTON MARINE INSURANCE CO.

OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

No. 40 PINE STREET.

New York, January 13th, 1864.

Statement of the Company's Affairs for the Fourth Fiscal Year, ending
December 31st, 1863.

Amount of Premiums outstanding 31st December, 1862	\$58,485 77
Amount of Marine and Inland Premiums written from January 1st to December 31st, 1863.....	380,199 98
	<u>\$438,685 75</u>
Amount marked off as earned during the year	\$335,618 59
Less Return Premiums.....	24,904 98
	<u>\$310,913 61</u>
Add Interest received and due	5,125 33
	<u>\$316,038 94</u>
Losses paid and ascertained	\$171,551 85
Re-Insurances, Expenses, Taxes, and Commissions paid	63,599 83
	<u>\$235,151 68</u>
	<u>\$80,887 26</u>
Less Interest Dividend of 7 per cent. to Stockholders, and 7 per cent. to Scripholders, paid	13,246 09
	<u>\$67,641 17</u>

The Company had, on the 31st December, 1863, the following Assets:

United States Government Stocks	\$50,000 00
Loans on Bonds and Mortgages, Public Stocks, and Real Estate...	40,202 91
Cash on hand and in Bank	51,309 81
Bills Receivable and Uncollected Premiums.....	273,148 13
Salvages, Re-Insurance Claims, and Sundry Claims due the Com- pany, and Scrip.....	61,776 33
	<u>\$476,437 18</u>

The Board of Directors have resolved to pay an Interest of **Seven** per cent. on the outstanding Certificates of Profits, to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after TUESDAY, the 16th February next.

They have also declared a Dividend of **Three** per cent. to the Stockholders, payable in cash, on and after TUESDAY, the 16th day of February next, free of Government Tax.

And the Directors have also declared a Dividend of **Twenty** per cent. on the net earned Premiums for the year ending 31st December, 1863, to be issued to the dealers in Scrip, on and after TUESDAY, the 22d day of March next, free of Government Tax.

G. HENRY KOOP, PRESIDENT,

A. W. WHIPPLE, VICE PRESIDENT.

A. L. MCCARTHY, Secretary.

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THE
KNICKERBOCKER ICE COMPANY,
432 CANAL ST., NEW YORK,

Carefully and promptly ships Ice to any part of the world, for the use
of Hotels, Groceries, Families, &c. &c.

CHIEF
DEPOTS.

New York.

Foot of Habert Street,
N. R.

" Canal "

" 13th "




CHIEF
DEPOTS.

New York,

Foot of Grand Street,
E. R.

Brooklyn,
No. 6 Furman Street.

 *This is the only Company bringing ROCK.
LAND LAKE ICE to this market.*

EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES, No. 92 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Assets, - - - - - \$500,000

All the Profits are divided among the Policy-Holders.

The success of this Society has not been equalled by that of any Life Company ever organised, either in this Country or Europe. Its Cash Premium Receipts are larger than those of any Life Insurance Company conducted on the Cash Plan in this Country, with only one exception.

NOTE.—Many companies distribute a large portion of their earnings among their Stockholders, thus diverting a very large amount from the policy-holders. The EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY divides its **WHOLE PROFITS, pro rata**, among the ASSURED—legal interest only being paid upon its capital, which, by investment, reproduces nearly the same amount. The society thus offers all the advantages of a PURELY MUTUAL and of a STOCK COMPANY. The ASSURED have ALL THE PROFITS; there is a guaranty of a PERPETUAL CAPITAL STOCK; and its Directors have a DIRECT PECUNIARY INTEREST in managing its affairs with PRUDENCE and ECONOMY.

OFFICE—No. 92 Broadway, New York.

DIRECTORS:

William C. Alexander.....	President.	Theodore Cuyler.....	Philadelphia.
Henry B. Hyde.....	Vice-President.	James M. Halsted, Pres. Am. Fire Insurance Co.	
William Walker.....	78 East Twenty-first street.	John Auchincloss.....	John & Hugh Auchincloss.
Henry Young.....	28 East Seventeenth street.	Thomas S. Young.....	T. S. Young & Co.
Ira H. Hawley.....	47 Fifth avenue.	Henry M. Alexander.....	Cummins, Alexander & [Greene.
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William Whitewright, Jr.....	88 Wall street.	Moses A. Hoppock, late Hoppock, Garbutt & Co.	
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Hon. Henry J. Gardner.....	Read, Gardner & Co., [Boston.	Daniel D. Lord.....	47 Exchange Place.
William G. Lambert.....	A. & A. Lawrence & Co.	Edw. W. Lambert.....	389 Sixth avenue.
Henry S. Terbell.....	Terbell, Jennings & Co.	E. J. Hawley.....	Carter & Hawley.
James M. Beebe.....	J. M. Beebe & Co.	Alexander Young, Young, Bros. & Co., St. Louis.	
Peter McMartin.....	168 Fifth avenue.	Samuel Holmes.....	4 Beekman street.
George H. Stuart.....	Stuart & Bro., Phila.	Francis B. Cooley.....	Cooley, Farwell & Co., [Chicago.
Henry H. Hyde.....	95 State street, Boston.	Jose F. Navarro.....	Mora Brothers & Co., N. Y.
James Lenox Kennedy, 39 East Twenty-third st.			
John Slade.....	John Slade & Co.		

OFFICERS:

WILLIAM C. ALEXANDER, President.

HENRY B. HYDE, Vice-President.

Edw. W. Lambert, M.D., Medical Examiner.

Willard Parker, M.D., Consulting Physician.

George W. Phillips, Actuary.

Henry Day, Attorney.

Daniel Lord, Counsel.

Physician attends at the Office from 12 to 1 o'clock. Medical examinations may be made at this Office, 380 Sixth avenue. Office hours from 8 to 10 A.M., and from 6 to 8 o'clock, P.M.

SAFEST AND CHEAPEST SYSTEM OF INSURANCE.

Scrip Dividend for 1861—60 per cent.

Scrip Dividend for 1862—60 per cent.

Scrip Dividend for 1863—60 per cent.

STATEMENT OF THE WASHINGTON INSURANCE COMPANY.

Cash Capital, \$400,000

Assets, February 1st, 1864,

U. S. Bonds (market value),	\$253,590 00
Bonds and Mortgages,	132,445 50
Demand Loans,	104,760 00
Cash on hand and in the hands of Agents,	14,022 55
Real Estate,	35,048 45
Miscellaneous,	45,269 95

\$585,136 45

Unsettled Claims, 2,326 00

Capital and Surplus, \$582,810 45

A Dividend of (8) Eight per cent. is this day declared, payable on demand, in cash, to Stockholders.

Also an Interest Dividend of (6) Six per cent. on outstanding scrip, payable 15th inst.

ALSO,

A Scrip Dividend of (60) Sixty per cent.
on the earned premiums of policies entitled to participate in the profits of the year ending 31st January, 1864. The scrip will be ready for delivery on and after 15th March prox.

GEO. C. SATTERLEE, *President*,
H. WESTON, *Vice President*.

WM. K. LOTHROP, *Secretary*,

WM. A. SCOTT, *Ass't Secretary*.

NEW YORK, February 2, 1864.

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PATENT PURVEYOR TO THEIR MAJESTIES

The Empress of France and the Queen of England.



NEW YORK, 712 Broadway.
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IMPORTATION OF

Bonnets, Flowers, Head Dresses, Ribbons, Feathers,
Velvet, Gloves, Ruches, &c.

N.B.—To prevent mistakes, Mr. TILMAN would announce that he has no connection whatever with any other firm in the city, and that all his business is transacted by himself, individually, at 712 BROADWAY.

THIRTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE Manhattan Life Insurance Company of New York.

Office, No. 31 NASSAU STREET, opposite the Post Office.

New York, January 1, 1864.

Net Assets, January 1, 1863..... \$1,257,597 85

RECEIPTS DURING YEAR:

For Premiums, Extra Premiums, &c.....	\$644,856 93
" Interest and Rents.....	93,195 90
" Interest and Rents accrued.....	14,348 56
	732,401 83

DISBURSEMENTS:

Paid Claims by Death on Policies and Bonus, and payment of Annuities.....	\$158,654 27
Paid Expenses, Salaries, Taxes, Medical Examiner's Fees, Commissions, &c.....	53,825 87
Paid Dividends, Re-insurance, Purchased Policies, and Bonus and Interest on Dividends.....	248,666 87
	491,149 51

ASSETS:

Cash in Bank.....	\$27,962 13
Bonds and Mortgages.....	261,974 00
Real Estate.....	146,678 74
Premium Notes on Policies in Force.....	595,945 84
(The Actuarial estimate of the value of the Policies which secure these Notes is about.....	\$700,000)
Quarterly and Semi-Annual Premiums Deferred.....	55,582 07
United States and New York State Stocks.....	270,416 25
Premiums and Interest in the hands of Agents in course of collection and transmission, secured by Bonds.....	112,442 13
Temporary Loans on Stocks and Bonds.....	56,550 00
Interest accrued to 1st January, and all other property.....	14,348 56
	\$1,548,849 22

J. L. HALSEY, Ass't Sec.

S. N. STEBBINS, Actuary.

A. DU BOIS, Med. Examiner.

HENRY STOKES, Pres.

C. Y. WEMPLE, Secretary.

REYNOLDS & VAN SCHAIK, Counsel.

NEW ENGLAND FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY. HARTFORD, CONN.

Cash Capital \$200,000, with a Surplus.

Assets, January 1st, 1864.

	MARKET VAL.	
U. S. Five-Twenties.....	\$10,137 50	
Connecticut 6 per cent. Bonds.....	3,300 00	\$13,437 50
100 Shares American Exchange Bank Stock, New York.....	\$10,900 00	
50 " Manufacturers and Merchants Bank Stock, New York.....	5,000 00	
50 " Bank of Commerce Stock, Boston.....	5,000 00	
50 " Merchants Bank " ".....	5,000 00	
100 " Aetna Bank " Hartford.....	10,500 00	
200 " Mercantile Bank " ".....	17,000 00	
80 " Merchants and Manufacturers Bank Stock.....	3,800 00	
15 " Rockville Bank Stock, Rockville.....	1,500 00	58,250 00
Real Estate Loans, first liens.....	\$104,197 88	
Bank Stock Loans.....	11,020 00	115,217 88
Cash in hand and on deposit.....	\$10,689 35	
Cash in hands of Agents and in transit.....	7,292 13	17,971 48
Bills Receivable.....	\$1,020 88	
Accrued Interest, (not due.).....	2,105 48	
Other Securities.....	6,883 52	11,009 83
Total Assets, January 1st, 1864.....		\$215,885 74

R. A. JOHNSON, Sec'y.

GEO. D. JEWETT, Pres.

ITHAMAR CONKEY, Agent, 139 Broadway, N. Y.

FISH'S LAMP-HEATING APPARATUS.

Boiling, Frying, Stewing, Steaming—with the
Flame that Lights the Room.



No. 1.—Nursery or Night Lamp.



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*** By the flame of a common lamp, at the cost of a cent's worth of oil, a very comfortable breakfast can be cooked.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

*** Simple in construction, easily kept in order, ready for use in a moment *** convenient to have on hand.—*Druggist's Circular.*

*** Fish's Lamp is one of the most popular novelties of the day, *** the utility of it is unquestionable; a great saving is made in heating and cooking small articles; and can be made to cook meals for a great many persons, which is actually done on the ambulance cars which carry the sick soldiers.—*Scientific American.*

*** For family use, hospital, tent, barrack, pic-nics, fishing, nursery, or sick-room it is an article of comfort beyond all proportion to its cost.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*


*** I have tried the apparatus; and my wife and I proclaim the same a most valuable and indispensable article, and we now wonder how we could have so long done without it.—*Editor Coal Oil Circular.*

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Three articles cooked at one time with one burner.

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STATEMENT OF THE
UNITED STATES LIFE INSURANCE CO.,
 IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK,
No. 40 WALL STREET.
 FOR THE YEAR 1863.

JOSEPH B. COLLINS, PRESIDENT.

Assets, 1st January, 1863.....\$576,067 85

RECEIPTS.

Premiums and Charge for Policies.....	\$252,456 40	
Interest, rents, &c.....	62,018 90	
		\$14,470 80

DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid Claims by Death.....	\$55,000 00	
Endowments and other Policies Purchased.....	20,600 18	
Dividends and Profits Paid with Claims.....	9,716 19	
Re-insurance, Taxes, Commissions, Physician's Fees, Annuities.....	29,670 84	
Office Expenses, Advertising, Printing and Stationery.....	23,540 09	
		\$188,526 90

ASSETS.

Cash.....	\$38,023 29	
Bonds and Mortgages.....	390,000 00	
United States Securities (\$395,000), Cost.....	387,725 00	
New York City Bonds.....	20,000 00	
Brooklyn City Bonds.....	24,000 00	
Real Estate in New York and Brooklyn.....	10,140 00	
Due by Agents.....	22,574 07	
Loans on Policies.....	98,910 16	
Deferred Premiums.....	48,908 74	
Interest Accrued or Due.....	11,736 10	

Assets, 1st January, 1864.....\$1,002,011 85

There are no losses due and unpaid; no claims in dispute. \$1,190,538 15

N. G. DE GROOT, Actuary.

JOHN EADIE, Secretary.

JAMES W. G. CLEMENTS, M.D., Medical Examiner (Residence, 19 Amity Street), at the Office daily from 12 to 1½ o'clock, P.M.

WILLIAM DETMOLD, M.D., Consulting Physician.

J. B. GATES, General Agent, and **JAMES STEWART, HENRY FERRY, ALBERT O. WILLCOX, A. WHITNEY, HIRAM P. CROZIER, GRENVILLE R. BENSON, CHARLES NORTHSHIELD,** and **ALFRED PINNEY,** Local Agents, in the City of New York and vicinity.

EXCELSIOR FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

No. 130 BROADWAY.

Cash Capital, \$200,000.

STATEMENT, FEBRUARY 1st, 1864.

ASSETS.

Cash Items:		
Cash balance in Bank and Office.....	\$ 3,014 41	
Call loans on U. S. Bonds and Stock Securities, market val. \$50,170.....	63,300 00	\$66,214 41
U. S. 5-20 Bonds, loan of 1862, owned by the Company.....	55,000 00	
Real Estate and Leasehold owned by the Company.....	64,916 64	
Loans on Bonds and Mortgage, first liens on Real Estate in this State, worth over \$160,000.....	70,127 94	
Interest on loans due and accrued.....	8,317 54	
Premiums outstanding.....	1,226 99	
Rents due and accrued.....	1,825 00	
Other property, including U. S. Internal Revenue Stamps.....	1,127 80	
Total Assets.....		\$263,456 02

LIABILITIES.

Re-insurance, losses unsettled, and all other claims of every description.....	\$24,000 00	
--	-------------	--

EUGENE PLUNKETT, President.

SAMUEL M. CRAFT, Secretary.

NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

BOSTON AND NEW YORK.

METROPOLITAN BANK BUILDING,

110 Broadway, corner Pine Street, N. Y.

WILLARD PHILLIPS, Pres't.

B. F. STEVENS, Sec'y.

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It is strictly a benevolent institution for mutual protection, and entirely beneficent in all its workings and tendencies.

By the last report of the Insurance Commissioners, the surplus of assets over liabilities was \$950,000, being proportionately greater than any Life Insurance Company in the United States. Expenses proportionately "less" than any other Company.

This Company, being purely mutual, insures at the lowest possible rates; and if the premiums paid exceed the actual cost, the surplus is returned to the parties insuring.

Every fifth year, at the time of declaring the dividends, the business is, as it were, closed, so that its actual position and solvency are made manifest at that time; and the surplus funds are divided *pro rata* among all the insured. This guards the assured against any possible loss from inefficiency on the part of the Company, and is a sure guaranty as regards the future.

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THE NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW.

The present number completes the eighth volume and fourth year. Once more the Editor begs leave to offer his sincere thanks to the public and the press—to the former for its liberal and increasing patronage, and to the latter for the cheering words with which it has received every number, from the first to sixteenth. Among the more intelligent and respectable class of American journals we do not know of a single one that has spoken of our Review in any other terms than those of approbation and encouragement; and never were kind words more disinterestedly spoken. The Editor is also indebted to several of the ablest journals of Great Britain, France and British America, for very flattering estimates of his labors.

From a large number of reviews and notices by leading journals, foreign and domestic, the following brief extracts are selected:—

• • The two articles on the House of Hapsburg, and the Mexicans and their Revolutions, will attract attention at this emergency, as the eyes of the world are turned to Mexico and its new Hapsburg ruler. This "Quarterly" is always able, full of facts, well arranged; and the series becomes a most excellent encyclopædia for reference to the general reader.—*Boston Post*.

It treats of a variety of subjects, and is not disfigured by any Cant. It leaves religious subjects to religious periodicals, and discusses events of the time, and the history and learning of the past, with freedom, facility, and information to the reader. Moreover, its motto might be "*En Avant*," for its improvement in some respects has been noticeable in several successive numbers, of late. Its publisher, Mr. Sears, who is also its editor, deserves great credit for having made this his own experiment so entirely successful. Like him of Corio's, he may say: "Alone I did it." He had to contend with opposition from publishers who disliked true criticism, but has conquered it. The work now has a large and increasing circulation, and has won attention and respect by its impartiality and learning.—*Philadelphia Press*.

• • We have been much interested in witnessing the steady advance of this new periodical. It combines great learning with vigor of style and fearless utterance. • • —*Boston Journal*.

• • The large patronage it receives is creditable to the refined taste of the community. • • —*Morris & Willis's Home Journal*.

• • Some of the most interesting essays on literary and philosophical topics that have been written of late years have from time to time appeared in its columns. The editor, Mr. Edward I. Sears, of New York, has adopted the Edinburgh "Review" and the London magazines as his model, and his contributors accordingly take a wide range in their discussion of any given subject. Their contributions assume the form of commentaries as well as essays, and the reader derives therefrom the double advantage of having before him the opinions of others as well as those of the writers. In this sense the "National Quarterly" is ahead of its contemporaries in this country. While other periodicals indulge in tales, pieces of poetry and essays, it confines itself to the elaborate discussions of the topics of the day, or of striking points in literature and philosophy.—*Philada. North American*.

The December number of the "National Quarterly Review" has been received. This sterling "Quarterly" increases in value with its age. The present is the fifteenth number, and in value of contents is equal to any of its predecessors, if not better. • • One of the great merits of the "National Quarterly" is that it is a Review in fact as well as in name—a Review in the sense in which the name was first used in literary nomenclature.—*Cleveland Herald*.

The necessity for continuous attention fixed upon books leaves the critic little time for measuring the relative worth of Reviews, though to dwell upon them is a mild literary dissipation, whereto the public is prone. We cannot, however, refrain from putting on record the table of contents of the "National Quarterly Review" for the present month, as a pattern of a well-balanced compound. A better assortment of subjects, nicely discriminated, seldom falls under our notice.—*N. Y. Albion*.

• • More than a year ago we ranked it with the best of our own Quarterlies, and it has certainly not lagged since in ability or vigor. • • —*London Daily News*.

• • It is creditable to our transatlantic friends to sustain a journal which, like the "National Quarterly," possesses the courage to unmask false pretensions, and both the ability and disposition to improve the public taste. • • —*Edinburgh Scotman*.

• • Pour bien apprécier cet écrivain il faut le comparer à ses devanciers dans la littérature critique américaine, et l'on verra quel pas immense qu'il fit faire. • • —*La Presse, Paris*.

The tone of this "Review" is hardly such as can be pleasing to Irishmen, and more especially to Catholic Irishmen. Yet there is sufficient attraction in the style in which its articles are written that cannot but be admired. • • Some other papers in the "Review" are worth reading, if it were only to study and trace the train of thought and style of reasoning which are to be found in them.—*Dublin Nation*.

• • The number begins a new year of the "Quarterly," and will draw attention to its marked claims on public patronage. • • —*Boston Transcript*.

• • Scholarship, directness in treatment and method, and clearness of style, mark every page of this valuable journal. It is as readable as a novel and instructive as "Euclid."—*New Yorker*.

• • All learnedly treated, and show research not often found in our periodicals. • • • —*New York Daily Times*.

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